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WLEDGE

THE
HOME FRIEND;

A Weekly Miscellany

OF

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL
LITERATURE AND EDUCATION APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY
FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

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NO LIE THRIVES.—No. I.

A TALE.



“PRAY, pray do not talk thus, it breaks my heart !” said a pleasing-looking female, whose years had evidently not outnumbered thirty-four or five. “You are better—I am sure you are better ; rouse yourself, dear William ; by giving way to these sad thoughts you really make yourself worse than you would be.”

“No, Ellen, no,” replied Mr. Richmond, “I am not better, and I never shall be. Nay, do not cry, dear ; recall the sound, the encouraging

arguments you urged to me when I feared to lose you, two years ago; they had the weight you desired then, let them have their due weight now."

"Oh, William!" returned she, weeping, "the sick neither feels nor dreads death as does the fond heart that watches near. I could bear the idea of leaving you, but that you should be taken from me, that is more than I can endure."

"He that can give strength in one case," said Mr. Richmond, "can give strength in all. Compose yourself, then. It will be far better that you should listen to me while I am able to converse with you, though it must necessarily be painful to you, than that you should hereafter regret not having learnt from me those directions of which you will feel yourself in need."

Mrs. Richmond drew her chair close to her husband, and took his hand. "Go on, then," said she, "I will not interrupt you; but, oh! William, if you could understand what I feel, you would—"

"Hush! hush!" murmured he, "do not unman, unchristianize me; too surely does my heart tell me what you are suffering! Support me now, Ellen, as you have often done before."

She looked mournfully at him, and remained silent.

"You will not be left badly off," resumed he; "there will be but little from the business; but, happily, as you know, I assured my life when we were married, and I doubled the original sum five years ago. You will have enough to maintain yourself and the two children, though nothing to spare. Oh, the blessing of these insurance companies! They are a benefit every way—alike to society in general and to individuals. They quicken and cheer industry by holding out a certain prospect of enabling a man to provide for his family—a comfort which many years of successful trading could hardly procure; they act on his moral sense of rectitude in the days of health, they are consolation to him in the approach of death."

The last words jarred painfully on the ear of the affectionate wife, and made her involuntarily press the hand she still held in hers. Mr. Richmond took no notice of it, and proceeded.

"Do not attempt to keep on the business. If you can dispose of it to your advantage, do so, but take care not to involve yourself in matters which you cannot perfectly understand. No business can be carried on successfully that is intrusted solely to the management of others, especially when the head of the concern is unacquainted with its requirements. It will be better in your case, as in most others, to keep together prudently the sufficiency you have, than to endeavour to increase it. Let Willis have his choice as to the business he wishes to follow. I have laid aside a sum of money to apprentice him to any common trade, and a higher he is not warranted to aspire to. Remember, however, when he has made his choice, that you do not let him alter his mind. Be in no hurry about it; but once let him say he has decided for himself, and keep him to his word. Be careful as to the character of the person with whom you place him. Let not the report that he is kind and indulgent sway your choice, but be sure that he is also just, upright, a fair dealer, one who will not overlook a fault, though he be ready to forgive one. I need not say, let him be a sincere Christian and a churchman. You will not, knowingly, I am sure, select any other. As to Willis himself, beware of indulging him in any respect; it requires great judgment even to grant

slight favours. There is no end to concession ; the youth that gains his way to-day, makes sure of it to-morrow. Be firm, then, in your kindness, and you will show that it is mere folly to deny the possibility of a son being guided by his mother, or by a female hand. Guard well against his temper, and help him to overcome its infirmities."

"I do not call him ill-tempered," said Mrs. Richmond ; "he is very passionate, but it is quickly over, and he never harbours revenge."

"I should be sorry if he did," replied Mr. Richmond ; "but a passionate temper, to say the least, is a dangerous one, and ought to be carefully checked. This can be done, as I may instance in myself (for he is but what I was), and it must be done, if he would secure respect from others, or enjoy comfort in himself. There may be some constitutional defect in such tempers, but there is also no small degree of weakness ; a truth which a passionate man acknowledges by the control he exercises over himself in the presence of his superiors, or before them with whom he wishes to stand well. Let your word, once passed, be enough for yourself and for him ; and ever remember that it will be easier for you to retain the hold you have over him, than, once having resigned it, to recover it. And little Ellen," the poor father's lip quivered, for this child was his pet, "make her what you have proved to me, a dower richer than mere wealth, a treasure to the man who may have the good fortune to call her his wife. With both children let the stern dictates of duty take the lead, while affection may be ever at hand to smooth, but not weaken the sterner lessons of principle."

He paused, looked at his wife as if he desired to express something that cost him an effort to utter.

"What, dear ?" asked she. "What is it you wish to say ?"

"You are yet young," replied he, "perhaps you may see some one whom—"

"Never, never," cried she quickly, comprehending at once his meaning ; "I have never loved any one but you, and I never can ; the very thought is torture."

"Ellen," replied Mr. Richmond tenderly, but in a grave voice, "no one may lay down rules for future years with a determination to adhere to them under all circumstances. Make no rash protestations. The line of conduct which at one time is praiseworthy, may be deviated from at another with propriety. Persons are neither wise nor good because they follow one path, and one only, which they have prescribed to themselves ; on the contrary, they show more wisdom, sounder principles, when they bend their feelings to their altered situation, and act as their new positions render advisable. Shape your conduct to the state in which it may please God to place you ; for duty will not alter, though all else may change. Follow where your Maker leads, and you will thus pay a proper regard to the memory of the departed, and consult best the interest of the living."

"If Willis should be apprenticed in P—h, as we have sometimes talked about, shall I remove thither ?" asked Mrs. Richmond.

"I cannot look sufficiently into the future," replied he, "to answer that question, nor would I lay a restraint upon your judgment or wishes ; enough for me to guide you for the present ; you must, as I have before said, act hereafter as circumstances render advisable. I have so often blamed other men for not allowing a wife the exercise of good sense and prudence in matters which no foresight in them could have reached,

that my desire is to leave you free from restraint. All I will say, therefore, is this : weigh well the step you meditate before you take it ; satisfied then of acting with propriety, trust the event calmly and steadily to an allwise and merciful Director, content to watch its progress, to accommodate yourself to its variations, and to be more anxious to amend what proves defective, than to make the experiment of a change."

The individual who had thus addressed his wife, was a respectable tradesman, living in the town of —. Exposure to cold had brought on a decline. Fully aware of his situation, he had gradually but anxiously endeavoured to prepare and fortify the hearts of those most dear to him for the event which was inevitable. His son Willis was about twelve years of age ; his little girl was not more than six. They were amiable children, similar in disposition, but unlike in temper. Ellen was as gentle as her brother was passionate. Mr. Richmond took every opportunity of enforcing such lessons on his son as he hoped would prove beneficial to him, nor had he any cause to complain of inattention to his words. As he felt himself drawing nearer to his end, he spoke the more openly to the boy, and on the tender mind of Ellen even he endeavoured to impress as much as she was capable of receiving.

"Oh, father!" said she, as, sitting one day on his knee, she first stroked his face, and then laid her cheeks to his, "how I wish your cheeks were round like mine ; you have no colour in yours, and mine—"

"Are like a rose," said he, "as fresh and as sweet, too, as the finest you have brought me."

"Father used to have as nice a colour as you, Ellen," said Willis. "It is only lately that he has looked as he does now."

"Then I wish you would let the roses come back again," cried Ellen, "they would make you so much prettier than you are. You are so pale and so thin ; I can lay my cheek in yours, it is so hollow. Do get fat, and be rosy like me."

"I shall never be fat again," replied he, gazing mournfully on her ; "never have more colour than you see me have now ; by-and-by I shall be paler still."

Willis looked earnestly at his father. If he did not thoroughly comprehend his meaning, he had a vague sense of some impending calamity couched under these words. Not so the little girl.

"I am sure I hope you will not get any paler," said she ; "if you do you will be such a fright I shan't like to look at you, and you will be so sorry for that, I know," and she nestled closer to his bosom.

"If I could know it," replied he. "But listen to me, Ellen : it will please God before very long to call me away from you ; mind, then, what I am going to say to you ; do everything your mother bids you as a proof of your love to me ; obey her at a word ; never attempt to deceive her ; tell the truth at all times. Love your brother, and be guided by him where he may be able to direct you. Do you hear me?"

The child's unusual restlessness had led her father to think she was not attending to him.

"Oh, yes!" said she, looking into his face, "but I had rather do as you bid me."

"By doing as your mother and Willis bid you," replied he, "you will be doing as I desire you."

Ellen shook her head. "Where are you going?" asked she, her eyes full of tears. "Shall you be gone a long while?"

"I hope I am going to heaven," said he. "You must try to come to me, for I can never come again to you."

"Then I will go with you now," cried she, throwing her arms round his neck. "Take me with you, your own little Ellen."

"You must wait till it pleases God to let you," said her father, much moved; "neither you nor I can leave this world till He permits it."

"Then if I mayn't go with you," returned she, "I will ask God to let me come to you very soon—I will, indeed."

"Hush, darling," murmured her father, pressing her to his bosom, "I should not like your mother to hear you talk thus."

"And Ellen forgets how dearly I love her," said Willis, "or she would not wish to go away from me."

Mr. Richmond cast a tender look at his son. "Cherish the love you have for your sister," said he earnestly; "you must be a father to her, and, when you are older, a husband to your mother. At present, it must be your study to give her as little trouble as you can, and to show her all the obedience, respect, and affection that you are able. Be careful, too, that you are uniformly attentive to her. Great deeds may win our admiration, but it is the small, the repeated acts of kindness that secure our love—these are the sunbeams that cheer a house."

"Indeed, indeed, I will do all I can," said Willis. "I'm sure if I do not forget, I—"

"You must not forget," cried his father, interrupting him. "You must make it *your duty* to remember what your mother claims from you. Your attention to your mother must be more than impulse, more than an exercise of the memory. She must be, next to your Maker, your first, last thought, nor ought you to close your eyes each night without having first reflected whether you have failed in your duty to her in any respect. Willis, you will have no earthly father, but you will always have a heavenly one, who will watch over you, protect, and strengthen you, if you seek Him and serve Him as you ought. Nor fancy because the mould will cover me, and my name and my place will be gone, that I am for ever lost to you—that you will have nothing to apprehend from me; on earth, indeed, we shall meet no more, but there is another world where an account must be given of the transactions of this, and where the meeting of long-divided relatives must be either for happiness or woe, for honour or disgrace. Cherish, then, my memory in your breast, and so live, so conduct yourself here, that the thought of reunion may be full of manly hope and Christian trust. Love your mother, honour her, be a shield and a protector to her, and never cause one burning tear to fall from her eye, one reproachful sigh to escape her bosom."

"You shall be obeyed," cried Willis; "I will be all you wish me."

"Enough," replied his father, "I will trust you and be happy. I have something else I desire to say to you, but I must defer it. I am weary and must rest."

Ellen glided from her father's knee, and putting her hand into her brother's retired to the other end of the room, while Mr. Richmond stretched himself on the sofa, and, closing his eyes, appeared to sleep. Mrs. Richmond now took her place by his side, and motioned the children to go into the air.

[To be continued.]

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN OLD
TRAVELLER.—No. III.

BOSEUK.

WE rested for a short time at this place, as we were journeying from Kutayah towards Nicæa. We found that we were getting back towards civilization and seaport towns, for we were robbed at the Greek coffee-house. Among the Turkish villages more in the interior we never lost so much as a pin, and were never overcharged for what we required.

The Turks have a legend to account for the curious name of this town. The word Boseuk, or Bozjeuk, signifies in English, "unload." Many ages ago, when miracles were worked in the land, and cities built in a day, a Vizier, or a very great Pasha, travelling from the interior of Asia, came to the spot, and found it thickly strewn with columns and capitals, and squared stones and marble, and other ancient remains. "Bozjeuk!" said he; "let us unload, and with these leavings of the infidel build up a house to the honour of the one God and his prophet." So the camels were unloaded, and the Pasha and his people tarried there, and in brief time they built up the stately mosque which stands here behind the most ancient tumulus, and which has ancient columns in its front. The columns of the mosque, I should say, cannot boast of a classical antiquity; they are large in size, plainly rounded, and of a greyish and not very fine marble; they most probably belonged to a Greek church. The old bases are gone, and the Turks have stuck up queer capitals of their own. Near the pediment they have put strong hoops, or bindings of copper round the columns, and other parts of the shaft are girded in like manner. This was a very common practice of the Osmanlees, or those who worked for them. Many of the ancient columns in the mosque of Santa Sophia at Constantinople are copper or brass, bound in the same manner; so also are many of those in the splendid mosque of Sultan Murad at Adrianople, and we saw the unsightly addition of shining metal to marble in many other places. If a Turk finds a prostrate column with its parts entire, he is almost certain to make a ludicrous invention, turning the capital into a base, and the base into a capital. I have often seen a rich and beautiful Corinthian capital thus treated, being laid on the ground, and made to support the shaft, while the true base of the column was doing duty as capital.

In the first mosque, which was built at Brusa by Otman, the founder of the present Ottoman dynasty, numerous columns, the work of ancient Greek art, are treated in this manner. It has been well said, that, except as regards the bowl and the mouthpiece of their pipes, the Turks invert the order of everything they touch.

All round the town of Boseuk, which was itself going to ruin, we traced ancient Greek remains and ruins of baths, fountains, caravansaries, and the like, which had been erected by the Turks in the middle ages, when they were a far more civilised people than they now are.

It is to be noted, however, that in this plain we found the only bit of tolerably good road that we ever met with either in European or in Asiatic Turkey. We had about three miles of it, and could not sufficiently appreciate its comfort, as contrasted with the dreadfully rough and dangerous tracks over which we had been travelling for many days.

BRITISH INDIA.—No. I.

GLUGUR.

DURING my rather lengthy stay at Penang I was often a guest at the hospitable mansion of the Messrs. Forbes and Alexander Brown, the proprietors of the richest and most extensive plantation in all the Straits of Malacca. Glugur, for so is their vast nutmeg-ground named, is situated some distance from the fort and town of Penang, nearer to the south-eastern side of the island, and is a good two hours' quick drive or ride from the most inhabited part. A visit to Glugur to spend a few days, or even a few hours, was always an era in Penang life; a portion of time set aside for special enjoyment, looked forward to with impatient pleasure, hailed with acclamations of delight; the subject of conversation for weeks afterwards, and looked back to from the distance of years with unalloyed gratifying contemplation: at least, such is my sincere feeling when memory takes a retrospective glance at the past few truly happy epochs of my hitherto restless, changeable, and too often clouded track through life. Youth and health, a brow unruffled by desponding care, these are the requisites for the true enjoyment of life; and even though a shadow, dark and full of trouble, may intervene between those times and after years, and the sight, the hearing, the touch, be blind and deaf to and unconscious of the bliss that is for ever gone, but the spirit of memory—rapid as a sunbeam—will still ever and anon penetrate through the misty haze, and gladden the sad heart with a mental glimpse of hours rich in happiness and enjoyment of the sunny side of life.

And now, if the reader pleases, we will visit together in the following pages the nutmeg plantation of the Messrs. Brown, at Glugur, in Penang.

The roads at Penang are at all times agreeable, but they are more particularly delightful at early morn; when the beautiful bamboo hedges on either side are teeming with sweet-scented, fresh, and gay-looking flowers, thickly interwoven with the dark-green leaves of that most graceful of all Indian plants. The tall trees behind the hedges are full of life and noise: clamorous sparrows, thievish crows, screaming parrots, angry jays, twittering bulbuls, and innumerable other birds are hopping incessantly from branch to branch; now flying high up in pursuit of a careless dragon-fly; now darting rapidly to the ground on some luckless grasshopper. There's no end to the butterflies, and the bees are humming like an insect Babel: the gates of the different compounds are as yet closed; with few exceptions all are yet asleep.

We pass the military mess-house, and its dull appearance in the grey morning light looks miserable: however agreeable it might have been last night, the idea of it is very uncongenial this morning. It was all very well by candlelight, with the gallant officers of the —th Native Infantry and their guests, and band, &c., but somehow or other thoughts of it in the morning are connected with stumpy ends of cigars and empty bottles, and the débris of a dinner.

The sharp notes of a bugle rings suddenly in our ears, and we see the regimental bugler puffing away at the adjutant's gate, the first call to parade.

Rapidly still wheels on the shigrampo,* and onward we speed towards Glugur. The civilized portion of the small island is now left behind us,

* Palanquin carriage.

and we penetrate into the wilds; the roads are still excellent, but the hedges are more neglected, and noxious weeds spring up thickly in the barely-cultivated grounds of the Chinese and Malay proprietors. Fruit trees are abundant; so are flowers, and so one would imagine must be snakes and reptiles, yet I never recollect to have met with any of the former, and but few, very few, of the latter.

Now we pass a species of aboriginal village, the houses, or rather cabins composing which, are propped upon high poles, and the natives look as wild and scared as though they were a hundred miles, instead of only half a mile distant from a civilized people.

Now comes a detestable bridge, composed of trunks of trees, with a layer of mortar and earth thrown over them: the rivulet over which it leads is insignificant and shallow, and the only danger to be apprehended would be a broken knee to the pony and grazed shins to the groom. An awful jolt and we are over it, almost simultaneously emerging into a wide open country, over which the sun is now shining brightly; a rice-field and a hat and some carrion crows! Well, there's not much to be seen there at any rate; but these are quickly passed, and we enter upon a small sugar plantation, a species of sample of what "might be done:" well, that's passed too, and here we are entering again upon thickly-set, well-kept hedges; lofty trees form an avenue all along the road.

Now we are mounting up a gradual ascent, and get a glimpse of the sea over the hedges; now we are whirling down a rapid descent and look into other people's gardens, catching a glimpse of some native ladies who decamp immediately. Now we enter upon a level road, and to our right is a neatly-cut hedge, as uniform as a wall of masonry; the trees begin to diminish and suddenly disappear altogether; the sun bursts forth brightly again; a vast extent of undulating ground, as green and free of bushes or rubbish as a gentleman's park, attracts our attention as we look to the right, the light green of the grass contrasting beautifully with the deep hue of the endless nutmeg trees, of all sizes and ages, that are planted at regular measured distances up and down the pleasant-looking slopes, and which from afar have the appearances of dark-brown spots upon an emerald green.

The hedge still continues; the road is excellent; our vehicle is urged on with increased rapidity; there are more slopes and more nutmeg trees, and a sudden turning brings us full in view of the magnificent country-seat of the Messrs. Brown of Glugur: there is still a good half-mile to get over before we arrive, for the mansion is situated in the very centre of the plantation, and though the gate is nearly opposite to the house, the circuitous road is quite a small journey. At last we dash through the gates, and the poor godawalla* has hard work to keep up with the tearing pace of the pony, who sees home and a breakfast in perspective; trees dance by us merrily; the ascent becomes a little steeper; we have gained a level elevation; everything wheels round; the carriage stops; and, after picking up ourselves and our injured hats from the opposite seats, where both have been thrown by the sudden shock, we get down the chaise steps, and get up the house steps, and find ourselves shaking hands with the worthy brothers and their numerous assembled guests,—and so we have arrived at length at Glugur.

Now for a survey of the house. The first room we enter is an enclosed verandah that extends round three sides of the whole building; it is of a

* Groom.

considerable height, though there is another story above it, and is high off the level of the ground—witness the flight of stone steps we had to mount up by! The front of the verandah is open, and faces the sea, and here we find several couches and easy chairs, and not a few tables, on which latter are newspapers, novels, inkstands, writing-paper, colour-boxes, paintings, half-finished designs, cases of mathematical instruments, twine, bobbins, powder-flasks, shot-pouches, an occasional straw hat, and one or two hunting whips. Most of these things are the property of one or the other of the numerous guests—who are bent on profitable occupation as well as pleasure. Some few are occupying themselves, till the breakfast hour arrives, perusing newspapers and novels, others are writing. A few are making preparations for a day's shooting, whilst draughtsmen find ample amusement in sketching the many points of landscape that present themselves at every point of view. One or two of the more scientific are busy upon a map of the island, or a plan of the grounds; and a paper, densely covered with hieroglyphics, gives the result of a survey to the initiated. All drop their various callings at our appearance, and cluster round to join in the hearty welcome of the kind hosts; questions are asked and replied to; a few general topics of news briefly discussed, and every one resumes their particular pursuit again.

On the right side of the spacious verandah are two superb slate billiard tables, with a chandelier suspended over each of them, besides plentiful brackets and wall-shades; the sides of the walls display a goodly array of cues, balls, &c., and a *picture or two*—representing some celebrated sporting characters: one gentleman under his horse at the bottom of a deep ditch, looking quite unconcerned at his unenviable position; another is flying over a six-barred gate, whilst his riderless horse has very prudently refused the leap; this is the general characteristic of the pictures. No one is playing at billiards at this early hour, and the tables are covered over with a blanket-lined oilcloth to protect them from starting under the influence of the night-breeze, that great enemy in India to pianofortes and European cabinet manufactures.

The left side of the verandah contains more pictures and a quantity of fishing-tackle, guns, pistols, spears, &c. The whole centre between these wide verandahs consists of one lofty and extensive room, containing a dining-table, now spread for breakfast, a legion of high-backed chairs, all with arms, and some very beautiful pictures in handsomely-gilt frames. The sight of the breakfast-table itself is enough to give any one a relish for the expected meal: the snow-white cloth, looking so cool and spotless, the beautiful purple and gold chinaware, the fine cut-glass cruet-stands, the costly and richly inlaid silver and gold milk bowl, sugar basins, tea and coffee pots, egg stands, toast racks, and the silver-plated hot-water plates, the delicious little saucers full of chutneys of fifty different sorts, the crusty-looking loaves, the endless jellies and sweets, the fresh butter, the pyramids of newly-culled fruits, and perfect forests of sweet-scented flowers tastefully arranged in countless glass flower vases; all these look so tempting and nice, that we involuntarily turn towards the old clock on the sideboard, and find, to our satisfaction, that it wants only two minutes to the appointed hour for that most sociable of all Glugur meals—breakfast. The two minutes have sped away, and the old butler makes his appearance, followed by a troop of domestics, each bearing in either hand some savoury dish; the dishes are ranged in order; the old butler retires to an angle in the room, and, shutting one eye, takes in with the other a

survey of the whole arrangements: the result is satisfactory; so, at a given signal, the attendant troop whip off the covers; and, simultaneously, a large gong at the back of the house announces the pleasing fact that all is ready. And so to all appearance are those summoned, if we may judge by their speedy appearance. Every one is seated, and grace having been first said, the action becomes general: chicken curry, prawn curry, fish curry, curried snipes, egg curry, mutton curry, pork curry, and twenty other different curries are on the bill of fare; fish and prawns cooked in every imaginable way, cold fowls and salads, hot sausages and muffins, eggs laid this morning; in short, everything that the greatest gourmand could devise or wish for, and tea, cocoa, chocolate, and coffee, such as the old butler alone could make, and he had had good practice at that same work, having been every morning accustomed to go through the same routine ever since he had entered the service of the ancestors of the present hospitable descendants, and that was more than half a century ago. Glugur was then "Bachelors' hall," and every one was expected to make himself at home and look after his own wants, and he was a great ninny if he did not, for nobody else would.

Our worthy host, who undertook to act as chaperon, proposed that we should first ride round the plantation, then visit the nursery, then the farm-yard, and, lastly, the orchard and kitchen gardens; then returning home to lunch, or have tiffin, we were afterwards to be initiated into the mysteries of picking, drying, cleansing, sorting, packing, &c., of the nutmegs; and all these things being duly noted in a pocket-book, ponies for all the party were ordered to be saddled, and, in the interval of their preparation, we proceed upstairs to reconnoitre above. The sitting-room is upstairs—an elegantly-furnished apartment, of the same size and shape as the dining-room; mirrors and chandeliers, and sofa tables, and cabinets, full of curiosities, pictures, and musical-boxes, albums, annuals, and diamond editions of the poets, much flowers and artificial fruit, several nicknacks and Chinese puzzles, and a large handsomely-painted punkah: the front windows face the sea, admitting of an extensive prospect of the island itself, the channel port of the harbour, and the opposite territory of Province Wellesley. Round the entire house there is an extensive and lofty bundal, supported on wooden pillars, which, though it does not in any measure hinder the view, excludes the rays of the sun and the heaviest shower of rain, so that the windows are left wide open in all weathers, without any detriment from heat or damp to the costly furniture within. Amongst other valuable and agreeable additions to the elegant furniture is a self-performing musical instrument, neither piano nor organ, and yet similar in appearance to both, and containing the rich fulness of a good-sized orchestra.

Off this room are two front rooms, one on either side: these are the library and the study; and behind these again range the numerous bed-rooms, with dressing-rooms attached to each of them. And now we have surveyed the house; and the ponies being announced as ready, we hurry down stairs again, with the agreeable anticipation of a pleasant canter round the plantation, an anticipation that is rather damped by the vicious propensities of the ponies in general, which they evince by divers kicks and plunges at every attempt to mount. At last we make a desperate effort and vault into the saddle, and then we at once become masters, and the little animals are as docile and obedient as they appeared to be obstreperous.

Each little hillock that we mount, and every little slope we descend, only serves to increase our admiration and surprise at the vast extent and beauty of Glugur. The trees are all parcelled off into different fields or divisions, of which those nearest the mansion contain the oldest and most fruitful: the trees have been planted in perfect straight lines, and a distance of about four yards in every direction intervenes between each tree. None of the nutmeg trees attain to a great height; they are generally about the size of an ordinary nectarine, but the branches spread out a good deal, and are very thickly interwoven: the leaves clinging so closely together, as to cause a shelter under the trees almost impervious to rain. The foliage is of a deep green; the leaves are thick and deeply marked with fibres, and the tree, when at the height of the season, presents on the whole a very handsome appearance. The bright brown of the trunk and the branches, the deep green of the foliage, the light green of the unripe fruit, the golden tinge of those verging on maturity, the beautiful bloom on the ripe fruit, the rosy incision where it is about to burst, the deep scarlet and yellow of the mace that discovers itself in those partly opened, and, in addition to these, such parts of the nutmeg as become visible through the tightly-adhering mace in those fruit that have arrived at perfect maturity, and are hourly dropping on the soft grass beneath, there to lie till gathered by the careful spice collectors, who go their rounds three several times during the day. What wealth! what incredible richness and variety in one solitary species of the many various fruit-yielding trees of the earth! for, in addition to the nutmeg tree yielding two separate costly spices, the fruit itself, when perfectly ripe, makes a delicious preserve, not only agreeable in flavour, but considered an excellent stomachic, and one even rivalling the far-famed China ginger. I forget now exactly the quantity that each tree, when healthy and in full growth, produced annually, but it was something prodigious.

The further we rode on in our tour round the plantation the smaller and younger the trees became, till at length we reached those which were for the first time yielding fruit: here such as were connoisseurs paused to examine the crop, and, according to them, the young trees promised a rich harvest.

After leaving these we came upon the nursery; where seedlings are carefully tended and nurtured for the first three years, after which they are ready for transplanting, being sufficiently strong to resist the greater heats of the hottest season and the heavy winds and rains. The nursery, which was very extensive, contained abundant young plants all thickly clustered together, as it is only when transplanted that a measured distance between each tree is allotted. The whole of the plants are covered over with a platform made of dried rushes, supported by a number of poles, and at an elevation of about four or four feet and a half off the ground: under this platform the milder rays of the morning and evening sun penetrate, imparting congenial warmth to the young plants, which are protected from the meridional heat of the sun and from the force of heavy showers of rain. The occupations of a nutmeg planter, and those under him, are evidently no sinecure, however great the reward of successful labour. The young plant requires as much care and attention as a feeble sickly infant; and even with all this, on an average, about thirty trees only out of a hundred ever come to maturity and yield fruit.

With the nursery our survey was completed; and, on our return to the mansion, we took a different and a shorter road home, passing through the

farmyard and numerous stables and other outhouses. The farmyard was as compact as, and in perfect keeping with, the rest of the establishment; long rows of cleanly-kept, neatly-built sties were densely inhabited by fat China sows, and their roastable offsprings. In condemned cells, apart from the rest, and undergoing the process of being stall fed, were a certain number of young and old pigs, and an endless variety of cages containing turkeys, geese, capons, &c., all in a more or less advanced state of stoutness: there were some few empty, evidently the tenements of such as had undergone sentence that morning, victims to our voracious appetites; the sheep and the cows and the goats, except a few upon the sick-list, were absent under the charge of a Malay Tityrus, grazing on some of the adjacent downs, but a legion of calves and kids were at home, bleating and moaning for their maternal parents.

There were buildings set apart for eggs undergoing the hatching process, trellised-worked establishments for small chickens and turkeys, little cisterns covered in with netting for goslings and young ducks, and the poultry-yard itself was overrun with all kinds of domestic fowl. Here a ruffianly band of turkey-cocks might be seen performing a species of cannibal waltz round some unfortunate old dunghill cock, grown blind and useless in the service; further on a brood of guinea-fowls were giving open combat to a hissing gander and his harem of geese; Muscovy ducks, China bantams, hens, turkeys, ducks, chickens of a maturer growth, geese, were all full of life and bustle and noise, quacking, crowing, squabbling, hissing, cackling, gobbling, flying, jumping, running, and screaming with alarm, as the shadow of some lofty flying vulture swept across their path, and ever and anon joining in a hurdle race after some unhappy grasshopper that had incautiously ventured within the pale of their society. In addition to all these there were a great variety of beautiful and rare pigeons; and at the further end of the enclosure, firmly chained to a pole some twenty feet high, on the top of which rested a little wooden sleeping-room, with a door and windows, a malicious monkey, whose chief delight consisted in hiding behind the pole to watch the unwary approach of some stray fowl or other, the feathers of whose tail inevitably paid the forfeit of their temerity.

We got home again about one P.M., much delighted and refreshed by our ride, and by no means unprepared to do justice to the ready-laid and waiting tiffin. On our return we found our already large number considerably augmented by a party of officers of the — Native Infantry, who brought with them some of the lieutenants, mates, and middies of the man-of-war that morning anchored. *Sans cérémonie* was the order of the day at Glugur, and the excellent-hearted brothers were sincerely glad to see ever so numerous a company, provided always that the hours of their advent gave the old butler time to provide ample fare for the party; and this was generally an understood thing at Penang, so that seldom or ever did strangers make their appearance at Glugur after the hour of mid-day, unless, indeed, they had been invited, or due notice was given of their intentions.

After lunch we were introduced into the workshops of the establishment: here a large number of men, women, and children were busily employed picking, sorting, and preparing the nutmegs for exportation; huge baskets of freshly-gathered fruits, which scented the air far and wide with aromatic odours, were piled up in the centre of the yard, and women and children were busily occupied detaching the shell or fruit from the

nutmeg and the mace; others again separated the mace from the outer shell, whilst the shells themselves, which contain the nutmegs, were being carefully heated in ovens, and then detached and left to dry in the air. The mace was spread out upon gigantic mats, all in different stages of being cured, as was evinced by the various colours of that spice, from the deep red of the freshly gathered, to the brown tinge of that ready for exportation; then came the packers, and then the markers, marking the ready-packed cases in an inch and a half character. Near to this place are the workshops of some half-dozen Chinese carpenters, who, from sunrise till sunset, are perpetually hard at work, sawing, cutting, hammering, nailing, and finishing the requisite cases for the nutmeg and mace, their long tails being a source of continual annoyance to themselves, now getting nailed by mistake, now entangled in the saw, and not unfrequently winding them up to such a desperate state of wildness as to cause a temporary suspension of labour, when they sit down, with arms akimbo, the picture of despair and rage, and showering forth unintelligible Chinese epithets, to the great amusement and delight of the other workmen.

The annual profit accruing from the Glugur property, nett of all expenses and losses, was several thousands of good English pounds sterling—the exact amount I know, but I imagine it would not be acting fair to dive so far into the private affairs of worthy and excellent gentlemen; suffice it to say, that it yields a princely income, and that, were it ten times as much, it could not fall into better hands, or more hospitable, humane, and charitable men than its present noble-hearted proprietors.

All this brings us pretty well to the close of the day. We enjoy the delightful freshness of the evening, seated in front of the house, out in the open air.

We had some excellent music from the instrument up-stairs, calling to mind past days, and then we had some songs, and one of the middies delighted us with the freshest importations from England; and then it was ten o'clock, fine weather, and a moonlight night; and so the shigrampos were put into requisition again, and we started on our way homeward, singing snatches of songs the first quarter of a mile, talking the second, dozing the third, and sound asleep the rest of the journey.

Hallo! who's that? what? it is a tremendous jolt, and some one shaking us. Oh! I see; we've got home at last; all right; pleasant day, wasn't it? Very. Good night; bye, bye; and so to bed. Such was the beginning, and such the end of every successive jaunt to Glugur for a day's pleasure.

NATIONAL DEBT.

THE interest on the permanent debt for the year ending January 5, 1853, was 23,637,996*l.*; to this must be added the interest on Exchequer bills, which at the present rate would increase the former sum by not less than 500,000*l.* Against the increase, we may set off the reductions arising from the surplus revenue; and this being done, we shall come to the conclusion that the money necessary at the end of 1853 to pay the interest of the debts of the nation is 24,000,000*l.*

ANCIENT LONDON.—No. VI.

THE progress of surface accumulation, together with the débris of the many conflagrations to which London—during the lapse of nearly eighteen centuries, comprising its historical existence—is known to have been subject, and especially the operations which succeeded the great fire of 1666, have given to the modern city an elevation, rising in many parts to a difference of twenty feet and upwards. Under this artificial level lie buried the roots of the Roman city—temples, palaces, courts of justice, theatres, baths, and other appurtenances proper to an opulent establishment of the (then) empire of the world.

Of the subterranean city vestiges are found nearly as often as an excavation is carried sufficiently deep to touch the Roman soil; but in most instances so partially revealed, that in the total default of contemporary record, or guide to the topography of London as it appeared at that early period, an attempt to come to any kind of specific estimate of its various localities is a task little more practicable than that of recomposing the scattered tesserae of a once richly-figured mosaic. In the absence of veritable record, tradition furnishes but little, even of its flickering light; and the references of the fabulous or questionable writers are conveyed so much in King Cambyzes' vein that their shadowy heroes, with the monuments of their prowess, are no more tangible to comprehension than the giants and castles imagined by children in the changeful shapes of summer clouds. But as the localities distinguished by such associations come under notice, a sprinkling of those romantic ingredients may serve as a condiment to season or garnish the more homely fare of substantial fact or well-grounded speculation.

An extensive series of excavation, in connection with the sewerage and other improvements, carried on in the year 1834 and the two following years, laid open the level of Roman London through a considerable portion of the city. Of this channel, cut into the depths of old, Mr. A. J. Kemp and Mr. Charles Roach Smith may be said to have taken accurate soundings; and the pages of the '*Archæologia*'* are enriched by a series of valuable observations by those gentlemen, of which communications the following is an abstract.

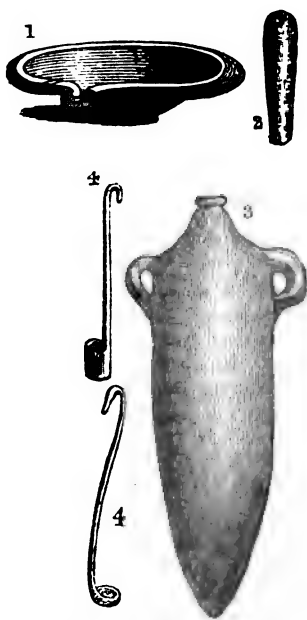
The particulars described by Mr. Kemp relate to discoveries made in the excavation of a sewer of large dimensions, formed under the northern approaches to the new London Bridge.

A transverse section of the eminence which rises from Thames Street towards the heart of the city was commenced as deep as low-water mark—about fifty feet below the present surface of the crest of the hill. As the excavations approached Eastcheap, quantities of Samian ware, and mortars of baked, whitish clay, varying from ten to fourteen inches in diameter; portions of bottles and fragments of amphoræ were found among party walls, composed of ragstone, belonging to buildings which had evidently aligned with the present street. These walls were covered with wood-ashes; and about them were found many portions of green molten glass and of the red Samian ware, discoloured by fire—evidences, among others, of an extensive conflagration, supposed to have occurred when

* A Letter communicated by Alfred John Kemp, Esq., F.S.A., '*Archæologia*,' vol. xxiv. p. 190. A Letter communicated by Charles Roach Smith, Esq., F.S.A., '*Archæologia*,' vol. xxvii. p. 150, and in continuation, vol. xxix. p. 154.

London was ravaged by the Britons, under Boadicea, at which time the timber erections of the native inhabitants are presumed to have contributed, by their destruction, to the extensive remains of charred wood found in many parts of the city in connection with Roman vestiges. A further token of conflagration, due to a period about the rise of the Roman colony, appeared in the insertion of red ware, evidently discoloured by the action of fire, in the walls of some of the Roman buildings discovered in the course of excavation. On arriving at the street of Eastcheap the excavation crossed a raised bank of gravel, six feet in depth and eighteen feet wide. The crest of this bank rose to about five feet within the surface of the present pavement; and in width and other circumstances nearly accorded with the structure of the Watling Street way, as described by Holinshed,* into the line of which it must have fallen at London Stone.

At the north-east corner of Eastcheap the foundations of a Roman building appeared a little in advance of the line of modern houses. Into this wall (which was of ragstone, and two feet thick) was worked, at five feet from its base, a double course of Roman wall tiles, chiefly of white clay.† A curious flue tile, with four apertures, was taken from the wall, into which it had been promiscuously built; and two coins of the Emperor Claudius were found. Some yards north of the building were two wells, neatly steened with squared stones. At Gracechurch Street the discoveries ceased, with the suspension of excavation in that direction. The author's deductions from indications which come under his notice are, that at an early period of Roman occupation the ground eastward of the site of St. Paul's had been thickly inhabited; and from the important remains which have been found at Lombard Street, the Bank, Cornhill, Leadenhall Street, and the precincts enclosed by the Tower walls, he hesitates to conclude that the immediate vicinity of St. Paul's was the original nucleus of the rising colony; but the discovery of sepulchral remains present strong evidence of precedence in that locality,



MORTAR, PESTLE, AMPHORA,
AND SEMPULE.

* "In the year of grace one thousand five hundred thirty and one, the course thereof was found by a man that digged gravel thereof to mend the high way. It was in this place (St. Albans) eighteen foot broad. The yellow gravel that was brought thither in carts two thousand years past remained fresh and strong," &c.—Holinshed's 'Description of Britaine,' p. 112, folio edit.

† The rude make of those tiles suggested the idea of the structure having been of British workmanship when beginning to adopt Roman arts and customs.—See Tacitus in Vit. Agricola.

and the more extended vestiges afford no tokens of an early settlement, but, rather from the superior pavements and other details, they may be looked upon as the works of a permanent establishment, indicating the increased taste, in point of display, which grew with the decline of the Roman empire.

From the number of large earthen mortars, and specimens of the pisillum, found on the south side of Eastcheap, probably used by the primitive colonists to triturate their corn, together with amphoræ, simpulæ, &c., it is inferred that here was a Forum Mercatorium, resorted to for the supplies of corn, wine, and oil; and the mortars would further indicate the establishment on the spot of pistores, or bakers, who derived the title of their trade from being accustomed to pound, with the hand, grain into flour—*

“Pistor qui pistrino pinsit farinam.”

From the earliest record, Eastcheap appears to have been a great central market and cynosure of good cheer and jollity, as most likely it was in the time of the Romans, who were no undergraduates in the arts of the patina and poculum, and whose successors ate as hugely, if they were less critical in regard to their fare.

“Then I hied me into Eastchepe :
One cryes ‘rybbs of befe,’ and many ‘a pye ;’
Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape ;
There was harpe, pipe, and minstrelaye ;
‘Yea, by cock ! nay, by cock !’ † some began to crye,
Some songe of Jenkin and Julian for theyre mede ;
But for lack of money I might not spede.”

Such is a picture of the jollities of Eastcheap, bequeathed to us by the rhyming monk of Bury, Dan John Lydgate; but besides gross viands and rude entertainments, which ministered to appetites of Saxon origin, the dainty predilections introduced by the Norman infusion by the mingled population of London were duly catered for; and the more delicate kinds of fishes and smaller sorts of birds, in which the gallants

* So tedious was this operation that it was made the punishment of criminals under confinement.

† “It will no doubt be recollected,” says Douce, “that in the days of ancient chivalry it was the practice to make solemn vows or engagements for the performance of some considerable enterprise. This ceremony was usually performed during some grand feast or entertainment, at which a roasted peacock, being served up by ladies in a dish of gold or silver, was thus presented to each knight, who then made the particular vow which he had chosen with great solemnity. When this custom had fallen into disuse, the peacock, nevertheless, continued to be a favourite dish, and was introduced on the table in a pie, the head, with a gilded beak, being proudly elevated above the crust, and the splendid tail expanded. Other birds of smaller value were introduced in the same manner; and the recollection of the old peacock vows might occasion the less serious, or even burlesque imitation of swearing, not only by the bird itself, but also by the pie; hence, probably, the oath by cock and pie, for the use of which no very old authority can be found.” In Shakspeare’s time, chivalry had declined into a mere pageant, and the peacock had succumbed to the devices of the pastry-cook. His Justice Shallow uses the oath in its compound form—“By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to night.”—‘Henry IV.,’ part ii., act 5, scene 1. Machise has taken the chivalrous oath of the peacock as the subject of one of his finest pictures.

who frequented the courtly precincts of Tower Royal, St. Catherine's, and Castle Baynard delighted, were procurable at brief notice, as well as the cordial accompaniments of pocras and pigment, and the wines of Bordeaux and Gascony from the neighbouring crypts in the Vintry; and when it was their pleasure to dine *al fresco* there was no lack of jongleurs, tumblers, and other antics and mummers to minister to their entertainment, as well as the exotic feature in old English revelry, the morrice, or morisco dance, performed by swarthy hours and paynim of the East, who whirled, in a maze of rapid evolutions, to their own accompaniment of timbrels and castanets, like frantic Bacchanals.*

FitzStephen—whose lordly master † probably supplied means, the lack of which the monk of Bury laments—affords a more ample detail of life in Eastcheap, written with the gusto of one who had some practical acquaintance with its resources. He says: "There is in London, upon the river's bank, a public place of cookery, between the ships laden with wine, and the wines laid up in cellars to be sold; there you may call for any dish of meat—roast, fried, or sodden; fish, both small and great; ordinary flesh for the poorer sort, and more dainty for the rich, as venison and fowl. If friends come on a sudden, wearied with travel, to a citizen's house, and they be loth to wait for curious preparations and dressings of fresh meat, the servants give them water to wash, and bread to stay their stomach, and in the meantime go to the water side, where all things are at hand, answerable to their desire. Whatsoever multitude, either of soldiers or strangers, enter into the city at any hour, day or night, or else are about to depart, they may turn in, bait there, and refresh themselves to their content, and so avoid long fasting, and not go away without their dinner. If any desire to fit their dainty tooth, they need not to long for an accipenser,‡ or any other bird, no, not the rare godwit of Ionia.§ This public victualling place is very convenient, and belongs to the City. Hereupon we read in Plato's 'Gorgias' that the office of cooks is near to physic, and the flattery of dissemblers is the fourth part of civility."||

In this convivial region it was that Thomas and John, the sons of Henry IV., and their graceless followers, provoked Chief-Justice Gascoigne to give them a practical illustration of the proverbial blindness of justice,¶ an historical fact which the great poet has appropriated with such a high hand, that wild Prince Hal, with his roistering associates, have become articles of popular faith; and he, together with the fat knight, Poins, Bardolph, Dame Quickly, and the rest of the living phantasies with whom he has peopled the place, are the established Lares and Penates

* "Like a Bacchanalian dancing the Spanish morisco," &c.

From a Comedy called 'Variety,' 1649.

"He wants no clothes, for he hath a cloak laid on with gold lace, and an embroidered jerkin, and thus he is marching hither, like the foreman of a morris."—"Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," by John Day, 1659. An old London sign in the neighbourhood of Eastcheap was The Three Morrice Dancers. It stood, cut in stone, as the sign of a public-house in Old Change, Cheapside, a few doors from the point where Old Change crosses Watling Street. It was taken down and lost sight of some years ago.

† Thomas-a-Becket, whom FitzStephen served in the capacity of clerk, and of whose murder in Canterbury Cathedral he was an eyewitness.

‡ Acciper spatularia, Linn., the common sturgeon.

§ Attagen.

|| Stow's 'Survey,' edit. 1633.

¶ Holinshed.

of Eastcheap in general, and of the famous Boar's Head * in particular, both of them now no more, and only coexistent in memory with the creations of a surpassing humour, of which they are the stage.



BOAR'S HEAD.

In Stow's time, it appears, the butchers had ousted the cooks from the market. "This East Cheape," he says, "is now a flesh-market of butchers, there dwelling on both sides of the street; it had some time also cooks mixed up among the butchers, and such other as sold victuals ready dressed of all sorts. For of old time, when friends did meet and were disposed

* The old sign of the Boar's Head, represented in the accompanying cut, was inserted in the wall of one of two houses, built on the site of the old tavern after the fire of 1666. It is now deposited in the Guildhall library. Pennant states, that a friend of his, who used to frequent the old house when it was a tavern, informed him that this sign was originally above the chimney-piece in the great eating-room. The original house appears to have been of considerable antiquity, being mentioned as the tenement called the Boar's Head in Eastcheap in the will of Walter Warden, who in the reign of Richard II. bequeathed it to a college of priests or chaplains, founded by Sir William Walworth, in the adjoining church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane. In the churchyard behind the tavern was formerly a tablet, inscribed to the memory of Robert Preston, a drawer at the Boar's Head, who died in 1730, in which the muse celebrates his sobriety and other virtues:—

"Though nurs'd among full hogsheads, he defied
The charms of wine, as well as others' pride ;"

and his attention, and the laudable practice of giving honest measure, are enjoined in an exhortation to his successors:—

"You that on Bacchus have the like dependence,
Pray copy Bob in measure and attendance."

A curious relic, believed to have appertained to the original tavern, was found on the removal of a piece of elevated ground in Whitechapel, called the Mount, said by tradition to have been composed from the rubbish of the fire of London. It is a circular carving, in oak, of a boar's head, in bold relief, set in a frame formed of two boars' tusks, with a ring, by which it was suspended. On the back of the carving, which is four inches and a half in diameter, are the date, 1568, and initials, which have been found to correspond with the name of the landlord in that year. It is now in the possession of Mr. Windus, of Stamford Hill.

to be merry, they went not to dine and sup in taverns, but to the cookes, where they called for meat what them liked, which they always found ready dressed, and at a reasonable rate, as I have before shewed." But that the taverns likewise supplied the hungry demands of their customers let Mrs. Quickly be witness, in her appeal against Falstaff:—"O, my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit." "For what sum?" asks the Chief-Justice. "It is more," replies the hostess, "than for some, my lord, it is for all, all I have; he hath eat me out of my house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his!"

The market was removed to Leadenhall in the beginning of the eighteenth century; and the street of Eastcheap was removed for the construction of the present approaches to London Bridge.

The site of the old Boar's Head tavern is that now occupied by the statue of William the Fourth, in the street which bears the name of that monarch.

THE BLACK SEA.—No. III.



BULGARIAN PEASANTS.

OUR next station from Midiah was Iniada, the gulf of which is one of the safest on the coast. Turkish vessels come hither to take on board the artillery issued from the foundry of St. Makof, six leagues inland. Iniada boasts of a quarantine, the chief officer of which, Achmet, the stupidest Turk I ever met with, received us with ceremonious attentions which utterly provoked us. Among other lofty inspirations he conceived

that of sending M. Laurens to sleep in a room lighted by a dozen candles, the brightness and stench of which were enough to dispel the most overpowering drowsiness. As for myself, wearied out with the officiousness of our host, I took refuge in the boat (no strange occurrence with me), and next morning when I awoke was sufficiently surprised to find myself on the open sea, the boat having dragged her anchor.

Next came Aktéboli, a Greek town containing about one hundred houses, the inhabitants of which occupy themselves exclusively in fishing. I have already said that these fisheries, the most important in the Black Sea, take place in September. The number of mackerel and thunnies then taken is marvellous. We saw here an extensive enclosure of wall, remains of which are scattered over the slopes of the hill, mixed up with the houses. They are composed of pieces of porphyry alternating with strong courses of brick, and separated by thick layers of mortar, in the Byzantine style. Along the shores of the harbour we discovered several shafts of marble columns used in warping ships. These are probably the only remains of the ancient Greek colony of Agathopolis. The interior of the town presents only filthy winding streets and dilapidated houses, suggesting but a melancholy opinion of the population. The women, however, are very industrious, if we may judge by the number of pieces of cotton cloth which lay bleaching in the open air. They weave, themselves, all the stuffs employed in making their own clothes and those of their husbands. They all wear, without exception, a robe dyed a deep-red madder. Their head-dress is a simple kerchief tied under the chin, with one corner falling over the back. There is a large number of wells along the seashore, rendered conspicuous by the long poles which are used in drawing water.

The plain on which Aktéboli stands commands a magnificent view towards the north. On the left towers a huge conical mountain called Babia, which slopes away towards the north, leaving, between its lower spurs and the cliffs below, the town, through an opening in which is seen the entrance to the bay. The chain then rises and falls repeatedly, forming the southern ridge of Bourgas. Finally a third outline terminates in the horizon, having at its extremity the celebrated Cape Emorra, the most elevated point of all the northern coast of the Black Sea, whence fades away in the east the chain of Mount Hæmus.

A considerable proportion of Bulgarians here begins to mix with the Greek population. At Wassilikos, especially, this admixture becomes very apparent. We observed, in the only coffeehouse of the place, a number of lithographed prints representing the victories of the Russians in their wars with Turkey. It must be allowed that these Turks must be unusually amiable thus to tolerate in their own states such disagreeable mementos of the most disastrous period of their history. There is not a Greek coffeehouse at Constantinople which does not in like manner contain a complete collection of the scenes of Greek independence; this, however, does not prevent the Turks from coming there to smoke their tchibouks, without allowing such images to disturb their apathetic contentment.

As we approach Sizopoli, the island of St. John opens on the right, where are seen the ruins of an ancient Greek church; and coasting the Isle of Christ we anchored off a sandy beach facing the town. During the whole extent of the coast nowhere did we discover such an air of comfort as that presented by the population of Sizopoli: the country too appeared to be singularly fertile. Magnificent plains, wooded hills, vineyards, numerous Bulgarian villages, immense fields of wheat and maize,

seem to class this district among the most favoured by nature. The town contains three hundred and fifty houses. Its port is constantly filled with vessels taking in cargoes of provisions for Constantinople, and for exportation, especially of wheat, the quality of which is first-rate.

All vestiges of antiquity have been swept away from Sizopoli. The enclosure of walls, which formerly encircled the town, is utterly gone. We traced out with difficulty some shapeless ruins of churches, and a few fragments of marble bearing inscriptions. The only fountain which supplies the town is situated at the other side of the beach at the foot of a woody hill. Numerous shops, coffeehouses, filled with Greeks and Bulgarians, women wearing red petticoats, with fine and correct features, working at their doors, impart much animation and gaiety to the streets leading to the harbour.

The coast from Sizopoli presents a character of agricultural richness quite extraordinary. Numerous Bulgarian farms crown the heights; hills covered with fruit trees, descending in gentle declivities to the sea, have replaced the masses of trachyte which suggested no idea but that of sterility and desolation. The only inconvenience we encountered throughout this long extent of coast took place at some distance from Sizopoli. We had established ourselves for the night in a kind of grotto, but suspicious movements which we detected in the neighbouring copse, made us determine on returning to our boat, which was riding at anchor in the creek. We found out next day that a set of ill-looking fellows had spent the whole night in prowling about the shore; a statement that we could well believe, as we had seen a large fire in the very place that we had abandoned.

Before entering Bourgas we visited the Greek convent of St. Anastasia, a modern ruin, picturesquely situated on a little island. It is tenanted by a monk, who leads there the life of a genuine hermit.

For a long time we watched with surprise, gradually emerging from the watery horizon, a minaret, so much inclined from the perpendicular that its centre of gravity must have been a long way outside the base. This counterpart of the Tower of Pisa is the rendezvous of a great number of Turks, who pass their time basking in the sun at its base, and who, I doubt not, will remain there until, as the structure tumbles about their heads, they will repeat their old cry, "It is our written destiny!"

Politicians who believe in the impending dissolution of the Turkish empire may see in the picture of this shaky tower, and the Turks dozing at its base, a truthful and striking representation of the actual state of the empire.

Bourgas is one of the most animated parts of the coast, thanks to two Genoese captains, who some five or six years ago laid the foundation of its commercial prosperity. Before this period Bourgas was unknown to the mercantile world, even by name. Some operations on the coast carried on by these Genoese, were followed by others quite as prosperous, which attracted the attention of the neighbours. From this date affairs progressed so rapidly that, in November 1842, several merchants belonging to Constantinople, and among them two Frenchmen, established numerous agencies at Bourgas.

In 1845 a hundred and five cargoes of wheat were shipped amounting to 1,200,000 kilogrammes. All these cargoes are discharged at Constantinople, and are, for the most part, consumed in Europe. During the last few years the quality of the wheat has been much improved, though it is still inferior to the wheat of Galatz and Odessa. But with the

progress that agriculture is making among the Bulgarians we may hope that the quality of their grain will leave nothing to desire.

Up to the present time no French vessel has appeared. Our own tri-colour was the first ever seen in this out-of-the-way corner of Europe, but destined, in time to come, to acquire great commercial importance. The population already amounts to nearly two thousand five hundred souls, and every year considerably increases it.

The port of Tchingené-Iskélesi fronting Bourgas, is without gainsay the best on the whole western coast. Vessels can come in and go out with any wind, and anchor close to the shore, consequently it makes an excellent harbour of refuge. The environs of Bourgas are thronged with vehicles drawn by magnificent buffaloes driven by Bulgarians, carrying into the town the produce of their farms. There is a perpetual coming and going, which is most amusing to witness. The streets crowded with sailors, brokers, wood for building, laden asses, present the most animated appearance that can be imagined. The houses appear to raise themselves as they can, without plan, order, or symmetry. Time is too precious to be wasted in laying out streets, tracing squares, or planning edifices. The main point is to get a footing, the rest will come sooner or later.

Of all these stations the principal is Ankhalou, the residence of a Turkish agha, named by the Pacha of Varna, and of a cadî from Constantinople. This town contains five hundred Greek houses and about thirty Turkish. In the court of the bishop's palace we found, among other sculptural remains, a white marble sarcophagus, encircled by a garland, having rams' heads at the points of junction. This valuable relic was discovered in the neighbourhood of some tumuli, a little way from the town. Notwithstanding the opinion of the inhabitants, who maintain that the ancient Ankhalou was situated in the little peninsula where are found other sarcophagi, it is very evident that the modern town was built on the site of the ancient. The numerous fragments of columns found in the soil, while the church was being built, leave no doubt on the subject. This was the first place where we fell in with any tumuli. We discovered at least half a dozen on the other side of an isthmus which joins the town to the mainland.

These tumuli, joined to considerable remains of columns, capitals, and vases of marble, discovered in various places, give a high idea of the importance which the ancient Greek colony once possessed. According to tradition, there was, long before the settlement of the Turks in the country, a Jewish quarter which was destroyed by an inroad of the sea, at a very distant date, and, in reality, remains of old buildings may still be seen when the water is low. In this town resides Ishmael Agha, director-general of quarantine in the whole gulf. The quarantine officers give to this town a character quite different from that of other localities. The women are more prepossessing, and do not run away as fast as their legs can carry them at the sight of a stranger. As for the men, their familiarity is such that M. Laurens was obliged, after several attempts, to desert the place to get rid of the impertinent curiosity of a whole crowd who beset him.

The principal resource of Ankhalou is agriculture, to which is added the working of tolerably good salt mines. There is scarcely an attempt made at carrying on a fishery, though fish are in great abundance. On the whole this town, with its quiet aspect, its ancient ruins, and aristocratic pretensions, presents a singular contrast to Bourgas and its cargoes of wheat.

We partook, at the house of Ishmael Agha, of our first Turkish repast since we entered Bithynia. A large, flat, tinned copper, resting on a kind of stool turned upside down; a countless number of small dishes, of which one caught little more than the flavour as they rapidly passed along; a total absence of forks, spoons, knives, and glasses; a long towel used in common; continual cries of "Bouiron!" "Help yourself!"—everything partook of the national colouring. In the evening the agha amused us with a peculiar kind of fishing which I have seen practised nowhere else. Several persons walk out as far as they can into the sea, pushing before them a long piece of matting, the edges of which are turned up and bear ends of lighted candles. The fish, put into a good humour by the fineness of the weather (for it is then only that the operation can be performed), entering into an infatuated gaiety at the sight of the burning candles, the matting, and the movement caused by the fishermen, gambol about in the strangest way, and spring, like blockheads as they are, upon the matting, when they are picked up by greater blockheads than themselves.

Messemoria, which comes next, presents a very picturesque appearance, for which it is indebted to its Turkish buildings, to its frontage of antique wall, to its numerous Greek churches, and, lastly, to its position on a peninsula, which is sufficiently elevated to command the gulf and the coast.

Its churches, two of them especially, are built of stone and brick, combined in the most original manner. No kind of architecture with which I am acquainted can give an idea of this truly unique style. It is an odd mixture of all the styles known: that of the Lower Empire appears in the general plan, the Byzantine in its columns and capitals, exactly like those of St. Sophia in Constantinople; the Armenian in the multiplicity of blank arches covering the whole outer surface; the Persian in the prevalence of brick as a material; and the Arabesque in the unfailling caprice of its carvings. The whole, however, is most decidedly Oriental, and we cannot help seeing the rapid approach to the so-called Romanesque style of the West.

The eastern chain of the Balkan bounds the shore of Messemoria. It forms slightly-elevated mountains, undulating and covered with wood. There is a total absence of valleys and rivers. The view of Cape Emorra, without presenting the ill-omened and desolate appearance of Kara-Bournou, makes a mournful impression with its aridity, its isolation, and the murmuring of the waves which roll heavily against its base. Walls of schist, jolted about in every possible direction, prove how terribly this part of the coast has been subjected to internal convulsions. In contrast with this wild scene, a convent, the asylum of prayer, is perched on the extremity of the cape, from whence it seems to issue its spells to summon the frequent storms of this inhospitable sea. A totally-unexpected incident added a melancholy of its own to the natural gloom of the place. At the moment when we were finishing pitching our tent at the foot of the promontory, a merchantman hove-to a few cables' lengths from the shore, and we saw a little boat put off which landed at a short distance from us. Four sailors then came out from the boat, carrying with much care the body of one of their companions, who, as we afterwards learnt, had died on the voyage. They slowly climbed to the summit of the hill, laid down their melancholy burden, and set to work digging a grave, all the while singing a hymn in the slow and sweet measure peculiar to the Russians. The whole was done with a seriousness and simplicity of manner which were quite touching. They came and exchanged a few words with us

before they returned to their vessel, which shortly disappeared : and there remained nothing to attest the reality of the deeply-melancholy occurrence but a mound of displaced earth.

Pieces of wrecked vessels, more numerous on this desolate shore than anywhere else, were employed in raising the most Homeric of all the pyres that had given us warmth and light almost every night since we left Kilia. Many hours were spent in piling up masts, planks, spars, and all kinds of inflammable substances, the flame of which was still flickering away at sunrise. The brightness of the bonfire flung a red tinge on the distant headlands and forests, and on the sails of vessels passing along the hazy horizon. In the course of this memorable night, all at once our ears were assailed with a tinkling of bells which seemed to us inexplicable, and presently we saw great dark shadows of the most fantastic forms in rapid motion round the fire. This mysterious appearance turned out to be nothing else than a herd of buffaloes attracted by the brilliancy of the flame. Their antediluvian shapes, their heavy and ferocious countenances, exaggerated tenfold by the glare that fell on them, and the darkness beyond, were more than enough to suggest the most extravagant wanderings of fancy while we slept.

From Cape Emorra to Varna the coast presented only a series of hills covered with wood, and diversified by winding valleys and plains in a perfect state of tillage. Bulgarian villages became more and more numerous, and all announced the vicinity of some important town. The actual appearance of Varna, however, by no means vindicates its right to be called the capital of a province, for it is nothing but a large and dirty village, possessing neither monuments, mosques, nor fountains worthy of notice. The residence of a pacha, this town passes as the rallying point of the spirit of the Janissaries.

At the time of the massacre of this formidable body, numerous fugitives fled thither, and spread among the population a leaven of resistance and opposition which has never worked out. This is most manifest from the invincible repugnance shown by the functionaries to adopt the prescribed uniform. Every single individual who can anyhow manage it still wears the old costume in all its exactness.

The outer fortifications which encircle the town measure more than two miles and a half. They are composed of a bastioned work, with curtains, and a ditch twelve feet deep and fourteen paces wide. The plan of the works, the superintendence of which was, not long ago, intrusted to a Russian engineer, is very faulty. The arsenal and powder magazine are placed in the centre of the town, presenting to the enemy's shots their bulky outlines, made conspicuous by careful whitewashing. It is said that the Russians threw such a prodigious number of balls that all the ground was strewn with them. Immense magazines were filled with them, and the remainder the inhabitants used in the rebuilding of their houses.

The population, which is half Bulgarian and half Turkish, may amount to six thousand souls. Devoted to an agricultural life, the Bulgarians are industrious, peaceable, and hospitable. Any foreigner presenting himself at a Bulgarian dwelling is sure to meet with pressing and disinterested hospitality. But the appearance of the shepherds is wild and uncivilized, inspiring a certain amount of repugnance. Dressed in sheepskins from head to foot, with their faces hidden by long hair, of the colour of hemp, thick-set in figure, and armed with long iron-shod staves, they seem to be the natural enemies of all civilization and all government.

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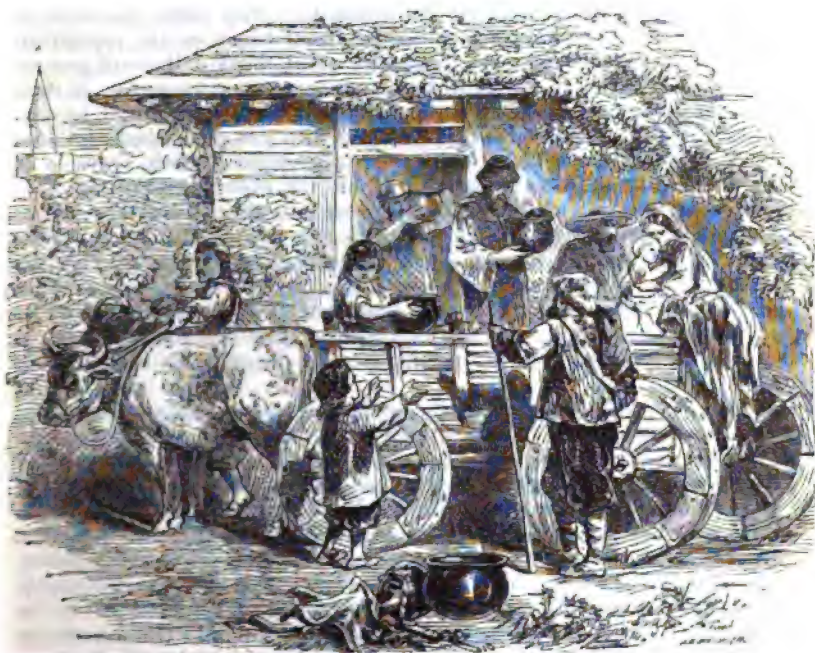
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THE BLACK SEA.—No. IV.



BULGARIAN PEASANTS.

It would take, perhaps, one hundred thousand men to defend the fortifications of Varna in their present condition—the state, that is to say, in which they were left by a Russian engineer in 1828, inasmuch as they measure no less than two miles and a half in circumference. It is recollected that on one occasion the Russian forces, with the Czar at their head, consumed more than two months in reducing this ill-fated town, which, after all, was delivered up by the treachery of its pacha.* The

* This is denied.—(EDITOR.)

port is in the most wretched condition. The construction of a pier, valued at eighty thousand piastres, superintended by a Russian engineer again, about the same time that the fortifications were rebuilt, could certainly have cost but twelve thousand, or at the most fifteen thousand piastres. It would be a great advantage if a navigable canal were formed, to communicate between the port and a lake at some distance, which has numerous villages on its shores.

The Sultan, on his visits to these parts, stopped only an hour or two at Varna, refusing even to receive the homage of the pacha-governor—a discourtesy which was readily attributed to the displeasure of the reforming sovereign at the Janissary spirit of which this town is considered the last obstinate stronghold.

A most remarkable commercial movement is going on on the coast of Bulgaria, to which the attention of France ought to be directed, no less than that of the Porte. Messemoria, Bourgas, Varna, and Baltchik have, during the last five years, become the centres of a considerable export-trade in grain, wool, cotton, maize, &c. But Varna, favoured by its geographical position and the agricultural habits of its population, is naturally the chief of them. It appears that thirty millions of piastres are annually buried in the earth by the peasants, in consequence of their mistrust in the faith of the decrees passed in favour of agricultural liberty. It was only in 1842 that the first European firm was established at Varna by a French merchant, M. Olive, since appointed French agent. It would be difficult to give an idea of all the obstacles which he met with from the swarms of officials, who made it their business to harass and pillage the cultivators. The French flag was planted in 1844, but only in spite of, and after, the most determined opposition on the part of the natives. There is great reason to deplore, too, the extreme timidity of the Marseillaise merchants, who have made no permanent settlement at this place, selling at far too high a price their first ventures, without calculating the necessity of present sacrifice in order to insure future remuneration.

The season becoming decidedly too bad to continue our voyage by sea, I paid off our Greek boatmen, and on the 6th of October we started from Varna with horses and a grotesque carriage, called an *araba*, under the escort of a government courier and an old *arabadji*, both genuine Janissaries. The road ascended towards the north some lofty hills, the southern slopes of which were covered with rich vineyards. After a five hours' journey over table-land we descended into a melancholy valley, containing a Turkish village, where we intended to pass the night. Charming groups of young girls, whose costume surprised us by its want of strictness, enlivened the vicinity of a fountain. Our appearance so vividly excited their curiosity that they seemed to be surprised out of that instinctive impulse to veil their faces which usually characterizes the women of the East, so that we found ourselves able to examine at our leisure several bright-eyed brunettes.

Achmet the courier, as is customary, had to precede our arrival at each station, to make preparations for the unstinted hospitality to which our *teskérés*, or passports, entitled us. I need hardly say that I never failed to pay for the most trifling article, and even, on many occasions, to pay double when the host, refusing to make a charge, left us to remunerate his domestics in *vakchis*—that is to say, presents. Unhappily it is an established rule for officials furnished with *teskérés* to abuse

them for their own private advantage, and at least to consider the rayahs (Turkish subjects who are not Mussulmen) as fair game for their exacting insolence.

Baltchik, the third in size of the commercial towns on the west coast of the Black Sea, at which we arrived next day, in scorching heat, has its two hundred and fifty houses prettily arranged in terraces at the rise of chalk mountains, the steep flanks of which reflected the rays of a midday sun. The anchorage is thoroughly sheltered from north winds; and those from the east, to which alone it is exposed, never blow with violence. Hence it is not unusual to count in it as many as three hundred vessels that have taken refuge there. It is hard to say to what dimensions Baltchik would extend as a market and export town if its roads were repaired, or rather remade. The present roads, which are mere ruts, allow only a single row of carriages, the line of which on market-days reaches to the distance of above half-a-mile. To the artist it is a perfect treasure-house of figures, costumes, animals, and picturesque combinations. The Bulgarian costume, rude as it is in cut, fitting, and colour, is especially remarkable for the jaunty profusion of embroidered patterns, always in a style as correct as it is original. That of the women and children, particularly, is conspicuous for the complication, and, indeed, richness of its ornaments, all of antique stamp, showing that in art, severity and elegance are subject to unalterable combinations. The buffaloes, yet more monstrously fat than at Bourgas, and all cased in dry mud, offer a solemnity of figure thoroughly adapted to humour the chisel of the sculptor.

During six long hours from Baltchik to Kavarna there is a series of vast sterile plains, giving already a foretaste of the steppes of Bessarabia, by the total absence of incident, except when a stray tumulus looms like a camel's back on the horizon, or here and there the sameness is broken by a sorry tuft of brushwood; and the impression produced by the physical appearance of the country receives a kind of moral deepening from the uninscribed stones stuck up on end, which at intervals mark the locality of a deserted cemetery.

Kavarna—situated on the two sides of a ravine which stretches towards the sea, a quarter of an hour further on—was once a flourishing and magnificent town of more than one thousand houses. It was completely destroyed by the Russians, as usual, in 1828. The sight of the desolation caused all along the coast by this war of the middle ages is most distressing—a war which consisted of a series of marauding expeditions, to which little or no resistance could be offered. The unfortunate Turkish population will for a long time to come believe in the probable return of the ancient Grand-Dukes of Muscovy, who, in times past, furiously descending the Dnieper, traversed and desolated these very countries, proceeding till they planted their battleaxes close to the very gates of Constantinople. But is such a mode of making war either possible or credible in our own days? No nation remains so far in the rear of the universal civilization as not to lift up its voice against it. Primitive barbarism alone could tolerate the cowardice of brutally destroying poor villages and hamlets incapable of making the most puny effort in self-defence, or of inspiring a particle of fear.

At the present day the population of Kavarna is composed of nearly equal parts of Turks and Bulgarians, who occupy the two hundred miserable houses. Around, all is in ruins. A copious stream of deli-

cious water is lined with a thick carpet of verdure, and numerous gardens, no longer enclosed with fences, but neglected and unproductive, give evidence only of past prosperity. The harbour, which offers tolerably good anchorage for merchantmen, is deserted. In the interior, ancient mounds, of very large size, everywhere break the line of the horizon.

The agha received us with much good-nature, in spite of the suspicions which naturally enough compel them to look on every stranger as a spy of Russia. The natural disposition of the inhabitants is crafty, melancholy, and almost feminine, concealed, however, beneath the manliness belonging to an elegantly-formed and lofty stature. We helped ourselves with tolerable adroitness to a very un-French dinner, using, as the Turks say, "Adam's forks" only—namely, our fingers. Among the countless dishes, composed, for the most part, of meat and vegetables, the most worthy of notice was a kind of hash, buried in small balls, wrapped in vine-leaves, dressed with the hash, and flavoured with sour curds. The dessert was splendid, consisting of water-melons of a most exquisite flavour. The patriarch of the house (for the whole substance of every native chieftain is composed, as in the patriarchal ages, of plains and flocks) wore at his girdle one of the Bulgarian pipes, studded with nails and rings of copper, the tube of which, made of carved boxwood, is covered with patterns, resembling those on the costumes, burnt in with a sharp-pointed iron instrument. The most elaborate of these invariably belong to the rustic artists, who have manufactured them for their own use during the long hours of pastoral solitude. Those which are seen in the bazaars of Varna and Sileria are very inferior; and their owners entertain the most superstitious dread of allowing to pass into the possession of the Franks a utensil which, having been the object of their own personal use, would become, according to this superstition, the instrument of a magnetic power over themselves, no matter what distance intervened.

Everywhere we encountered the same, almost desert, plains, which denote the proximity of Russia. Some few villages, perceived in the distance, harmonize with the monotonous character of the country. Painted wooden houses have disappeared, to give place to cabins of wattled clay, equally adopted by Turks and Bulgarians. Finally, we fall in with a plantation here and there, nay, a garden, marking the distance which yet separates us from Southern Russia. The similarity, however, may be traced to a common origin, for the Bulgarians are evidently of Slavonic race. We found also the same fuel, dried cow-dung, used in making fires, whether kindled for warmth or for cooking purposes.

At a little village we took horse to pay a visit to the Genoese fortress of Kalagria. It rises with a formidable aspect at the extremity of a cape, the limestone cliffs of which are accessible only to innumerable vultures, which wheeled without ceasing about their sides, whilst others cast for hours their ill-omened shadows on the summits of the crags, so little disposed to move that the report of firearms alone could scare them away. The citadel, properly so called, perched on the point of the cape, is, as it were, cut off from the mainland, to which it is nevertheless united by a line of walls, defended by two towers. Fronting the gate is a second wall, loopholed. Inside, among all kinds of shapeless ruins, is seen the cupola of a Turkish bath, and several wells sunk in the solid rock. Of these I counted four; and one of them, lined with

masonry, is so deep that a stone took five seconds to reach the bottom. On each side of a gateway are placed two bas-reliefs, representing, one a mounted warrior engaged in combat; the other, a man holding by the bridle an animal, of which it would be difficult to discover the species. The eagle of the Lower Empire appears also on the façade.

This little excursion had nearly cost M. Laurens dear. His horse, not a very amiable one, went through a course of the most dangerous pirouettings while traversing a pathway suspended, as it were, over the abyss, and, gaining its liberty, returned to its stable without a rider. Our evening was enlivened by a comic scene presented by two Greeks, who in the middle of a circle of amateurs, absorbed in a game of chess, so popular in Turkey, never failed to address each other in a tone corresponding with every change of the game—*kalimera* (good evening); *kalissimera* (very good evening). These simple words denoted no less moral shading in the feelings of the player than that of *papero* (ninny) repeated over and over again by a certain Transteverine, to whom the title had just been applied.

At a very low part of the coast, where the navigation is beset with formidable shoals, rises the beautiful but deserted lighthouse of Schéblér. It is a genuine monument. It is composed at first of an octangular base supporting an obelisk with eight faces; the total height is seventy-eight feet. On an angular stone of the base, and level with the ground, is the date, 1182 of the Hegira. In spite of the entire desolation of the country inland, it is inexplicable why the Porte neglects to restore the use of this lighthouse, which might be done with very little expense, and would be a great advantage to navigation on these coasts, on which a number of shipwrecks are of annual occurrence. It would be, too, a landmark for vessels drifting before the north wind, and seeking shelter to the south of Cape Kalagria. It is in this neighbourhood that the coast commences which is formed of low alluvial land, extending to the Danube. Here and there only a few cliffs of clay formation rise to the height of thirty or forty feet.

Mangalia, seven hours distant, presents the most desolate appearance that can be imagined—ruins everywhere. It formerly numbered more than five hundred houses; but the war of 1828 proved no less fatal to it than to the other places mentioned before. There remain yet vestiges of an ancient well, but sunk and disjointed; the water in the inside measures about four fathoms in depth. We remarked, also, considerable remains of ancient walls, projecting over the cliff on which the town is seated, and proving that the sea has here encroached on the land. The beach is strewn with shafts of channeled columns, pedestals, and ruins of all kinds, wrought in tertiary limestone or marble. Tumuli are seen in abundance everywhere.

At the governor's house, a charming little bey (or prince), about ten years old, dressed in the most sumptuous style, threw himself haughtily into an attitude for his likeness to be transferred to M. Laurens' sketch-book. The neighbourhood sparkles with small saline lakes, long ago separated from the sea. They appear to be still in a process of drying. The largest is crossed by a bar of sand, and the upper part is all the summer wholly destitute of water. The action of the sand, to which this low coast is subject, is also manifest in a series of somewhat elevated sandhills.

We now reached one of the most interesting points of our expedition—

Custendjeh, the ancient Tomi, the scene of Ovid's banishment, and the place where, we are assured, he wrote his 'Tristia.' But independently of its possessing an interest on this account, Custendjeh recommends itself to notice by the importance of its own history, attested by an innumerable quantity of ancient relics, remarkable both for richness and variety, which make of the place a museum in the open air. Its fifty actual dwellings, scattered round one or two windmills, are but a modern ruin. The cape is elevated not more than sixty or seventy feet above the surface of the sea, stretching towards the east with two arms lying north and south. The Austrian packet-boats on their first establishment contemplated making of this point their principal station from the Danube to the Black Sea; and they might certainly have advantageously availed themselves of its port. But let us return to the historic Tomi, confronting its marble and granite documents, which all the more merit the attention of their rare visitors that they are drawing near their utter disappearance from the face of the earth. Everything proves the importance that the Greeks, and yet more the Romans, attached to this colony, situated as it is in the high road of the barbarian hordes who invaded the Levant from Asia. Hence, too, it appears to have been at no period destitute of imposing fortifications. The Russians have five times come hither to complete the ruin which time and the invasions of the ancients could not accomplish. One of the most interesting questions connected with Custendjeh is the so-called Valley of Trajan. I felt myself bound to bestow all possible care on the tracing out of the works, whatever they might be, by which the Romans endeavoured to close against the Asiatic hordes the whole isthmus which separates the Danube from the sea between Tchernovoda and Custendjeh—to guard, in a word, this peninsula from an invasion which was to be the prelude of an European immigration. These prodigious defensive works begin at the very point of the cape on which Tomi stands. They consist of two large trenches, nine hundred yards apart, flanked at one extremity by the coast of the peninsula, on the other by the Danube. The southern trench was defended by a thick wall, the materials of which were large masses of limestone, even yet formidable. It would be difficult to determine the thickness of this wall, the foundations being concealed from sight by exuberant vegetation; but the ditch which it defended could not be less than fifteen or twenty feet deep.

The northern line is less imposing, consisting of a double trench, separated by a causeway about thirty feet wide. Here and there appear ancient fragments, for the most part decorated, which prove that art contributed to the beauty of these military works. About an hour from Custendjeh the two lines of trenches, which seemed to be approaching each other, diverge, and a third branches off from the southern one, and runs towards the south-west. Every twenty minutes traces of entrenched camps appeared, and the mind was vividly carried back to all the great events which signalized the fall of the Roman empire. Here various armies have encamped, staining the soil with blood in their terrible struggles; and all was ineffectual in arresting the progress of barbarians, directed by that of the destinies of nations! At Bourlak, half-way to the Danube, where ponds and marshes overgrown with rushes first begin, the different lines of defence unite to form a single one, while on the hills appear circular traces of entrenchments.

We passed the night, after five hours' travelling from Custendjeh, at a detestable village of thatched cottages, where the fleas did not allow us to rest even on mattresses placed in the open air. An infinity of curs never ceased baying at our only consolation, the moon. The Tartars inhabiting this delightful spot are the remains of the famous horde of Boudjak, who restored the Khans of the Crimea. They now occupy about fifty villages, the population of which is estimated at two thousand families. The hospitality which everywhere distinguishes these primitive tribes is very striking. It is across the Valley of Trajan that the Austrian Government some time ago wished to construct a junction canal between the Danube and the sea. The project is scarcely feasible, though apparently facilitated, and, in fact, to a certain extent, completed, by a chain of lakes communicating with each other. The plain which stretches from Custendjeh to the upper extremity of the valley is too wide and too elevated to allow the idea of cutting through it to be entertained, especially with the chance of meeting with rock at a slight depth below the surface. A railway, however, is far from impracticable, and would be attended by most advantageous results. A Russian occupation of the mouths of the Danube would then be unmeaning and idle, since Ibraïla and Galatz would throw direct on Custendjeh the main part of their exports, and that part of the Turkish territory which borders on Russia possesses neither trees nor agriculture.

The banks of the Danube, already descried in the distance from the heights descending to Tcharnovoda, present a lovely spectacle—the same rich and majestic features which characterize the great rivers of the south. By night, an effect exactly resembling that of the aurora borealis was produced by the conflagration of reeds, frequently resorted to in the lowlands, in order, as it is said, to destroy the malaria. Tcharnovoda, a miserable village of from fifteen to twenty houses, could not supply us with a single boat to take us down to Galatz. We ran to fling ourselves, as we might, into the very waters of the river which, on a nearer survey, confined as they are between high banks, present little picturesque beauty. On the opposite bank rises from among willow-trees a Russian barrack—a Moldo-Wallachian watch-tower. A patriarch, of the wildest imaginable aspect, scarcely gave life to the solitude, seeming to represent, for the occasion, the genuine peasant of the Danube.

The road as far as Matchina is one of monotonous desolation, traversing steppes, on which an occasional whirlwind of light straws, whimsically skimming along before the wind, was the only object which attracted our attention. We saw, however, cattle and crops of maize. Our horses, partaking the general oppression of nature, seemed to be utterly exhausted. Wrapped in a Greek cloak, my head supported on the cushion of a Circassian saddle, I contemplated, by the ruddy beams of a candle, my companions lying in a group on the ground, and beside them two or three Tartars, come to honour us with their company, and to smoke their tchibouks. These good people, living like patriarchs by themselves, and unacquainted with any of our rules of propriety, could not account for the astonishment and restraint of the strangers whom they persecuted.

Next day we enacted the parts of guests at a Moldavian house, delightfully situated on the slope of a hill which descends to the Danube, the valley of which it commands. On the left, towards the east, is discovered the peninsula chain of Bulgaria, truncated on its summit in a very

singular manner. The mistress of the house prepared with her own hands some soup and immense flat cakes, in which, unhappily for me, the flavour of leeks, garlic, and cheese were predominant. Moldavian villages are pretty numerous on this side of the river; and there are to be found in them specimens of all races—Jew, Cossack, and Muscovite, from the other side.

The neighbourhood of Matchina we found rather more agreeable. The town seemed as if it wished to emerge from obscurity. Its streets are enlivened by numerous shops and the songs of Greek sailors. Great animation reigns over all the river, which gradually widens all the way from Ibraila to Galatz—everywhere were ships, boats, and enormous rafts, like those of the Rhine. On the Moldo-Wallachian bank suddenly rise lofty cliffs of a very picturesque character. On the 17th of October we entered the quarantine of Galatz, which had no other comforts to offer us but an earthen pot and two straw mats. "As wretched as a prison" was a simile formerly used to denote the most miserable of all possible lodgings—henceforth let it be "as wretched as a quarantine."

C. A. J.

BRITISH INDIA.—No. II.

PENANG—THE HILL, THE BIG TREE, AND THE WATERFALL.

AFTER Glugur, the three points of attraction to the stranger in Penang are "the Hill" (as it is called, in contradistinction to the numerous other hills in the island, from its being the highest, and its summit being crowned with a flagstaff, a telegraph, a Government-house, convalescent bungalow, and a niche inhabited by the signal-serjeant), the Big Tree, and the Waterfall—all three in their way worthy of attention, and well worth a dollar's ride in a "shigrampo." The hill, from its great height, enjoys the reputation of being ten degrees Fahrenheit cooler than the plain, and of being more salubrious in all other respects; hence the few buildings on its summit are seldom tenantless, and signal-serjeant has ample occupation on his hands, telegraphing to the lower regions the wants and wishes, and sometimes the emergencies of the invalid gentlemen and ladies in the convalescent bungalow. The doctor, from his domicile, can, with the aid of a spying-glass, distinguish the movements of the arms of the telegraph, and argues from them the necessity of a jaunt up the hill or otherwise. I was not initiated in the private code of Penang signals, but imagine that when one arm of the telegraph pointed up it denoted "the doctor is wanted up;" and when both arms, "the doctor is wanted immediately," and so on.

Whenever the then governor of the Straits visited Penang, which he did once a year as regularly as clockwork, His Excellency spent much of his time on the Hill, which then became of more than usual attraction; and those that were in his good graces, as a great many were, used to pass many agreeable evenings in his amiable society. On these occasions sunset, which invariably caps the tops of the Hill with a thick cloud, like a giant nightcap, was the signal for closed doors and windows, light mirth and hilarity. His Excellency usually retired to bed punctually at ten o'clock, leaving his many guests to enjoy themselves to what hour they pleased; quiet, gentlemanly amusements passed the evenings merrily, and a

refreshing night's sleep in the elevated and cooler atmosphere of the Hill crowned the festivities with health. Invalids on sick certificate from all parts of India, who had quitted their stations in a rapidly-sinking state, with highly-inflamed livers and attenuated forms, proved provokingly healthy to their expectant juniors in the regiment, who had calculated on the certainty of a step, and returned to their brother-officers, after a few months' absence, with a new lease of their lives and an unconscionable appetite.

Residents at Penang, who are accustomed to occasional jaunts up the Hill, and happen to know the discomforts attending a long steep ascent in a palanquin-carriage or on foot, have their own or hired ponies posted at the bottom of the Hill, and, driving as far as this in carriages, mount and ride up. Even then, in some parts the ascent is so steep that you feel for all the world as if you were riding on the pony's tail, and feel anxiously interested in the security of the girths; and as to coming down again, the sensation is hideous beyond description, any false step of the animal entailing inevitable destruction. For my own part I always preferred walking down, and that behind the rest of the company, lest any man or pony might miss his footing and include me in the catastrophe.

The last time I visited the Hill there was more than a usual number of strangers in Penang, and the harbour was full of shipping. We made up a kind of joint-stock-company affair, and started bent on a day's adventure and amusement. Our party consisted of officers, doctors, civilians, navy men, skippers of merchant ships, and some others of no particular calling or profession. We had appointed a rendezvous or starting point the previous evening; hired a sufficient number of "shigrampos," and posted a ditto of ponies at the foot of the Hill. Accordingly at the given hour we congregated, and started before sunrise in a small fleet of carriages, under convoy of a midddy, who preferred horseback to our means of conveyance. Nothing occurred *en route* to damp our spirits or abate the ardour for a day's enjoyment. On the outsides of the carriages were large hampers, liberally stocked with eatables and drinkables, and everybody inside had a provision of telescopes, fowling-pieces, pocket-compasses, portfolios, and other imaginary indispensables for such a vast undertaking. The dew hung heavily from the densely-planted trees of the miniature jungle, whose tops were gilded with the golden light of the rising sun as we neared the foot of the lofty mountain; and the brave young midddy in charge of the convoy rode gallantly up to the side of our carriage, with a face highly inflamed from violent exercise, and a pair of white ducks sadly besmeared with dust, to report land ahead, and shortly after we descended from the vehicles and mounted the nags.

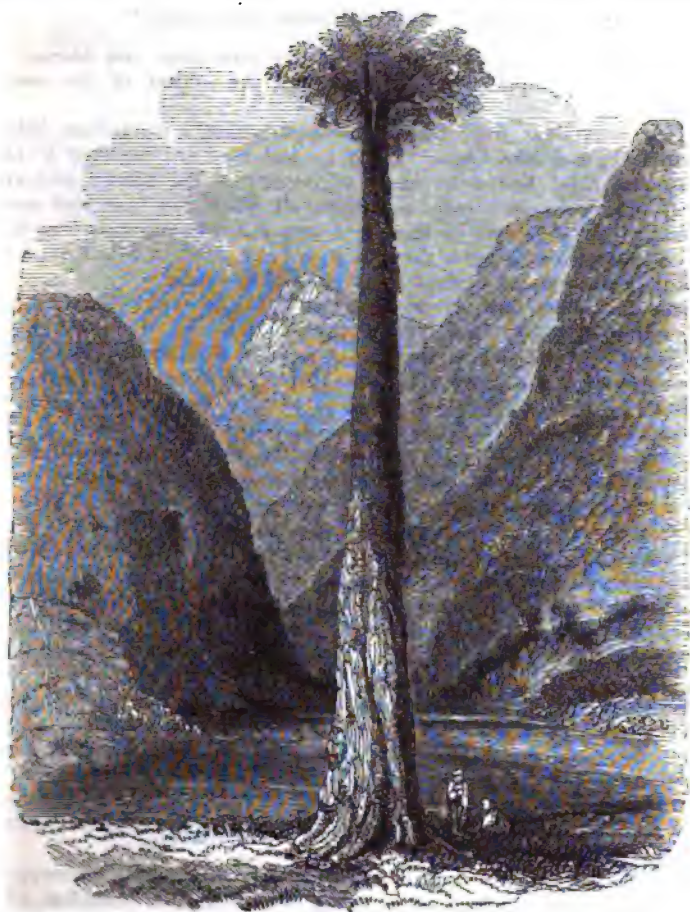
Our troop was a very motley one indeed. Some rode with long cavalry stirrups, their feet every now and then coming in awkward contact with a bush or a stone; others again were the very reverse, and, with their knees nearly up to their shoulders, threatened at each successive jolt to pitch over the pony's head, or knock their teeth down their throats by coming in smart contact with the kneecaps. Bluff old skippers, who had scarce mounted a horse a dozen times in their lives, jogged on, all smiles and contentment, with a huge telescope under one arm, and the hand of the other holding on like grim death to the reins and the saddle, either of which they would on no consideration let loose for a moment. Thus proceeded the cavalcade, slowly but surely, the rear being brought up by

the various godawales, each carrying a hamper of provisions on his back. There was no mishap and no interruption, except when we came to one part of the road where the ascent was abominably steep and slippery; and here one old skipper, who said that the craft was too much by the stern to sail securely, dismounted and scrambled up the distance as best he could, his example being followed by almost all the party. At length we reached our destination, and found ourselves at the very summit of the highest hill in the island. The prospect on every side was sublime beyond description: the sun had not yet attained sufficient height to wax unpleasantly warm; and the lights and shades of the different points of view were indeed picturesque in the extreme. Below us was the pretty little town in miniature, the garden-house, plantations, drives, walks, parade-ground: in short, we had a bird's-eye view of everything, the harbour and shipping included; and it did not take the nautical portion of our company long to pick out, with the aid of the spying-glasses, not only their respective vessels, but the faces and forms of individuals on board, and to keep a look-out on their movements. The inexperienced, however, could only distinguish little Lilliputian figures moving to and fro. Beyond the harbour the eye embraced an extensive view of Province Wellesley and the Malayan peninsula. Looking towards Singapore, there were islands, and the low land, and the waters of the Straits as smooth as a millpond, with numerous little specs in various directions, which were reported to be vessels of different descriptions. Towards the west there was a vast expanse of ocean: here also were several vessels, all apparently becalmed, and the then rather novel spectacle of a steamer, whose white smoke contrasted palpably with the spotless blue sky and ocean. Behind us was the signal-serjeant, all bustle and a bundle of flags, running to and fro in the greatest excitement; now hauling down, now hauling up, now getting the ropes entangled, and imploring aid despairingly.

About an hour before sunset we take a reluctant leave of our sick friends, who pause over a dose of the infallible mixture to bid us farewell; we descend the mountain mostly on foot—one or two nervous gentlemen, who, in the rapid-gathering haze of evening, think they see a tiger, but the report proves a false alarm, it was only a wild cat glaring from a dark bush—we regain our carriages half an hour before sunset, and we reach our starting point in the morning just as the dark night closes in round us, very well contented with the day's exploit, and full of many recollections about what such and such a one said or did.

THE BIG TREE OF PENANG.—The big tree is decidedly the greatest lion in Penang to wonder-loving sightseers. It is unique of its kind, none other of the same species having been yet discovered; and the small valley in which it grows abounds with wild mountain scenery. An hour's quick riding deposits us at the foot of this forest prodigy; and the first thing that attracts attention is the amazing number of names, initials, and dates that have been deeply cut through the bark of the tree, as lasting records of the exploit performed by the many visitors that have at various periods been here. Having with great difficulty deciphered several scores of names and initials, the dates attached to some of which readily account for their being nearly obliterated, we seat ourselves under the tree, so as to contemplate its colossal dimensions at leisure, and so fall into a train of deep thought. First we wonder how many years the tree has been in attaining to its present height, and how and when and by whom it was first discovered and brought into notice; or why it should be the solitary

specimen in the island, and not have buds and flowers and seed like other creatures of the vegetable kingdom; or, if it has, why a small colony of young trees should not have sprung up around, or even from seeds scattered to some distance by the tempest winds? Then we are lost in astonishment



THE BIG TREE OF PENANG.

at the singular formation of the tree itself: huge and bulky at the stem, then gradually tapering off finer and finer, till at length it assumes the shape and slinness of a frigate's topmast, and not the slightest notch or mark the whole way up of any branch or branches having ever existed, except those which are now to be seen, and which only spread out from the very top of the tree, in the same way as table candelabras sometimes do. Then these considerations lead to the more serious reflections as to the likelihood of one of the lofty branches giving way to the strength of the wind that is blowing up there (though it is a perfect calm down where we are), and the likely results of such a calamity to ourselves; and

this thought, coupled with the fact of a cow having been once upon a time literally smashed to atoms by a similar catastrophe, induces us to make a precipitate retreat from under the shadow of the tree, wisely considering that in this instance

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the scene.”

With these, and a great many other like reflections, we discuss our lunch, alternately dipping into the pie and the subject of the scenery before us.

It is a marvellous tree, there is no disputing, of a marvellous height, age, strength, and comeliness. Fourteen tall men are reported to have endeavoured, hand linked in hand, to encompass the trunk; and after rubbing their chins and noses and shins all black and blue, and nearly disjointing their shoulders in the effort, they failed in accomplishing their object, there yet remaining a distance of about a yard in length from the tips of the middle finger of the two only unlinked hands.

I have often since been surprised to think that no exploit-loving sub or fame-seeking merchant has ever attempted to ascend the lofty tree of Penang. The Peak at the Mauritius, a far more formidable obstacle, has been overcome, and any one who accomplished the feat might discover, on reaching the top, a delightful place to build a summer retreat or an observatory; the mode of ascent and descent being greatly facilitated when once a rope-ladder was firmly attached to the top; or, for the matter of that (only it would be a work of some time and labour), a man might make a circular flight of steps all the way up as he went along, driving large sharp-pointed iron pegs into the tree at regular intervals, to which wooden steps might be attached. But mind you, though I have hinted at the feasibility of such an undertaking, I do not mean to say that I myself should by any means feel disposed to undertake the accomplishment of such a task; for the greatest discovery that I imagine it could lead to, would be that of some score or two of young crows, and may be a vulture's nest, a few eggs and young birds, and a great deal of wind.

From our humble seat on the ground we could discover something like a nest; and so, contented with this, and a specimen of the leaf and a large bit of a decayed bough (possibly the one that had proved such a heavy affliction to the unhappy cow in question), we added our initials and the date to those preceding us, at the cost of a penknife blade and a cut finger: and so, mounting our nags, rode homeward again, perfect knight-errants in our own estimation.

THE WATERFALL.—A visit to the Waterfall is usually the occupation of a day. People seldom think of going there till after breakfast, when the sun's rays have sufficient heat to dispel the noxious vapours that nightly collect in this neighbourhood, not only obscuring the beauties of the scenery, but rendering it unsafe to linger in the neighbourhood, from the rank state of vegetation and the dark heavy atmosphere one moves in. When the sun is well up, however, all these dissolve and disappear, leaving to the eye a charming prospect, and for the ear a perpetual roar of foaming waters. On arriving within sound of the cataract, we dismount and proceed on foot up the rugged and slippery pathway which leads us to an open space of even ground, a grass plat overlooking the bed of the torrent, and commanding an uninterrupted view of the cataract, the torrent, and the lofty hills opposite. Near to where we stand a solitary old tamarind-tree rises to a stately height; it has grown quite bald with age, and its

leaves, like an old man's hairs, are fast falling off. There is a perpetual eddy of cold, clammy, deathlike air circling round and round this spot. The cascade leaps over the summit of the lofty hill, and descends one uninterrupted sheet of boiling foam, meeting with no impediment to its impetuous course till it dashes amongst the sharp, relentless rocks in the chasm below, with all the weighty strength of so great and almost



THE WATERFALL.

perpendicular a fall. Then comes the surging foam and stunning deep hollow roar of endless torrents, leaping and splashing, and gurgling and bellowing; above, below, between, beneath the dark and glossy ledge of iron rocks that for centuries, in silent defiance, have reared their sharp-pointed heads above the resistless torrents, that have overwhelmed and swept quickly to destruction all other impediments to their onward career. As to hearing each other speak, I firmly believe that the report of the loudest cannon would be lost in the overwhelming roar of the mighty torrents, and the sound be only conveyed to those at a distance from the force of echoes. We attempted to ask some questions, but failing signally in the attempt, made dumb signs, and telegraphed for water; but how to get it was quite a puzzler, and we were compelled at length to send a servant nearly half a mile further down to procure the desired beverage.

Such was the force of the torrent that none dared venture to the verge of the stream, even where the waters had ceased to combat with resisting rocks. The stream flowed with lightning rapidity through a channel some hundred yards in extent, then eddying formed a small but dangerous whirlpool, and so dashed down the valleys below, lost to all further traces by the thick foliage of stumpy trees and jungle-rush that grew in dense profusion down the mountain sides. We could, with a little labour and pains, have ascended the rugged mountain sides, and gained a level with the perpetual lake of springs that fed the cataract with an endless supply of water; but the undertaking might have been attended with peril; and those that had safely accomplished it, declared that they would for no consideration undertake to do the same again: added to this, the appalling catastrophe that had befallen two officers of the Madras army, and which was still fresh in the memory of the inhabitants, served as a damper to our ardour for exploit. I think, but I am not quite sure, that it was the Thirty-Fifth Madras Native Infantry that was stationed at Penang when the frightful accident occurred. Two young officers, with their servants, had resorted to the waterfall for a day's pleasure: after having wiled away the hours in exploring the immediate neighbourhood, they came to the disastrous resolution of climbing up the mountain sides, and gaining a level with the highest part of the fall, to take a survey of the scene from the brink of a piece of high ground that overtopped the rest of the hills. The view, no doubt, would have proved sublimely grand; and, unfortunately for them, the young men succeeded so far in the enterprise as to reach the desired level. What happened afterwards is, and must ever continue to be, a mystery; but the supposition is that they slipped, and, losing their footing, fell into the vortex of springs from which no human power could disentangle them. Meanwhile the servants, who felt anxiously interested in the fate of their respective masters, kept their eyes intently fixed upon the loftiest part of the fall, near to which they knew it to be their intention, should they succeed, to stand and signalize to them. They had not been long kept in suspense, when, dreadful to relate, they clearly distinguished the bodies of the two unfortunate youths (the red jackets they wore being particularly conspicuous) dashed with fearful rapidity over the precipice, into utter destruction. I forgot now whether they ever found their mangled remains or not, but I believe they did; at any rate, there is a tablet raised to their memory. An awful warning to others who visit the Penang Waterfall!

PRICES OF MEAT AND OTHER ARTICLES OF FOOD DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

In the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I., prior to 1301, the ordinary price of a quarter of wheat appears to have been about 4s., and that of barley and oats in proportion. A sheep was sold rather high at 1s., and an ox might be reckoned at 10s. or 12s. We learn also from an account-book of a convent, between 1415 and 1425, that wheat varied from 4s. to 6s.; barley from 3s. 2d. to 4s. 10d.; oats from 1s. 8d. to 2s. 4d.; oxen from 12s. to 16s.; sheep from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d.; butter $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per lb.; eggs 25 for 1d.; cheese $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per lb. From this it appears that the value of money was then from fourteen to sixteen times as great as it is now (end of 1858).

ANCIENT LONDON.—No. VII.

MR. ROACH SMITH'S observations commence with the evidences of a populous thoroughfare of Roman London, at a depth ranging from fourteen to twenty feet, on either side of King William Street, in a series of walls built of rough chalk, cemented with the peculiar hard mortar of the Roman masonry, and containing an admixture of flints. Wells of chalk were likewise discovered, filled with broken tiles, pottery, and animal remains, likewise handles and mouths of amphoræ, together with Samian pottery. Adjoining St. Clement's Church, about twelve feet below the present level, a tessellated pavement of pieces of red brick, an inch or an inch and a quarter long, and three-quarters of an inch wide, indicated a dwelling or edifice of a better class. Vessels of common black earth, probably of colonial manufacture, and used as cooking utensils, commonly found among the débris of Roman sites, were likewise found in the same neighbourhood; likewise small earthen lamps, coins much decayed, second brass of Claudius, Vespasian, and Domitian, with the base denarii of Severus, Caracalla, Alexander Severus, and Julia Mamaea.

Approaching Prince's Street, near the Bank of England, the Roman level descended, and was found to contain a quantity of dark-coloured animal and vegetable matter; and throughout this line a vast quantity of wooden piles served to denote a channel intended to drain off the superfluities of the neighbouring marshes. This was supposed to have been the Wall Brook described by Stow as passing through the wall, and traversing the city in this direction. The Roman remains found near the course of the Wall Brook are described as of a more interesting and varied nature than had hitherto been discovered in the process of the excavation. Among these are particularized a pair of small brass scales, keys, one of them a key ring, spatulæ,* fibulæ,† styli,‡ needles in brass or bone, coins, and an instrument eight inches in length, resembling the modern steels for sharpening knives, the handle being formed of a bronze horse's head and a wreath of the lotus leaf; to this was affixed a brass ring, for the purpose of suspending the instrument from the girdle. The blade, five inches in length, and one-third of an inch thick, of steel. This relic was found in perfect preservation; which circumstance is ascribed by Mr. Smith to galvanic action of the several metals of which the instrument is composed, repelling the formation of rust.§

Knives were also dug up in this street, which, from its associations, might be imagined to have been the butchers' quarter of Roman London.

In Lothbury, opposite Founders' Court, a remnant of tessellated pavement was found; and near the church of St. Margaret, about twelve feet deep, were dug up a vast number of iron instruments, such as chisels, crowbars, hammers, &c., all much corroded. At a greater depth, towards the Bank, an abundance of vestiges, commonly denoting Roman occupancy, were found. Among these was a leathern sandal, well preserved, thickly studded with nails on the sole: red and black pottery were found;

* Spoons. † Large pins or brooches. ‡ Instruments for writing.

§ An engraving in Montfaucon of a similar handle, wanting the ring, and called a knife, is instanced, as a relic of which the present specimen furnishes a perfect type.

likewise numerous middle-age brass coins of Domitian, and one of Antoninus Pius—reverse, Britannia.

A water-course of a remote period was indicated by wooden piles, similar to those aforementioned, in connection with the Wall Brook.

As the works proceeded from Lothbury to London Wall, various objects of interest were brought to light—such as brass coins of Agrippa, Antonia, Claudius, and Vespasian, in the second size, and Trajan in large brass, which last have at intervals been found from Eastcheap to London Wall; various kinds of spatulæ, styli, needles, a gold ring, an engraved cornelian, pottery, a pair of brass tweezers with earpick, connected by a ring, and an instrument five inches long, somewhat resembling a packing-needle, with an eye about an inch from the pointed extremity, the other end being flat and circular, about the size of a shilling, and bearing on the obverse a strong mixed resemblance to the coins of the Lower Empire and the Saxon period, carrying the impression of a helmeted head to the right, looking upwards to a sceptre, surmounted by a cross and two minute stars; on the breast, also, a cross; and projecting behind the head two rows of pearls, such as are appended to or constitute the diadems on coins of the later Roman emperors. It was probably used in arranging or fastening the hair.

A remarkable discovery was made in continuing the line of excavation from Lothbury to London Wall, on the Coleman Street side, near the public-house called the Swan's Nest. Here was found a well, containing a store of earthen vessels of various patterns and capacities. The well had been carefully planked over with thick boards; a collection of vases were laid on their side, as if carefully packed. They were imbedded in the mud or sand, which had settled closely round them. Several which were withdrawn whole were of the same kind as the handles and necks and other pieces of the light-brown-coloured vessels met with in profusion throughout the Roman level in London. Some were a bluish-black colour, with borders of reticulated work running round the upper part. One was found, of a singularly-elegant form and a pale-bluish colour, with a broad black border at the bottom; some were without handles, others with one or two. These vessels hold, variously, from one quart to two gallons; but some others, which were broken, were of much larger size. A small Samian patera, with a border of ivy leaves, and some pieces of the same ware, were found near the bottom of the well, and also a small brass coin of Allectus—reverse of the galley, "Virtus Aug." The dimensions of the well were about three feet square, boarded on each side with narrow planks, about two feet long, placed upright, but discontinued towards the bottom of the pit, which merged from a square into an oval form.

At Honey Lane, in digging for the foundations of the new City School, tiles, pavement, vaults, &c., of an Anglo-Norman church were laid open, and here were found many coins of Ethelred, a tripod, some bronze utensils, two sacrificial knives—one, the blades of which, having three narrow sprigs of brass, inlaid, "is," says the writer, "one of the finest specimens of the kind I have ever seen." At the depth of about sixteen or eighteen feet, some pottery and glass bottles were met with, and some few coins, two of which were a badly-preserved medallion of Trajanus Decius and a small brass of Allectus.

In Bread Street were found richly-figured Samian vases, earthen pans, called mortaria on doubtful authority, and paintings from the walls of

Roman dwellings, greatly defaced, but interesting from their illustration of the taste in domestic embellishment of the ancient denizens. The prevalent colours in those paintings were yellow, white, red, and green. At the entrance to Bread Street, twelve feet from the surface, a chalk wall crossed Cheapside diagonally towards Wood Street. Pottery was obtained from a shaft sunk between the latter street and Friday Street, and likewise from another opposite Gutter Lane, which part was found to abound in Samian pottery, among which was found a piece bearing the figure of a human hand in high relief. Here was also found a brass coin of Carausius—reverse, “Concor. Milit.,”* two hands joined, and many of the broad-edged tiles used for covering houses. A shaft sunk opposite Paternoster Row revealed matter of peculiar interest. Here the operations of the workmen were checked by a stone wall of such strength that it cost the labour of three or four days to cut through it.† Close by this wall, which appeared to run in a direction towards the centre of St. Paul’s Churchyard, were found several of the second brass coins of Vespasian and Domitian, a fine Samian dish, bearing across its centre the inscription, “OE MODESTI,” with several potters’ names; also iron tools, and the head of a hammer nearly a foot long. In the direction of St. Martin’s-le-Grand, a few yards from this wall, at the depth of twenty feet, were a quantity of wooden piles, covered with planks, among which was found a human skeleton. An immense quantity of human and other animal remains were exhumed opposite St. Martin’s-le-Grand.

The excavation was suspended in Newgate Street, and the last discovery in this direction consisted of the foundations of a wall, supposed to be the south wall of the church of St. Nicholas Shambles: the masonry, forty feet in length, at a depth of eight feet, appeared to run diagonally across the street towards Christ’s Hospital. Near here, Mr. W. R. Smith found a beautiful gold ring, set with a sapphire, a ruby, and two torquises. In vol. xxix. of the ‘Archæologia,’ Mr. Smith reports further discoveries which took place under his observation in the progress of excavation. In London Wall, opposite Finsbury Chambers, at a depth of nineteen feet, was found what appeared to have been a subterranean aqueduct, running towards Finsbury under the houses of the Circus about twenty feet. At the termination were five iron bars fastened perpendicularly into the masonry, apparently for the purpose of preventing weed and sedge from choking the watercourse. At the opening of this work towards the City was an arch, three feet six inches high from the crown to the springing wall, and about three feet three inches wide, composed of fifty tiles; the spandrels were filled in with ragstone, to afford strength to the work. This arch was not worked on a centre, but corbeled over by hand, the keystone being half a tile and cement. The aqueduct took a southern course for about sixty yards, where it terminated. The workmen informed the writer that the entrance was evidently above ground, and open to the air, as large quantities of moss, retaining its natural appearance, still adhered to the masonry.

In clearing out this work, many urns of black earth were found entire; likewise a gold ring, set with a garnet, a horse running at full speed engraved upon it in the best style of workmanship. Other remains were found, consisting of a pair of scissors, drinking cups, brass rings,

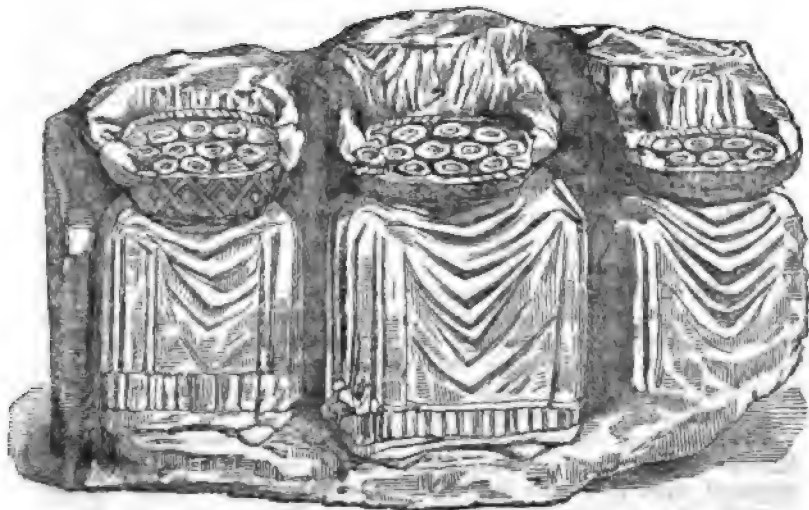
* Concordia militum.

† In this wall were cemented two large sea-shells, evidently for ornament. Sir William Gall notices this as a common practice in Pompeii.

Samian pottery, and coins of Vespasian, Trajan, Pius, Aurelius, and the Faustine. A Pius in second brass bore the scarce and interesting reverse of Britannia. All the coins found on this line of sewerage were in fine preservation, as were all implements and ornaments of metal. The course of the sewerage up Bloomfield Street laid open a boggy soil, in which were found an immense number of human skulls; and here some tokens of Roman drainage appeared. In Eldon Street many well-preserved funereal urns were dug up; and opposite Liverpool Street a piece of thin brass, bearing a representation of Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf under a figtree. In Eldon Street, north of Finsbury Circus, as the excavation was carried westward, the traces of the ancient moor became fainter, and were lost in undisturbed native gravel.

Threadneedle Street proved rich in specimens of red ornamented Samian ware, bronze fibulæ, and coins. Leadenhall Street abounded in the debris of buildings. Here was found an elegantly-worked head of a bacchante in glass, of a dark-blue and white; it had formed the base of a handle to a vase or cup. Similar heads, but in green glass, have been procured from Eastcheap; also a beautiful specimen of the Romano-British pottery, of a thin fabric, ornamented with figures of hares and dogs. In Fenchurch Street, between Mincing Lane and Billiter Street, the soil, incumbent on the Roman level, extended to twelve and fourteen feet. About two feet lower from the present surface were an abundance of tiles, mortar, and fresco, with pottery, a female head in terra-cotta, and a millstone.

At the entrance to Lime Street from Fenchurch Street, the ground was thickly intersected with walls as far as Cullum Street, where the excavation ceased: these were all well built. Heaps of fresco-painting lay in juxtaposition, and clearly corroborated the opinion that this part



TRIAD OF MYTHIC PERSONAGES CALLED DEÆ MATRES.

of the city must have been thickly populated in the Roman time. Throughout Seething Lane, especially near St. Olave's church wall,

tessellated pavements were brought to light. On one of the latter was found a fragment of sculptured stone in alto-relievo, representing three draped figures of females, seated, with baskets of fruit in their laps. Only the lower half of this group was remaining; and as it was unwashed, and instantly carried off by the surveyor of the work, no means of satisfactory information was available.*

Opposite St. Benet's Place, in Gracechurch Street, pavements, indicating Roman sites, were uncovered, but no walls were observed crossing Gracechurch Street; while on the Eastcheap side, and throughout Little Eastcheap, towards the Tower, foundations of houses appeared at every step, the depth varying from twelve to eighteen and twenty feet, indicating the centre and most thickly-inhabited part of Roman London. Here the native gravelly soil was comparatively superficial—a fact which would materially support the opinion of the present Gracechurch Street and Old Fish Street Hill occupying the route of one of the Roman roads, which would be that leading through Ad Fines, Durolipous, Durobreva, &c.† A similar absence of foundations of buildings was noted in Cannon Street.

MAYOR OF LONDON.

It was in 1188, in the reign of Henry II., that Henry Fitzalwyn, ancestor of the present Lord Beaumont, became the first Mayor of London. He was nominated by the Crown, and remained twenty-four years in office. In the same year the first sheriffs were made. John, immediately after his accession in 1199 granted the citizens leave to choose their own sheriffs; and his charter of 1215 permits them to elect annually their mayor. The Common Council—twenty-five discreet men of the city, chosen and sworn to advise for the city, together with the mayor, were appointed in the year 1200. The head officer of the city before 1188 was the port-reeve.

* This remarkable fragment was afterwards rescued from the limbo of the City stoneyard, and placed in the Guildhall library. It is one foot ten inches in height, and two feet nine inches long. The figures are seated on a kind of sedilia, bearing on their laps baskets of fruit; and the amplitude and arrangement of the drapery indicate a style superior to that of ordinary provincial art. Similar groups have been found in several of the former northern provinces of the Roman empire, and inscriptions to the same deities are met with in different parts of this country; but the most perfect group appears upon an altar in the museum at Cologne; another, in the churchyard at Mimling Crumbach, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, is described by Dr. Knapp in the 'Archiv für Hessische Geschichte und Alterthumskunde,' Darmstadt, 8vo, 1841. A small specimen is in the British Museum. The worship of these divinities is supposed to have been of Germanic origin, and to have been introduced into this country by the German auxiliaries. In one inscription they are styled, "transmarine mothers," *matribus transmarinis*. This is dedicated by "Jul Victor, v.s.l.m.," which Victor, as appears by another inscription, was a tribune of the first cohort of the Vangiones. An inscription to the transmarine mothers by a vexillation of Germans is given in Horley; and by several other instances it appears evident that they were altars erected by foreign soldiers to the deities of their native lands. An elegant and erudite article by Mr. W. Roach Smith, to which are appended some notices by T. Wright, F.S.A., and from which the above is briefly derived, is published in the 'Journal of the British Archaeological Association.'

† Called Caer Dorm, and Dormceastre, by Henry of Huntingdon, near Walmesford, on the River Nene, Huntingdonshire.

DR. JOHNSON'S STYLE.

I OWN I like not Johnson's turgid style,
 That gives an inch the importance of a mile ;
 Casts off manure, a waggon-load, around,
 To raise a simple daisy from the ground ;
 Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what ?
 To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat ;
 Creates a whirlwind from the earth to draw
 A goose's feather, or exalt a straw ;
 Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter
 To force up one poor nipperkin of water ;
 Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar
 To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore.
 Alike in every theme his pompous art,
 Heaven's awful thunder, or a rumbling cart.

WOLCOTT.

NO LIE THRIVES.—No. II.

A few days had elapsed when Mr. Richmond again called Willis to him. "My dear, boy," said he, "there is one point on which I am very anxious to speak to you. You must learn to command your temper, to restrain those furious bursts of anger, or passion, as they may be called, to which you are subject, as you value all that is dear to you here or hereafter."

"But how, father?" said Willis. "As I have often told you, they come upon me all at once, without my wish, and without my power to resist or overcome them, and when they are over I am as unhappy as any one can be."

"You must resolutely check the first rising of anger," replied his father, "for the second may be above your strength. You must keep a watch over yourself, and avoid, as much as possible, whatever may be likely to excite you. Never dispute—never argue. Look to the consequences that the indulgence of such impetuosity may cause either to yourself or others. One unlucky blow may be fatal to another, one furious gust of passion may destroy yourself."

"But if I cannot help it?" said Willis.

"We *can* help it," replied his father; "it is a rare thing, indeed, that our temper conquers us when either we fear to render ourselves contemptible, or desire to exalt ourselves in the estimation of others. One effectual means of safety will always be open to you—prayer to God; address yourself then to Him constantly, fervently, and you will obtain the assistance you need. I grant that our constitution and our temper, whether good or bad, are not our own choosing, in the first instance; but we adopt

the latter, and make them our own by neglecting to improve them: in short, it is our own will and deed and choice if indulgence makes any natural infirmity a confirmed evil. But after all, my dear boy, there is something in the heart or mind of each of us against which we have especial cause to struggle, given us to prove our patience and fidelity, some cross which if borne properly has been expressly designed to crown us with glory, a means to the attainment of everlasting honour."

"Oh, father," cried Willis, "I promise you faithfully to do as you wish and to overcome my temper."

"Promise me, my dear Willis, to endeavour to overcome it," replied Mr. Richmond, "and I shall be satisfied. It is our duty to fight the battle against our infirmities, but the strength to conquer and to overcome must be given from above." He paused for a few minutes, and then said, "I need hardly give you any charge respecting Ellen. I know how you love her. Enough—I commit both her and your mother to your future protection and care."

Mr. Richmond did not long survive the foregoing conversation. A few weeks afterwards the green sod covered his long last home. A thorough change had taken place in his family—his widow and her two children having quitted—and gone to Seaforth, where there was a foundation school in which she entered Willis immediately.

Mrs. Richmond was a woman of good sense and of sound principle; the duty and business of her life was now the care of her children, and she faithfully to the best of her ability performed it. The task in regard to Ellen was a very easy one; whatever defects there might be in her disposition they had not yet developed themselves. A word, a glance, was sufficient to rule her—a sharp reproof, even if it had been needed, would have almost broken her heart. She was equally the pet of her mother and brother, and each in their turn indulged her. She was one of those rare children, however, upon whom unrestrained kindness had no evil effect—selfishness formed no part of her character, the tenderness shown to her was returned with interest, and in every action she seemed a creature formed to love, and to be loved. Nor had Mrs. Richmond cause to be displeased with her son. His progress at school was fully equal to her hopes, and his general conduct gave great satisfaction to his teachers, as well as to herself. The chief point of anxiety was his temper: this, in spite of her care, and indeed of his own endeavours to correct it, was very defective. The principal enjoyment of both children arose from their garden. In this they spent as much time as they were able; and so long as their favourite occupation did not interfere with other necessary employments, their mother encouraged their taste.

It was with Willis, however, as with many others, the interest and excitement caused by his cherished pursuit often proved a snare to him. It was in his garden, not among his companions, or at school, that he displayed the infirmity that beset him. As he was one day tying up a carnation on which he prided himself, the bass he was using broke twice: he was vexed, and uttered a hasty exclamation as he prepared to make a third attempt. "Stay, stay, Willy," cried Ellen, "let me help you." Before she could reach him the bass had again snapped, and to complete his annoyance he had injured a very fine flower. In a gust of passion he grasped the plant, and tore it up by the roots, and began to rend it in pieces.

"Willy, Willy!" cried Ellen, "who are you punishing? who only is to blame?" She laid her hand on his arm, and raised her mild eyes to his

face. Reason returned—the blush of shame covered his face, and the remains of the plant fell to the ground. “I hate myself!” exclaimed he; “what a fool have I been making of myself! Don’t look at me, I can’t bear it!”

“Oh, Willy!” said Ellen, “if you can’t bear me to look at you, how sorry you must be to think God has seen you!”

“Don’t say any more,” cried he, “I am so ashamed of myself;” and he turned himself from her.

Ellen took up the root. “Let us put it into the ground again,” said she. “I don’t think you have done it much harm.”

Willis examined it. “It’s of no use planting it,” said he, mournfully, “it will never grow again.”

“Oh, what a pity!” cried Ellen, “it was such a beauty, your very best; but never mind, I have one quite as fine, and you shall have that.”

“No, Ellen,” returned he, “that I will not; the loss must be mine and mine only, for I only have merited to be punished.” As he spoke he gathered up the fragments, and, with a heavy sigh, threw them over the wall. “I can’t work any more, for myself at least. I will help you, if you like, for you wish to finish what you are about, I know.”

“Oh no,” replied she, “it will do very well another time. Let us go and sit down; I have such a pretty book to show you.”

“I can’t read,” said he, as they seated themselves under a tree; “I am so vexed with myself, I can think of nothing else. What can it be that makes me so foolish. I don’t wish to get into a passion, and yet all in a moment, I could do anything, say anything, hurt anybody—”

“You would never hurt me, your own little Ellen, would you?” cried she, pressing the hand she held in hers.

Willis put his arm round his sister, “We won’t talk any more about it,” said he. “I wish, though, you had not seen me making myself such a blockhead.”

“I am glad mother did not see you,” replied Ellen; “but do let us talk a little more about it. Willy, do you strive against your temper? Do you ask God in your prayers to help you?”

“Indeed, I do,” said he; “but what seems easy enough to be done, when we are on our knees, and is really what we desire to be or to do, is as different as light from dark when we are about anything else, and all that we were so anxious about a few minutes before goes quite out of our mind; I wonder whether it is the same with grown-up people?”

“I don’t know,” replied Ellen, after musing for an instant; “but I should think not—play puts good thoughts out of our minds, and many other things too. I dare say what mother prays for, she thinks about all day.”

No, dear child, no, you are mistaken. We are holy only whilst we are in direct communion with God. Some beam of His glory may fall on the soul whilst it aspires to His throne, and in that reflection we are for awhile bright; some rays of infinite goodness and holiness may gleam on the suppliant, and for the time warm, animate, and purify the spirit, but alas! we rarely bear away when we arise from our knees the virtuous desires and resolutions that glowed in our hearts. With our renewed contact with the world the impression is weakened or effaced, and we are compelled to own that in ourselves there is no good thing abiding, that the most resplendent garb of our righteousness is but the outskirts of eternal splendour.

“I wish I knew whether you are right,” said Willis; “I should not like

to ask mother such a question, but it would make me happier if I could find out the truth. I sometimes think it is of no use to pray, and that I may as well give it up."

"Oh no, Willy," cried Ellen earnestly, "do not think of that! It must be of use to pray against a fault, or mother would not desire us to pray. I am sure it is of use. I can't explain my meaning exactly—but—but—well, the seeing mother puts me in mind of what she has told me to do, and makes me attentive to her wishes; if I was not to go near her all day, or only very seldom, I am afraid I should forget her wishes altogether, and do only what I liked myself. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," replied Willis, "there is no doubt that saying our prayers puts us in mind of our duty, if it does no more. I know this from myself, for though I cannot help getting into a passion, I recollect almost directly how wrong it is, and struggle against it. I don't think I should do this if I were to neglect praying entirely."

"Shall I pray too for you?" said she; "that you may get the better of this fault, I mean, for I always beseech God to bless you."

"Do, Ellen, do," replied Willis, "for God must hear you; you are such a good little girl, you don't know what it is to do wrong."

"Oh Willy, Willy," said she, "don't say so, I am not always good; I once told mother a story," and as she spoke her cheek became crimson.

"You, Ellen! you tell a story!" cried he in astonishment.

"Yes, I did," replied she, "and I cried a great deal about it at the time, and it makes me cry now to think of it; but I *did* tell a story."

"What about?" asked her brother; "was mother angry with you, and were you afraid of being punished?"

"No," answered she, "but give me your hand again and I will tell you all about it. Mother and I had been gathering apricots to preserve; we had counted thirty as we put them into the basket, when Susan came to say Mrs. Davis was in the parlour. Mother told me to take the basket into the kitchen and wait for her. As I was coming away I gave the tree one look more, and saw an apricot on the lowest branch which we had not noticed. I gathered it; it had such a beautiful smell, it was very ripe, and the birds had begun to eat it, so without waiting for mother's leave I finished it. It was very naughty, I know, because it was doing what we were desired not to do,—touch the fruit at all."

"I dare say you did not remember that at the moment," said Willis, who sat listening with profound attention.

"I don't think I did," answered she, "I am sure I did not mean to do wrong. I took up the basket and carried it into the kitchen. Just as I got there I heard mother and Mrs. Davis coming. They were talking quite loud enough for me to hear what they were saying. 'Are you not afraid,' said Mrs. Davis, 'of leaving Ellen with anything so tempting as apricots?' 'No, indeed,' said mother, 'I am sure she would not touch a part of one without leave.' Oh! Willis, my heart seemed all at once to give over beating, and I saw how wrong I had been."

"Poor Ellen," said Willis, "I wish I had been with you. But what said Mrs. Davis to that?"

"That is more than I would say for any one of my children," said she, laughing; "and I much doubt whether you don't promise too much for yours. Do you know how many you gathered?" Mother told her how many. They were now in the kitchen. "Well, Ellen," said Mrs. Davis, "you have been helping your mother to gather apricots; are they good?" "She knows very little about it," said mother, "you hardly know the taste,

do you, Ellen?" Mrs. Davis fixed her eyes so sharp upon me, and gave me such a disagreeable look, that I said, 'No, mother.' She did not believe me it was plain, and I dare say I was as red as I felt. Mother did, though, for she smiled, while Mrs. Davis counted the apricots, as they lay on the dresser where I had put them. 'There are just thirty,' said she, 'your tree has borne well this year.' 'These are every one that the tree has yielded,' said mother, and again she smiled at me. I knew what she meant, and if we had been alone I should have told everything to her that very moment. Afterwards I had not the courage to begin the story. One word from her would have brought it all out, but as she has said nothing since, I have not. I wish, however, that mother did know all, for it makes me very unhappy when I think of it."

"Shall I tell her, Ellen?" cried Willis.

Ellen caught at the proposal, then paused, and said, "No, Willy, nobody must tell her but myself, and if you help me, I will."

"When?" asked he.

"Whenever you like," replied she.

"That's right," cried he, "then we will go and look for her directly; there is nothing like doing a thing at once, and the sooner it is over the better."

So saying the two entered the house. The tale was soon told simply as the facts had occurred, without excuse, and with an earnest request for pardon. Mrs. Richmond heard the recital with surprise and regret; but wisely suppressing any expression of displeasure, she kindly showed Ellen the cause of her failure, and commended Willis for the advice he had given his sister.

"But what could have made Ellen tell an untruth?" asked Willis, "that is the surprise to me; she is so very open in all she says and does."

"The want of moral courage," replied Mrs. Richmond, "acting upon a too great love of praise. She could not bear to forfeit the character I had given of her, and she shrank from the sneer of one to whom she owed no obedience. It is a common error, my dear boy, and you must take care that you are never betrayed into it. No one is insensible to the good opinion expressed of him, particularly if his disposition is amiable; nor is the feeling to be condemned under proper restrictions: but recollect, he that can meet censure when he deserves it, and can strip himself of the merit that does not belong to him, gives proof and promise of worth of the highest order, and will ever gain far more in reality than he can possibly lose."

Nor did Willis conceal his own error, but frankly related the folly of which he had been guilty. Mrs. Richmond happily knew how to act the part of mother and friend, the companion and the guide. In this she was much indebted to the loss she had sustained in the death of her husband. The love she bore his memory, the respect with which she treasured his directions and counsel, called forth her own virtues and strengthened her in points which, though essential to the welfare of her children, might not have been urged with sufficient energy. Her children trusted her and revered her, for she never blamed beyond measure, nor applauded without cause; she was the repository of every thought and feeling she could share with them, and as the law of truth was made binding upon them, so was it the rule of her own conduct in everything that related to them.

[To be continued.]

THE
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THE BLACK SEA.—No. V.



MOLDAVIANS.

THE quarantine of Galatz is notorious throughout the Levant for its extreme rigour. For my own part I did not find the time to hang heavy on my hands, having set myself the task of examining and classifying more than three hundred geological specimens, besides drawing up notes of our expedition, both historical and mercantile, to be placed at the disposal of the Academy and of the Government at home. Some of the general results at which I arrived are as follows:—

VOL. IV.

"The coast which I have just traversed may be divided into three parts, distinguished from each other not only by their proximity to the sea, but by the moral condition and industrial and commercial resources of the population. The first extends from the Bosphorus to the Gulf of Bourgas. Throughout its whole length it is composed of a seashore so inaccessible, and regions so mountainous and in every way ill adapted to agriculture, that there is little ground for entertaining the hope that any addition can be made to its present capability, which is limited to the produce of fuel. The second, comprised between Bourgas and the promontory of Kalangriah, presents on the contrary much interest. On the north, as well as on the south of the eastern hand of the Balkan Mountains, stretches a series of lowland districts admirably fitted for agriculture, and comprising the only real harbours on the western coast of the Black Sea. These countries, too, are making rapid progress under the measures of reform introduced a few years ago, which declared agricultural liberty and the abolition of monopoly in the Ottoman empire. Wretched villages were suddenly transformed into important commercial posts, and we see successively appear in the navigation reports the names, unknown up to that time, of Bourgas, Baltchik, Messemvria, and Ankialon.

"In 1841, two Sardinian captains, who formed the idea of conveying salt to Bourgas, remained there more than three months before they could complete a cargo of wheat. Four years afterwards the very same town of Bourgas exported 350,000 sacks of corn, Varna 650,000, and Baltchik 220,000. There was required only a little confidence in commercial transactions to kindle the intelligence and ardour of these populations, and to make them participate in the great commercial movement of our age. Especially it must be remarked that the Turks are quite as industrious as the Bulgarians. They constitute, in spite of our statistical tables, a third part of the labouring population. From among them, too, are chosen the majority of the brokers, who act as agents between the producers and the merchants. And here it is that we must fix the real starting point of a social revolution than which nothing can more tend to promote the future well-being of the Mussulman. Here the Turks appear less in the character of conquerors on their march making an encampment in Europe. The part which they play in the midst of the nations whom they have reduced is no longer an abnormal one. The arguments so often quoted against the regeneration of the empire are worthless confronted with this vigorous population cultivating the soil, conveying their produce sixty leagues by land, and boldly striking into the new path which has just been opened to them."

If the wooden houses, the appearance of the shops, and of a part of the inhabitants, remind one at Galatz of the Crescent, the style of the numerous brick churches, covered with plaster, entirely superseding mosques, the admixture of a hideous Jewish population peculiar to the Principalities and Bessarabia, and finally the *carotza*, for conveying merchandize, and the hackney *drochky*, are decidedly new elements, and already introduce one to Russia.

The sanitary duties which in Constantinople devolve on dogs, are here fulfilled by ravens alighting in flocks in the midst of the most frequented streets.

The quay on the Danube, the object of so much attention for a dozen years, remains in the same condition. The ancient enclosure of the quarantine quay alone has been replaced by a brick wall coped with wood.

In this wall have been made apertures at regular distances, through which the grain is made to run down. The sailors receive it on the other side, and transfer it at once by help of pulleys to the vessels. An accumulation of rubbish has so enlarged the causeway as to allow this direct lading even during summer. The amount of cheating which pervades all mercantile transactions at Galatz is inconceivable. False measures are avowedly exposed for sale. The cause of this corruption is to be attributed principally to the want of honesty in foreigners, and the protection they find in their own consuls, who, relying on old stipulations, secure impunity for the most odious exactions and frauds. When a corn-grower sends his wheat to be sold at Galatz, he takes great precaution in weighing it and sealing the sacks; the purchaser reweighs it, but with his own false weights. And what becomes of the peasant on his return to the village? His cart and buffaloes, wholly or in part, are seized by the landlord, who thus indemnifies himself for this barefaced and unpunished roguery. It is easy to understand how the merchants thus make rapid fortunes. It is not unusual to find them realize in the course of five years twenty or even forty thousand ducats. Not long ago, one of them beat a native servant to death. The police at first apprehended him; but a short time after released him on his appealing to his consul, who sent him on board a vessel bearing his national flag. At the present day he is residing at Galatz.

Another example:—a Greek, under the protection of the English, farms an estate, but falls into a three years' arrear of rent. His landlord lays a sequestration on the produce of the farm, but is obliged to take it off by the actual order of the Moldavian government. Foreigners ought to have policy enough to understand that it is as fatal to their own interests as it is absurd, to cling to old agreements between the Porte and the Principalities, which ruin the power of the latter. But they persist, nevertheless, as we have seen, in refusing to acknowledge their jurisdiction in criminal cases. Hence there exists an excessive irritation throughout the country, which some day or other will break out into a terrible storm of indignation against the merchants.

During our stay, Galatz was visited by several persons of very different titles, but all notorious to a certain extent: in the first place, Bosco, who diverted us greatly after dinner at our table-d'hôte; a certain lady named Talbot, another last of the Stuarts and an Austrian canoness, a little old woman as agreeable as she was lively and eccentric, who has since terminated her existence by being assassinated in Syria, after having spent her whole life in traversing the two hemispheres from pole to pole; Madame Bognan, the star of the drawing-rooms of Jassy, going in all sincerity to end her days in a convent. She is one of the Moldavian ladies who were the first to explore the fountain-head of European civilization, being a great traveller, and having taken part in nearly all the important events of the empire, among others that of the Congress of Vienna, after the first fall of Napoleon. And last of all the Countess of Asch, who, having been already once banished from Moldavia, had just been recognised at the quarantine, from whence an order of the Prince gave her a safe convoy of a dozen soldiers to the frontier.

We set out on the 25th of October for Jassy in a post *carrota*, a wretched vehicle of wickerwork, stuffed with hay, and dragged with frightful rapidity by a number of horses. The wheels, more pentagonal than circular, are only kept in their places by the quickness of their motion,

and it often happens that they come off and remain on the road without any one troubling himself to pick them up, or even noticing their absence before reaching the next stage. The unhappy traveller, unused to such violent exercise, is obliged to make the most painful efforts to keep his balance so as to avoid being flung off into the road. At each stage, horses are provided, half broken-in and very spirited. As for the coachmen, they are quite unique, both as to skill and picturesque gait, with innumerable ribbons hanging from their great hats, and embroidery over all their dress, especially their flap-boots. One would call them musketeers but for their want of arms.

Immense fields of cabbages, a hut, through the sides of which grotesque pigs are vainly endeavouring to force their way, being kept back by a wooden triangle, through which their necks are passed; here and there a group of peasants eating *mamaliga* (a kind of porridge made of boiled maize); cabbages everywhere:—such was the scene which was repeated to us again and again during the fifty-five hours that we consumed, with nothing to eat too, between Galatz and Jassy. At one little town, Perlat, we were obliged, for want of post-house, horses, fire and lodging, to pass the night in the open air, exposed to a heavy fog. M. Laurens has had his feet frost-bitten.

The view of the capital of Moldavia discovered from the heights of Sokola, is very fine, with the setting sun on the left behind the violet ridges of the Carpathian Mountains. The massive architecture of the cathedral and palace of the Hospodars,* though in reality nothing but castles of plaster, produce from a distance a singularly-striking effect. It must be allowed that the autumnal frosts, the rapid motion of the carotsa, and our dietary arrangements imparted a marvellous dreaminess to the impressions we received.

Jassy has changed much during the last few years. The disappearance of ancient ruins in the principal streets, numerous modern edifices, a wooden pavement, shops of all kinds, give to this town a European character approaching nearest to that of Germany. There were here formerly a great number of French settlers, the jurisdiction over whom rested solely with the consul. The most shameful abuses naturally resulted from this privilege, abuses which the revenue officers worked so as to suit their own interests, by laying exactions on those who cried out against the French protection. An official decree has put an end, and not without reason, to this order of things, which diminishes so considerably the incomes of the officers that their fixed allowance is not enough for them. The strictness of military proscription enforced in Bessarabia on the entire population has made a great part of them, especially the Jews, emigrate to the Principalities and even to the right bank of the Danube, for the Russian agents prevent as far as they possibly can their taking refuge in Moldavia.

If we cast a look on the past history of Moldavia we find it in turns Dacian, Roman, Sarmatian, and Hungarian. It was only in 1354 that, under Alexander the Good, it began to have a government and name of its own. Its population, warlike and independent, was always a subject of astonishment and admiration. Russian influence made its way into the Principalities only towards the beginning of the eighteenth century. Since the time of Ipsilanti (who paid the penalty of exile and death for his

* Ruling princes of Moldavia and Wallachia.

attempt to wrest from the Porte its jurisdiction over all the Christian population), Moldavia and Wallachia, subject in appearance to the latter power, are really controlled by Russia, and liable to all the hardships resulting from this false position.

Jassy, European in fact, but Oriental in its buildings, customs, and population, at the present day offers to the artist and the observer of men and manners, a great resemblance to the towns of Asia Minor. The mixture of European and Asiatic dresses which one meets with even in the drawing-room of a Moldavian lady; the important office of consul; the variety of races; the Jewish, Armenian, and Tartar shops which crowd the dirty and narrow streets of the ancient city; the unwholesome dwellings, the mosques, the Byzantine churches, wretched ruins tottering against elegant palaces—all that characterizes the towns of the Levant is found at Jassy, and gives to this capital a character for originality with which the inhabitants are more disgusted than pleased. They are thus in a great hurry to get rid of it by widening the streets, replacing asphalt by wood-paving, taking down the Jewish hovels to build small houses after the German style of very monotonous appearance; increasing the number of European shops, and, finally, establishing a system of lighting, which takes away from the retired districts all the mystery that afforded such food for the imagination.

Not content with these changes, which will end by bringing Jassy to the rank of a second-rate provincial town, the Moldavian Boyards* have entirely abandoned their magnificent Asiatic costume for the black coat, a dress which necessarily requires a complete change in their customs and tastes. This is a real misfortune; but, nevertheless, as long as Jassy presents its Tsiganes, its Jews, and its Armenians, it must present to the foreigner some relief from the insupportable sameness which reigns from one end of Europe to the other.

Except the deserts of the Caspian Sea which, I am thankful to say, we found untainted by any mixture, is there a single country into which civilization has not introduced its gas, its M'Adam, and its Parisian fashions? Let us leave it to political economists to congratulate themselves on such changes, and deplore, as artists, the rage which engrosses the whole world to imitate Europe, and thus to take away from travels all the charm of the picturesque and of novelty.

As I have said, the population of Jassy is of a very mixed character. The Jews, driven from Poland, have spread themselves like a torrent over Moldavia, where they live nevertheless in the most miserable manner. As in all the towns of southern Russia so in Jassy, I found the Jews marked by the degraded stamp, the wretchedness, the cringing humility which seem inherent in their nature. Proverbial for their filth, and crowded together in unwholesome purlieus, these unhappy people have sunk to the lowest grade of the human species. Literally complying with the words of Scripture, "Increase and multiply," their numbers augment so rapidly that the Moldavian government is beginning to be seriously embarrassed by them. Nearly all shopmen, hawkers, agents and pawnbrokers, the competition reduces their gains to such a trifle that no one knows how they manage to maintain their numerous families.

The very moment that a stranger arrives at Jassy a cloud of these harpies besiege his door from morning till night, without budging an inch; invol-

* Native aristocracy of Moldavia.

nerable to contempt, injuries, and the impatience of him whose *paras* they covet, they always end by finding the vulnerable point, and making themselves necessary.

Their external appearance is just the same as in Russia; the unvaried robe of black calico shining with grease, the cotton drawers, clouted shoes, the beard pointed, and the matted hair sticking to the temples, and exhaling a nauseous odour. As to the women, they present, by their agreeable features and the Oriental grace of their costume, such a contrast to their lords that one can hardly believe them to belong to the same race.

The Moldavians, like all other nations in the early stage of civilization, are more attached to forms than to substance. Religion, morality, industry, and the arts claim as yet but a superficial regard. Rigorous in their outward observance of the forms of the Greek church, they are unacquainted both with its spirit and moral principles. Devoted to pleasure and dissipation, they give themselves up to a laxity of morals close akin to utter licentiousness.

The aristocracy is composed of several classes, which constitute all the social power. The laws of caste are observed among them to such a degree that in spite of their inclination for society it is impossible for them to form one in accordance with the idea we attach to the word. The respect which is entertained for the superior classes betrays itself by slavish ceremonies, at which the stranger is greatly shocked. Thus neither great services rendered to his country, intellectual eminence, nor merit, can exempt the Boyard of the second class from the obligation of kissing the hand of a Boyard of the first class, and of observing in all his actions the line of demarcation which separates them. So sure is the former to take his revenge on the Boyard of the third class and so on. But in the very same room from which are excluded really remarkable men on no other ground than that they belong to an inferior class, one sees German, French, and Italian adventurers graciously received, if they know only how to shuffle the cards and to converse agreeably.

Passion for play has taken such entire possession of the Moldavians that there is not an estate in the country that is not more or less involved. Luxuriance in furniture, carriages, and livery servants, has taken such an upward flight during the last few years, that it contributes equally with this hateful vice to the ruin of the most influential and aristocratic families. Politics are beginning to play an important part in Moldavian society. The protection which is there simultaneously exercised by Russia and Turkey, cannot fail to produce a struggle of principles, opinions, sympathies, and antipathies, the result of which cannot be anything else than fatal to the interests of all parties. The Russian party, decidedly in a minority, is represented by certain high functionaries and by Boyards, who pay assiduous court to the consul-general of Russia; but the body of the people is anti-Russian, and cannot forget the occupation of 1828, which did so much harm to the country.

No nation offers greater facility for divorce than Moldavia. The laws, both civil and religious, lend themselves to it with such complaisance that for such a people not to take advantage of them would be perfectly ridiculous. Thus the Moldavians, naturally inconstant, look on marriage only as a means of satisfying a caprice or passing fancy. During my stay at Jassy, only a single instance could be quoted to me in which a couple had not suffered themselves to be carried away by the prevailing incon-

stancy; for twenty years they had given the example of a fidelity which in that country was regarded as a phenomenon, and there was every reason to suppose that it would be lasting.

The leaning of the reigning prince towards Russia, or at least the feebleness of his administration, excites among the higher classes of his subjects the most decided opposition. To this origin may be traced the saying, "Moldavia is a Russian province, the government of which the czar spares himself the expense of administering."

It appears that at the time of the sojourn of the sultan at Routchouck, to which place the two princes of Moldavia and Wallachia went to testify their respect, five or six Moldavians of high rank repaired at the same time to his highness carrying energetic protestations against the public and private conduct of their sovereign. The latter, who had himself just before received a most violent anonymous letter, caught scent of his enemies' intention, and made all speed to submit the letter himself to the sultan's inspection, thus taking the initiative against the accusation. It is pretended that on the departure of the Boyards from Routchouck two had disappeared without leaving any trace of their fate.

One of the young princes is already the hero of a disgraceful story. He began, it is said, by demanding of his father the sum of 60,000 ducats, besides an annual income, under the pretext that it was necessary for him to form an establishment befitting his rank. The father naturally refused, and the son immediately proceeded to create for himself an independent fortune, by taking every possible advantage of the position which his rank gave him in the country. The estates belonging to the convent of Niamas were at this time about to be farmed; and the young prince attended the public letting, got out of the way, by fair means or foul, all competitors, and took the contract at less than half its actual value. Once installed in his office he shrunk from no means, legal or illegal, to fill his coffers, and to the present day he employs all the most vexatious and harassing oppressions of ancient feudalism. Does he want labourers to thresh his wheat, he compels the attendance of a hundred or so, as well from the free villages as from his own neighbourhood, and pays them only at the rate of three piastres and a half a day, when the poor wretches, already worn out with toil, would not of their own free will accept a silver rouble.

On a late occasion wanting some sackcloth, he sent one of his people to the neighbouring town with orders to seize all the cloth they could find there, paying the merchants a price far below its value. The cloth thus obtained he distributed to the peasants, enjoining them to bring back the sacks completed in the space of twenty-four hours. His method of obtaining money is pretty much of the same stamp. The money-changer of the town nearest at hand, with a pistol held at his throat, must pay down the sum that he requires. What will be the character of such an individual when he is of an age to reign? We were assured that having been asked why he had so scandalously caused the return of the Countess of Asch to Moldavia, he answered, "She was unfaithful to me—I wanted to put her to death."

Having returned to Galatz in forty-eight hours, in a wretched car belonging to a Jew, which had been pressed into our service for the occasion, we took our passage for Constantinople on board the Austrian Lloyd's packet-boat "Ferdinando Primo," which had been delayed by uninterrupted bad weather ever since she had left Vienna. We soon passed on the left the mouth of the too famous river where the treaty of

Adrianople, confirming that of Unkiar-Skelessi, makes the boundary of Moldavian Turkey. The Pruth forms this boundary from the point where it touches the Moldavian territory to the Danube, which Russian vessels are not allowed to go up beyond this juncture. A later treaty, that of Balta-Leiman (May 1, 1849), stipulates that no occupation of the provinces shall take place except by concert with Turkey, provided that the latter do not provoke the interference of Russia by unconstitutional acts against the said Principalities. But what will avail all these miserable treaties against the caprice and the autocratic irresponsibility of a czar? Have not the Russian troops already, twice since the beginning of the present century, occupied both Moldavia and Wallachia? The first to enforce a sum of money due from the Porte; the second in 1848, to quell intestine commotions, as dangerous to herself as to Turkey.

After eleven hours' sail from Galatz, we reached Soulina (a place of no less note in European diplomacy), in sight of the Black Sea. Moored to the two Russian banks of the river, now become wider, and drawn up in line as in a harbour, were stationed about four hundred vessels (sometimes there are even as many as five hundred) laden with corn, and indefinitely waiting for the propitious moment of crossing the formidable "Bar of the Danube," the object of so many international hitches and recriminations. After having held a consultation with the pilot of Soulina, the captain announced that it was at present impossible to enter the sea. The actual depth of the water amounted to no more than eleven feet, and with the stiff breeze that was blowing it would have been impossible to effect the passage without incurring the risk of running aground, and perhaps being wrecked.

The year before the depth of the water over the bar was less than eight feet, vessels of a tonnage exceeding fifteen hundred loads were obliged to have recourse to lighters, a necessity which was especially disastrous to the commerce of the Principalities. There belonged to Soulina nearly three hundred of these lighters, the greater part of which are cutters, and belong to the colonel commanding the place, Solouvrof, nephew of General Fédorof, governor of Bessarabia. It would be difficult to give an idea of all the impositions chargeable on the owners of the lighters, who, without any kind of fixed rate, release at their pleasure captains driven to despair, and obliged to have recourse to their aid. At the present time the charge is from eighty to ninety colonates (Roman crowns) for the conveyance of two hundred tons, that is to say for performing a passage of fifteen or twenty minutes. A ship of two thousand five hundred loads could not procure the necessary lighters for five hundred colonates. Prices are naturally rising in consequence of the long-continued bad weather; and Russia has by every possible means in her power thwarted the efforts made by different nations to organize among themselves a system of lighterage, exacting ten per cent.

The Bar of Soulina, which has been formed by alluvial deposits, might, by the expenditure of some labour, be made passable by vessels drawing twenty feet. Formerly the Turks there, obliged all the vessels that passed to draw after them a kind of iron rake or dredge, at a depth that varied little from sixteen feet. From the time of the Austro-Russian convention in 1840, on this subject, the obligation to keep up the custom has fallen to Russia, to be maintained by dues levied on each vessel. But nothing has been done to fulfil the terms of this condition. A dredging-machine was forthwith to be ordered in England, then countermanded, the passage

having suddenly improved. Russia, naturally enough, did not fail to be often accused of wilfully increasing the obstacle. In like manner, the commandant of Soulina would force the lightermen to go during winter and fling overboard bags of sand in the only navigable channel; but such grave accusations ought to be received with caution, all allowance being made for the fertility of invention which characterizes the Oriental when it is not for his interest to tell the truth.

In the month of April 1843, the Austrian brig "Solechisto," having suffered shipwreck at Soulina, the interpreter of the Austrian consulate at Galatz was directed to arrange the sale of whatever might be saved. The Russian commandant opposed this measure, under pretext that it could only be carried into effect by the agency of his public auctioneer; and hence arose endless difficulties. An Austrian agent is scarcely tolerated at Soulina during a short season. Oh, that a mouth of the Danube could be found outside this Russian sponging-house!

Soulina is composed of one hundred and twenty houses, situated on the right bank of the river, which is always in a state of quarantine, and on the left bank exactly opposite is established, fronting the river, the lazaretto. Its inhabitants, merchants or owners of lighters, thrive well on the resources which accrue to them from the anchorage of so many vessels. The garrison contains two hundred and forty marines, forty infantry soldiers, twelve lighthouse-keepers, twenty-six horse-soldiers, with an officer, forty Cossacks to act as police, two sloops and a gun-boat. The aspect of the country low, covered with reeds, and liable to fogs, rising both from the river and from the sea, is very wretched. The other mouths of the Danube, abandoned ages ago, are absolutely unnavigable.

The very next day after our arrival, at near about twenty-four hours, the wind seeming to lull, a pilot came to announce to the captain that he would undertake to navigate the vessel over the bar. The anchor is effectually weighed, and half an hour afterwards we find ourselves, not without emotion, once more on the waves, then really black, of this Black Sea, the first scene of our interesting voyage, and making eight miles an hour on our way to the Bosphorus and Constantinople. The passage, though very stormy, soon became very agreeable in the society of a young Englishman named Bruce, correspondent of the 'Augsburg Gazette,' whom his mother was sending to India to recover a horse belonging to his elder brother, who had been killed in the late wars; of M. Skina and his son, well-known Moldavian Boyards; and especially in that of our old friend the Countess and Canoness Talbot, who was on her way quite alone to Jerusalem. Having taken on board off Varna the governor of Widdin, one of the passengers took it into his head to disguise himself in an old cloak and a fez, and had himself announced under the name of this pacha to the witty countess, who was completely taken in.

It was on the 11th of November, after an absence of two months and a half, that, enriched with remembrances and results of our labours, we again set foot in Constantinople, where the whole of the winter was spent in preparing a new expedition into Asia Minor and Persia.

C. A. J.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day.

BRITISH INDIA.—No. III.

PENANG.



PULO-PENANG.

At a time when Portugal was a bright gem in the diadem of civilized nations, or rather when civilization was yet in its infancy, and Spain and her sister country had gained pre-eminence and renown by the daring exploits of a few hardy veteran sailors, whose minds were as expansive as the broad and boundless ocean over which they rode triumphantly—when the riches of the East were a speculative mania—a dream of *El Dorado*—a golden stream on which the imaginations of a money-loving people loved to sport, and when there were more to combat the prowess and victories of an invincible marine,—few of our countrymen could have had the temerity to hazard such a prophetic opinion, as that a century would be hardly passed into eternity ere all the well-contested and hardly-gained victories of the subjects of their most Catholic Majesties would be a paving-stone on which the British were to place a first, firm, unshakable footing, and the foundation upon which was rapidly to rise that immense and glorious fabric now known as the British Indian Empire.

Vasco de Gama, overcoming what to all human appearances seemed an insurmountable difficulty, discovered that great key to the Indian Ocean, which has since led to the possession and colonization of the Cape, Mauritius, New Holland, and India, and which at once opened the way to an inexhaustible commerce that has ever gone on increasing in wealth and importance.

But even after the victories of Clive, Wellesley, and other distinguished

generals; after India had assumed a permanent position as an indisputable British possession; when there was that vast continent appended to our small, seagirt island which, inch by inch, and at the lost of thousands of valiant men, gradually increased in size till it became an incalculable domain, rich in ground products and flourishing cities,—there yet remained some small, remote, and apparently insignificant islands, destined nevertheless to excite the inquiring investigation of talented travellers, and to rise to a pre-eminence barely surpassed by the vast Indian continent itself. These islands were Penang and Singapore, and their sister settlement on the continent of Malacca.

Pulo-Penang, or Prince of Wales' Island, is situated at the mouth of those Straits formed by the islands of Sumatra and Borneo on the one side, and the Malayan peninsula on the other. Rising to an extreme height from the surface of the water, Penang can be distinguished on a fine clear day from a distance exceeding fifty geographical miles. Striking up abruptly conical, it causes a bold outline on the usually pacific waters of the Straits, and is beautifully delineated on the horizon by the striking contrast its distant blue hills afford to the pale azure, unclouded skies of these Eastern latitudes. Many a bold navigator of the earlier ages has trembled again to behold its ominous form, too surely indicative of those long and tedious calms so prevalent in the Straits, and which, at that period, endangered the safety of the ships, their cargoes, and the lives of the crew and passengers, by exposing them to the treachery and cunning cruelty of a horde of heartless, rapacious, and unrelenting piratical Malays, whose proahs, like so many birds of prey, were ever on the look-out for the near approach of unsuspecting strangers, and who but too often revelled in the rich booty that fell to their share, at the cost of a frightful sacrifice of human life and of property. No vessel that fell into their power ever entered Christian port again; no soul on board ever lived to recount when and by what torturing methods life's blood had been shed, as a child scatters water negligently around. The old, the young, the beautiful, and the good were alike speedily despatched by these ruthless marauders. The blood-stained decks sank beneath the waves, as the scuttled ship settled down in fathomless abyss, or else were purified by the scorching flame that eagerly devoured the well-pitched and turpented timbers. Down to the water's edge the fiery element would range; the few uncouth and ugly particles of what had been the stately vessel that braved a thousand gales and ocean dangers, went down beneath the calm, unrippled water; and the last dense cloud of smoke, bearing with it the blood of innocence, rose high up in the air, crying from the sea, as Abel's blood cried from the earth, for retribution from the heavens above them, mingling with the airy atmosphere, thinly separated in misty vapour, and so dissolved:—

“Thus memory had no clue to seek or find
Upon the water's smooth, untroubled stream;
No ripple had the vessel left behind,
No certain wave to which the sun's kind beam
Might point—and indicate the spot where they,
The victims of the sea assassins, slept.
No comfort for the mourner that sad day,
When for the early-murdered dead they wept.”

Strange stories reached the ears of the then yet uninitiated British in India. The nearest and apparently most correct accounts of these islands and shores of Malacca were at best of a fabulous nature. Old men from

Arabia and the Red Sea, with beads like so many necromancers, reported Penang to be a fairyland, from the shores of which, at nightfall, odours the most exquisite and delicious were floated over the ocean towards the vessels within sight of its looming, moonlight-capped peak, entrancing the people on board, and seducing them into soft, refreshing, uninterrupted slumber, from which only the bright glare of the morning sun could shake them into a sensibility of the great risk and danger they ran, by being unprepared for the sinister designs of the pirates in the neighbourhood. Sometimes these Arab grab-brigs, which generally sailed in fleets, and were well and strongly equipped, would approach the spot where, on former voyages, they knew Penang to be situated, and to their utter consternation and superstitious alarm no vestige of the island was to be found; then as suddenly the mist that had enshrouded it would dissolve beneath the warm sunbeams, and they were equally surprised and frightened to find their vessels close under the high land of the island, with a whole squadron of Malay proahs cruising in every direction. They seldom, however, were subjected to any annoyances from the pirates, who never relished the idea of contending with overwhelming powers, nor indeed would even attempt the seizure of a vessel except when perfectly sure that none other was within hail, and then only by treachery accomplishing their fiendish designs. The Arabs, however, and in whatever numbers, never relished the proximity of these sea-ogres, and immediately put their vessels about and stood out to sea; or else, in case of a calm obliging them to remain in this unenviable dilemma, they towed their respective vessels into a position best suited to repel the attack of the pirates, and then, letting go their kedge-anchors, kept every soul on board on deck and at their stations, to be ready at a moment's warning. Each grab-brig had usually a complement of more than a hundred hands. They were pirates themselves in their own seas, and therefore best fitted to combat those of the Straits, and most likely to be on their guard against, and up to all the cunning manœuvres of the Malayan proahs. Many of these Arab vessels sought the Straits for the purpose of fishing and loading saltfish for ports up the Gulf of Suez, and for this purpose no place could be better suited than the small islands in the vicinity of Penang. There is a species of red-rock cod that is peculiarly abundant about here, and is caught when calms are frequent and of long duration. A singular little rock, showing itself just high enough above the waves to prove a warning to such as are strangers to the navigation of the Straits, is, and has long been, the resort of fishing vessels; and casual passers-by that may chance to be becalmed in this latitude, derive no small amusement and gratification in hooking up the fish, at all times a desirable relish, but more especially so to such as have been for weeks and months restricted to the unsavoury board-ship diet of hard biscuit and junk.

Time wore on, and the passage through the Straits of Malacca attracted the attention of enterprising nations; a regular line of China traders was established; and fleets of Indiamen made Pulo-Penang a regular rendezvous, where they with safety and facility procured water and provisions. The piratical Malays, though still as numerous as ever, found themselves quite at a nonplus when their proahs were brought in contact with the stately Indiaman; and coasters and Arab grabs set all their machinations at defiance, by availing themselves of the safety afforded by the large convoys of well-armed and better-disciplined ships; and the Dutch very soon established themselves in the then strongly-fortified town of Malacca. Still Penang remained a place of very small importance, in a wild and

uncultivated state, and overrun with brushwood and wild forest trees, which grew luxuriantly down to the very water's edge. That the soil was fertile, and that the island possessed very many advantages as a settlement, there could not have been a moment's hesitation in guessing; and doubtless several had often turned in their minds the utility and profit attainable by the possession, cultivation, and colonization of so luxuriant a spot, and one so fitted by the nature of its position to promote the interests of any government or wealthy company of merchants. But the great drawback seems to have been, firstly, the inimical disposition of its more than treacherous inhabitants; and, secondly, the want of sufficient plea or excuse for wresting it forcibly from the independent possession of the prince of Quedale: for though almost manifestly the whole coast and islands were peopled by a piratical nation, no instance had been brought home, as it were, of the Queda government approving or openly protecting their nefarious proceedings, nor had any proah been chased into the harbour of Penang; as, in instances of their being hard pressed by cruisers or sloops of war, they invariably sought refuge in those small islands where the shallowness of the water rendered further pursuit out of the question, or else abandoned their vessels to the mercy of the men-of-war boats, and fled for shelter into the thick and impenetrable jungles on the Queda territory. What, therefore, force could not, or had no right to achieve, was destined to be accomplished by time and stratagem; and the instrument employed for the realization of the hopes and wishes of many interested in Eastern traffic was destined to be a man of no very exalted capacity, but who, as the master of a trading-vessel, had often opportunity of investigating and appreciating the wealth of this island, at the same time that by care and judgment he won over the esteem and respect of the natives, with whom he was continually brought in contact.

Captain Light was the fortunate individual who was destined to bring the fairest island and most healthy station in the East Indies under the consideration of the British Government. On him the fair queen of Queda was pleased to smile graciously; and as the queen of Sheba in days of yore brought precious offerings to the wise king Solomon, so she, in bestowing her hand on Captain Light, brought to him riches and prosperity, to say nothing of the dignity and honour conferred. Captain Light, then, became rajah of Queda and its dependencies; lived to see his fair and virtuous queen gathered to her ancestors; and then, bethinking him most likely of his own relatives and home, and of civilized London and its pleasures, resigned his regal dignity amongst savages, ceding the Prince of Wales' Island, or Pulo-Penang, to the Honourable the East India Company, by which gentlemen it was duly incorporated in the Charter as part and portion of their possessions in India, together with the town of Malacca and the island of Singapore; and from this era we may date the gradual rising importance of what are, for their size, the richest British possessions in all India.

There is a monument, handsome and unique of its kind, raised to the memory of Captain Light in the island of Penang. It specifies dates and services rendered; and that he in due time, like all others upon the earth, went to that long mysterious home, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

The early settlers at Penang had many evils, and, at that period, irremediable ones, to contend against. The foul air at night, arising from the rapid evaporations of rank and unwholesome vegetation, produced fevers so acute and dangerous that few survived the first severe attack. As

speculators increased, the thickly-set jungle rapidly disappeared; and in the room of unwholesome vegetable matter which the sun's rays had scarcely ever penetrated, gardens and fields began rapidly to spring up, and the rose and the honeysuckle spread sweet odours around in spots where heretofore nought but noxious vapours were wont to assail the nostrils. Amongst those who fell victims to the prosecution of the speculative mania that led many from different parts of the world to the Straits, may be mentioned the instance of Lieut.-Colonel Jackson, of the Madras army, who, with his wife and grown-up son, had retired to Penang, the son purposing to become a planter, with which intent he had already erected a small farmhouse, and had cleared away a good bit of the forest around his residence; but the newly-cut trees had not sufficiently decayed, or the leaves withered and dried, before the family entered upon possession of their newly-acquired property, doubtless with many a bright and golden dream of future prosperity. One single night had they reposed under shelter of their own roof; the next day sickness grim and direful stalked in; and the third day the sun, shining bright and glorious as ever, cast the last bright beams of its setting light upon the newly-made graves of the whole family! Those who visit Penang now-a-days would barely give credence to its ever having been other than it now is, the brightest gem in the Eastern seas, a little paradise amidst the waves of the Indian Ocean, to which the sick of all three Presidencies fly for health and recreation.

Never shall I forget the pleasurable sensations that stole over my senses as our bark neared the shores of this fairy island on the occasion of my first visit. Every breath that we inhaled was laden with mellifluous odours; the sea and the sky were without ripple or cloud, their clear blue tinges verging imperceptibly into one another on the distant horizon: ever and anon the cheerful song of the Malay Lascar notified the depth of water as marked by the deep-sea line, and the vessel glided swiftly and noiseless through the waters as the favouring breeze urged her on her onward course towards the haven we were each instant expecting to see. By-and-by the diminutive-looking signal-staff on the top of the hill, with its apparently atom of a flag, became distinctly visible to the naked eye, and warned us that our approach had been discerned by the occupants of the governor's house and the inmates of the convalescent bungalow. Every few minutes brought some new and interesting object of scenery in view: now we perceived the little fortress jutting out in an extreme angle into the sea; the neat, comfortable-looking houses of the merchants and planters that lined the seashore, each separated by a spacious and well-arranged compound or garden; then the signal-staff in the fort busily engaged hoisting and exchanging signals with us; questions innumerable as to whence we came from, and how long we had been out; and then the little telegraph was busily at work for the special behoof and benefit of the sickly few on the top of the hill. Finally, the shipping in the harbour, the men-of-war, merchantmen boats, junks, offices, wharfs, and pretty little covered-in jetty, burst upon our view, and we were simultaneously boarded by the custom-house people on one side, and Abraham Brown on the other. Abraham Brown, for so his innumerable certificates termed him, had been, according to their tenor, almost time out of mind well and favourably known to the shipping that frequented the Straits; he was as honest a man as a rogue could be, and he was always welcome because his boat brought off many of the good things of this life, doubly welcome to those who, like ourselves, had come off a long and tedious voyage.

The number of mangosteins and plantains, and other curious and rare

fruits, devoured upon this particular occasion, would have frightened an abstemious man into a week's hospital diet; but Penang has a rare climate, and both parties were content to abide the consequences—Abraham Brown the chances of getting paid by the crew, the crew the chances of an indigestion. In the midst of all this gormandizing the vessel brought up, and we were instantly beset by shore boats, all wrangling together for the booty to be gained in the shape of passengers' luggage; for besides myself there were some officers and European soldiers destined for the different settlements in the Straits. In the interim a small but handsome little boat came alongside, with the British ensign flying from a little staff in the stern, and a rather stout and elderly old gentleman, with gold-laced cap and anchor-button jacket, seated in the stern sheets. This was no less an individual than Captain —, who held an official position here, an excellent-hearted but most eccentric old man, who never could remain quiet two consecutive minutes. He was noted for this, and (peace be to his ashes, for he has long since been numbered with the dead) was a source of great amusement to the young officers then stationed at Penang. His greatest constitutional failing was inquisitiveness, a curiosity, not to meddle with other people's affairs and secrets, but to see everything that was going on in open daylight, and to miss none that might chance to pass him with whom he might exchange a word or a nod: for the gratification of this passion he had invented a revolving seat like a music-stool, in the centre of his palanquin-carriage, or "shigrampo," as it is called in Penang. Wheeling rapidly round and round on this, as his carriage went from place to place, he kept continually bowing and chattering to those that passed, to the infinite delight of a parcel of raw ensigns, who occupied their hours in scampering after him on their Acheen ponies from noon till nightfall. Another singular propensity the old gentleman possessed was that of finding out what every one in the place intended to have for dinner: and, for this express purpose, turning out early of a morning, he used to waylay the cooks and native servants as they returned from market of a morning, and pry into the contents of each basket, giving utterance to his extreme satisfaction at the appearance of some favourite joint or vegetable by frequent repetition of the Hindostanee words "both atcha" (very good), and then walk off whistling in search of the next comer. Many who have been in the Straits will, if they chance to glance over these pages, remember the strange yet kind old man I allude to, for he was a prince in regard to hospitality, and his prying into other people's kitchen affairs seemed only an incentive to his kindly-meant invitations. However, as I said before, the poor old man is long since dead, and we must leave him to peaceful repose in his grave.

After having got your traps all together, and everything, yourself included, into the boat, you find yourself in a few minutes safely landed at the jetty steps, amidst a shoal of Pariah Madras coolies, all chattering away in Tamil, and plotting destruction and annihilation to your purse. Happening to be familiar with their barbarous tongue, you startle them amazingly by a few simple words in their native vernacular: "Tamil pache theriemar?" (Do you understand Tamil?) This comes like a thunderbolt upon them; and then, having paid a dollar to the boatmen—for everything in Penang goes by dollars—you engage one of the many shigrampos that are anxiously awaiting your arrival, and for the consideration of another dollar are driven to the hotel or to a friend's house, as the case may be.

Thanks to the hospitality of the inhabitants of this most hospitable island, hotel-keeping is a very bad speculation; few ever find it necessary to resort to the wretched solitary hotel at Penang. Off goes the "shigram-

po" like lighting, the syce or groom running at the head of the little pony at a speed almost incredible. The roads in Penang are kept in splendid order, and so are the hedges and gardens of the various houses. To the left is the little fort tenanted by the officers and men of the Madras artillery on detachment duty. Here, then, comes Scott's Folly, a very pretty Chinese pagoda-looking affair, that cost a small mint of money, and is of no earthly use—whence its name. To the left you pass the pretty little church of St. John's, and the American consulate. The further you drive inland the more beautiful the scenery becomes, and the houses and gardens of the gentlemen residing in the island are perfect models of pretty architecture and good taste; and then the delicious smell of the highly-scented bell passionflower, mixing with the wholesome pure air of the island, intoxicates one with most pleasurable sensations, and makes you think of Adam and Eve, and how much they must have rejoiced in a spot incomparably more beautiful than Penang. A very ugly Chinaman, with a couple of educated monkeys that are going through the sword exercise, puts all romantic ideas to flight; and after a good deal of jolting and rumbling, you are suddenly jerked out of your seat by the carriage turning into the gates of a compound, and as unceremoniously jerked back again by its suddenly stopping under the large pandal of the gentleman's house, to which gentleman you have letters of introduction. You have hardly recovered your hat and got out of the shigrampo, before you hear a heavy step descending the stairs, and before your letters have been read, by the mere mention of the friend's name that gave them to you, you feel your hand nearly wrung off in the firm grasp of a Cashmere dressing-gowned jolly old gentleman, and from that instant you are duly installed as part and portion of his household. Your room has been prepared for your reception ever since the last guest left, and so it will be for the next one that comes after you, and so on to the end of the story. Every house has different rooms set apart for the reception of strangers, and they are generally the best ones on the house. Most of the houses also resemble each other in their construction: a large verandah and balcony down stairs, a ditto ditto up stairs, a splendid vast dining-room down stairs, a corresponding sitting-room above; four rooms below, two at each side of the dining-room, four rooms above with ante-rooms, those above serving as bed and dressing rooms, those below as library, billiard, study, &c.; a back verandah down stairs facing the sea, and idem above stairs enclosed with lifting shutters, and serving usually as a breakfast-room. As for the compounds, they also in a great measure resemble each other; there is generally a circle in front of the house, round either side of which the carriage-road leads up to under the pandal—the pandal itself is thickly overgrown with evergreens and creepers. The China creeper with its bright little red flower, the Burmese ditto, the purple bell passionflower, the little yellow honeysuckle, and one or two species peculiar to the soil. The circle is hedged in by a little poisonous plant with dark-green leaves, which is set so thickly as to be as impenetrable as a stone wall, and is trimmed and kept in excellent order: in this circle, roses, tube-roses, and other sweet-scented flowers abound. Either side of the road, as far as the gateway, has an avenue of mangostein and other delicious fruit trees. Here and there in the compound may be seen the handsome nutmeg mingling its rich spicy odours with the many sweet scents that surround one; further back, and forming the hedges between the different compounds and the high road, are thickly planted graceful bamboo plants, intermingled with the pretty but poisonous milk-hedge: this forms a fence through which a snake could

hardly coax its slippery, writhing form. At the back of the house are a multitude of flowers growing in wild yet graceful confusion; then comes a small row of buildings consisting of the kitchen, stabling, warehouses, &c.; beyond these a plot laid out as a kitchen-garden; then a long row of lofty cocoa-nut trees growing alongside the seashore, and finally the sandy beach and the ocean itself. This is the general run of the houses at Penang; those along the sea-side have the back of the house facing the sea, those on the opposite side of the main road are *vice versa*. Of the interior attractions of this lovely island—its nutmeg and pepper plantations—we shall treat in a future Number.

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN OLD
TRAVELLER.—No. IV.

DEMOTICA—CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN—KARAGUSE, OR THE
TURKISH PUNCH.

THEY showed us, in the town of Demotica, the remains of a house which was said to have been occupied by the fiery Swede during his detention in this part of the Sultan's dominions. On our way from Adrianople we had rested at a village which bears the nickname the Turks bestowed on Charles—Demir-bash, or Iron-head. He is known to have resided there for some time, and to have been in the habit of bathing in the coldest weather in the river Hebrus, which flows close to the village. Accurate old Pococke, who passed through the village only a few years after Charles had been released from captivity, and when the hero's name and adventures were in every mouth, says, "Charles XII., King of Sweden, resided here till he was removed to Demotica, as it is imagined by the instigation of his enemies, who, it is said, thought that this place was too near the high road."

It has been a considerable village, but the Turks have left hardly anything behind them except a large cemetery, two ruined fountains, and one mosque, which is almost a ruin. The few wooden houses which remain are inhabited by Greeks, who still speak of the Iron-headed Swede. Their traditions are confused, and not very conformable to history. Beyond the village, between the hills and the Hebrus, there is a splendid open plain, on which, according to their account, the indomitable Charles had fought a great battle with the Turks. There has been no such battle; but in the middle ages the plain has been the scene of bloody conflicts between the Bulgarians and the Greeks.

The face of the calcareous rock of Demotica is quite honeycombed with caverns and subterraneous passages. About midway down the rock, and near a solidly-built Greek church of recent date, we entered the terrible underground state prison of Demotica, where, according to a popular tradition, the royal Swede was confined in utter darkness. Tradition is again at fault, the Turks never behaved so barbarously to their captive; Charles was lodged in the town, and though attended by some Mussulman officers, he was allowed the range of the neighbouring country. Pococke was informed that he rode out every afternoon on horseback, and that he attended very vigilantly to the morals of the Swedish officers who were with him.

On returning to our Greek coffee-house we found some new arrivals;

these were two middle-aged Armenians, who gained their livelihood by playing Karaguse, or Punch.

Punch, it has been said, is a universality, and of a remote and indisputable antiquity. He is found in so many countries and at such distant periods of time that it is impossible to say where or when he had his origin. He is as popular in Egypt and Syria and Turkey, as ever he was in London or Naples. Some traces of him have been found in Nubia, and in other countries far above the cataracts of the Nile; while types or symbols of him have, according to some interpreters, been discovered among the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians. The wandering Arabs of the desert know him; he is met with in Persia, Hindostan, Siam, Pegu, Ava, Cochin-China, China Proper, and Japan. The Tartars behind the great wall of China are not unacquainted with him, nor are the Kamschatkans; the Persians have introduced him to the Afghan tribes. In short, Punch is ubiquitous, he is found everywhere.

Our two Armenians and their puppets had travelled from Smyrna to the town of the Dardanelles, stopping to play at Manesia and at every other town or village that lay on their road. They were always sure of a welcome and of an audience. Money, they said, was scarce, but they had fared well on the journey and had grown fat, although they had walked all the way. They were followed by a queer little dog, which they had obtained from the master of an English vessel at Smyrna; the little dog played no part whatever in Karaguse. They wanted to give us an exhibition; but as our horses were saddled for the journey and at the door, we declined the pastime. The Armenians had crossed the Hellespont, and had entertained the good people of Gallipoli, and they were now on their way to Adrianople.

As Karaguse had become political, and had taken the anti-reform side, I had found him, in 1828, suffering under great discouragement and persecution: Sultan Mahmoud and Punch had been at war. Under the milder rule of Sultan Abdul-Medjid all the persecution had ceased, and Punch had got his own again. His performance, both public and private, in coffee-houses and in Koracks, as well as in humbler residences, were very frequent at Constantinople and in all the large towns, as were also the recitals of the professional itinerant story-tellers, who had been tonguetied in the time of Mahmoud. It appeared as if the Armenians had now included among their monopolies the Policinello trade, at least all those we saw going about with Karaguse were now Armenians. Their jokes are excessively gross, and often very old, but they suit the taste of their audiences, and one of the greatest treats you can give a family is to regale them with a Karaguse.

While staying in a Greek house at Maeri-Keni, near the capital, we twice gave this entertainment, the cost of each exhibition being about three shillings. The performers were three Constantinopolitan Armenians, who were said to speak the popular Turkish better than any Turk, and to know every joke and anecdote that had been current in the capital the last hundred years. One fellow was merely stage-manager preparing the theatre, and keeping the broad glaring light burning; the other two, concealed behind the screen, moved the figures and did all the dialogues. The stage properties were a small matter, and the preparations could be improvised at any given spot in a very few minutes: taking one of the angles of our room at Maeri-Keni, they stretched a thin cotton sheet from wall to wall; behind this sheet, right in the corners of the walls, they

lighted half a dozen tallow candles, and the rest of the room being darkened these lights turned the sheet into a bright transparent disk. The *dramatis personæ* were not made of wood and solid stuff like our Punch and Judy, they were merely cut out of pasteboard and painted, thus having nothing but profiles. Being held and moved close to the sheet with the light behind them, they appeared on the disk like ombres Chinoises. They were scarcely six inches high, the whole company might have been carried in a coat pocket. The chief characters in every play are Karaguse, or black nose, and Hadji Haivat, a Mecca pilgrim, who has returned very poor from his pilgrimage. They bandy jokes with one another, and get into all manner of adventures and misadventures. It seemed to me that the true Punch was not so much Karaguse as his companion Hadji Haivat. The Hadji had the more drollery and roguery, and he, moreover, had a conical cap closely resembling that worn by the true Neapolitan Policinello.

In the first piece we saw both Karaguse and the Hadji were hen-pecked, wife-beaten husbands (characters by no means rare among the Turks), and both were constantly bragging of their domestic felicity and of their munificence to their spouses, whose main ground of quarrel is that they have no clothes to wear and are half starved by their unlucky miserable husbands. There was a great deal of fighting between man and wife; but the Turkish wives, instead of succumbing like poor English Judy, thrashed their husband's out of sight. The farce was certainly a curious exhibition of domestic life among the poor Mussulmans of Stamboul, and there were traits in it which all present recognised as characteristically true. One joke was good and local: Hadji Haivat's wife complained of having no candles; "My lamb," said the Hadji, "what do you want with candles? There is sure to be a fire presently; a dozen houses in flames will give you light enough." The quarrels and fights ended in the two Turkish wives eloping with a marriage-broker, who has engaged to procure them richer husbands: Karaguse and Hadji Haivat then turned boatmen on the Bosphorus. There was much drollery in the difference of character, conduct, and language in the people they got as passengers, who were all placed in a ridiculous, most farcical light. There figured among these passengers, an Arab, a Kurd, a Circassian slave-dealer, an Arnaout, a Persian, and a Jew. There ought to have been a Frank, tight in dress, and very lame in the Turkish language; and there ought also to have been a provincial Armenian; but the first was omitted out of respect to us, and the second was left out because the two fellows behind the sheet, who were speaking for the puppets, were Armenians themselves. There were tricks and practical jokes innumerable, but there was nothing like a plot; the great fun lay in the smart dialogues between Karaguse and the Hadji. Having been warned of an incident which befel a fair traveller whose curiosity led her to an exhibition of the sort, I had requested as a favour that certain jokes might be omitted. The first time I was tolerably successful; but the company found that Karaguse was rather dull, and at the second exhibition the line of decency was very frequently crossed. This second drama was, however, a true and perfect picture of Eastern life. Some pleasure-taking Persians arrive at Constantinople, and are determined to enjoy themselves. They produce a bag of money, and say that it must all be spent in a day of keff. Karaguse and Hadji Haivat conduct them to a secluded kiosk, in one of the valleys of the Bosphorus, where there are shady trees, a fountain, and a cool running

stream. Here the Persian khans feast and drink, and being drunk they send the Hadji to bring in music and dancing-boys. A quarrel very soon ensues, and ends in a general fight and a terrible noise. The Turkish police come running to the spot, and take the Persian khans into custody. Karaguse bribes the policemen, who consent to the prolongation of the festivity, and take their departure. But another body of them comes upon the stage, and as Hadji Haivat keeps some money instead of giving it as a bribe, all the party, including musicians and dancing-boys, are carried before the *cadi*, or judge. The *cadi* delivers a long moral discourse; the Persians present to him all the money that is left, and thereupon it is agreed that wine and spirits shall be brought into the hall of justice, and that the music and dancing shall go on there, the *cadi* himself presiding.

It will be understood that we had no Turks in our party; but I have seen and heard pieces quite as satirical in places where many Turks were present. Their fondness for the entertainment amounts almost to a passion. A sedate, stern-looking old Mussulman, who lived near Selyvria, had been known to travel nearly a hundred miles to see a Karaguse at Adrianople. It is to be noted that both Karaguse and Hadji Haivat, like our own Punch, speak with a nasal twang, and in a squeaking, falsetto voice.

NO LIE THRIVES.—No. III.



MANY weeks had now passed in which Willis had kept such good command over himself, that he had not once been betrayed into any foolish exhibition of passion. Ellen looked upon his infirmity as a thing

past and gone, while he himself would talk of it as all are apt to speak of the foibles of their youth,—as something to be smiled at rather than to be lamented. As both were fond of animals, their mother allowed the brother his rabbits, the sister her dog. Fan, indeed, was Ellen's property, but she was equally a favourite with both. She was their companion and playfellow, on all occasions, nor was she less remarkable for her beauty than for her attachment to them. If it was summer, and the work and lessons were finished before Willis returned from school, Ellen's custom was to go into the garden and wait for him there. Seated on the trunk of a tree she would amuse herself with her doll, whilst Fan at her feet, her head between her fore-paws, would lie listening for the distant sound of his approaching feet. The movement of her ears was always a signal to Ellen that Willis was drawing nigh, and long before she herself could hear his step, Fan's tail was in motion, and her eyes were directed towards the gate. No sooner was Willis's hand on the latch, and a whistle announced his arrival, than Fan would bound to the spot, expressing her joy by barking and frisking backwards and forwards till the brother and sister had met.

Willis had taught her to fetch and carry, nor had he experienced any difficulty in the task, for she was as docile and as obedient as her gentle mistress.

Ellen had always been a delicate child. Since their arrival at Seaforth, she had been attacked two or three times with a severe illness. On these occasions Fan would not leave her; not even Willis's endeavours were of any avail to induce her to accompany him, and not till Ellen was able to walk out with her would she quit the house or premises.

It happened one evening that the little party went to take a walk. Fan, as was generally the case, was very playful, and Willis kept her in constant exercise by throwing stones for her to fetch, or laying his glove or handkerchief by the roadside, for the sake of making her return for it. On a sudden she refused to obey his commands: she sat down and looked Ellen pitifully in the face. Willis repeated his desire, and finding that she was still refractory, he struck her slightly with a little cane he carried in order to enforce obedience. Again he threw a stone; Fan went after it, but without alacrity. He now began to be vexed. Mrs. Richmond suggested that she might have hurt herself, but this Willis declared could not be the case, as she showed no symptom of lameness: it was only a fit of obstinacy, he declared, and he was determined that she should obey him. For a few times Fan brought him the stone he had cast; she then sat down again, and refused to stir. Willis spoke in a commanding tone to her, but in vain: then rising, she took a contrary direction, and seemed to be making her way home. Ellen called, "Fan, Fan!" and so did Willis, but she did not offer to return. In a moment the anger of the latter rose, and taking a stone much larger than he had been using, he threw it after her with all the acquired strength of furious passion. It struck the poor animal on the back; she uttered a piercing cry and fell to the ground, continuing to utter a doleful howl.

"Oh, Willis!" exclaimed Mrs. Richmond, "you have hurt the poor dog—go, see what is the matter."

But both Willis and Ellen had already run to the spot as fast as they were able. With consternation and grief the former perceived he had certainly inflicted some severe injury on the dog; for on attempting to raise her, she was in great agony, and quite unable to stand. It would be

useless to attempt describing his distress. He took her in his arms, and every moan she continued to make pierced his heart most painfully. They called on a farrier in their way home, skilled alike in the complaints of dogs and horses. He had no sooner examined her than he pronounced that the severity of the blow had injured the spine.

"Will she die?" exclaimed Ellen, in the utmost distress.

"It will be more merciful to kill the poor beast," said the man—"than to let her live in the pain she is now suffering, and will have to suffer,—if she was to get over this, her hind quarters would be paralysed."

"O Ellen—O mother—O my poor little Fan!" cried Willis, in a passionate burst of sorrow, "how can you forgive me!—how can I ever forgive myself!" He threw himself beside the poor dog, which, by the faint endeavour she made to lick his face, showed that she at least had already forgiven him.

Mrs. Richmond spoke in a low tone to the man; and then, touching Willis, she desired both her children to follow her. Willis requested to be allowed to remain; but as this was denied, he and his sister sorrowfully accompanied their mother home.

The remainder of the evening passed away heavily to each. Mrs. Richmond, well knowing that this was no proper time for reproof, avoided all allusion to what had passed, and Ellen checked the words, "Poor Fan!" that constantly hung on her lips, from escaping them. Willis was wretched. Do what he could, go where he might, he could see only poor Fan—could hear only her pitiful cry: and as the thought of her forgiving affection crossed him, his eyes filled with tears.

Early the next morning, before his mother and sister had come down to breakfast, he hastened to the farrier's. "Well, Mr. Johnson," said he, entering abruptly, "how is my dog? is she easy?"

"Depend upon it, she is," replied a young man, with a significant glance to a person beside him; "there's no return of pain after one of our doses—she is still enough now, isn't she? look at her."

Willis followed the direction of the man's finger. There lay Fan. The attitude in which she was stretched communicated an instant feeling of dread to his bosom. He darted towards her, put his hand hastily upon her—"She is dead!" cried he; "oh! you could not have been so barbarous as to kill her, surely?"

"It would have been a great deal more barbarous to let her live," replied he; "and after all, what does it signify? you may get plenty of dogs at any price you like. I'll sell you one worth two such as she, and not ask out of the way either."

The manner of the youth was very irritating, and the contending feelings in the breast of Willis threatened a renewal of that impetuosity, the sad effects of which he was at the very moment deploring.

"If you say another word"—cried he, his eyes flashing fire—"I'll knock you down."

"Gently, young sir," exclaimed Mr. Johnson, entering, "I'll have no fighting here. We were obliged to kill your dog. Your mother knew as well as we what must be the end of it. *We* are not the cause of her death, and I am only sorry to see you have not profited better by the lesson you have received,—not to give way to passion."

Willis blushed deeply. Mr. Johnson continued—

"That young fellow happened to see it all, for he was exercising a horse at the time; he found too that the dog had got a thorn in the top of

her foot, which, though it did not make her lame, was the cause, no doubt, of her not obeying you as usual. But what shall we do with the dog? I was just going to desire it might be buried."

"I will take her home, and bury her myself," said Willis. Raising poor Fan in his arms, he walked away with swelling heart. When once out of sight, the emotion, which he had succeeded in repressing whilst in the presence of those who could not have understood him, forced its way, and he literally sobbed over his inanimate burthen. He laid the body in the garden, and, with swollen eyes, entered the room where his mother and sister were already at breakfast.

"How glad I am that you are come back!" cried Ellen, "have you been to see how poor Fan is?"

Their eyes met. "Oh, Ellen!" exclaimed he, "what will you say to me? Poor Fan is dead!"

"Dead!" repeated she, turning very pale, the piece of bread which she held in her hand falling into her plate; "dead! you cannot mean it. Oh! I shall be so very sorry."

"It is but too true," sighed he, seating himself beside her; "I have brought her home, that we may bury her in the garden. Oh, Ellen! don't cry; you can never forgive me."

Ellen cast one of her sweetest looks at him, and putting her arm round his neck, "Oh, Willy!" said she, "you must be so much more grieved than I, it would be cruel not to forgive you. Poor, poor Fan!" and as she kissed her brother, her tears redoubled.

Mrs. Richmond made not the slightest remark on anything that was passing. She allowed them to bury the dog according to their fancy, and even, at their request, witnessed the ceremony. The death of poor Fan cast a gloom over the little party for many days; by degrees, cheerfulness began to return; still Mrs. Richmond said nothing to Willis on the subject. It was about ten days afterwards, that Willis entered the room they usually occupied.

"Where is Ellen, mother?" inquired he, looking round the apartment.

"Gone into the town to buy me some muslin," replied his mother.

"Then she will not be back at present," returned he; "I am glad of it, for I wish to say something to you." He seated himself by her side.

"Mother," resumed he, in a tone of much feeling, "I want to thank you. I quite understand the meaning of your silence—your kindness, and if I may say so, your wisdom in it."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Richmond, casting a smile on him.

"Yes," returned he, "you wished that the sad consequences of my ungoverned temper should work its own way in my heart. You would not add to the distress you knew I must be suffering, and you thought, didn't you, now? that you might increase my sorrow by your reproof or counsel."

"Yes, and I feared that I might lose the good effect of my words by being premature," answered Mrs. Richmond; "you are right, my dear boy; but tell me, is the time now arrived when such admonition is prudent, and can be well received?"

"I shall be grateful for anything you may say to me," returned he; "but I think your silence, so full of meaning as I felt it, and the reflections which the pain I have been enduring these many days have awakened in me, make your kind interference, for the present, at least, unnecessary. I think I shall never offend again in a similar manner; but

the more I hope this may the case, the less I am able to say on the subject. Oh, mother, mother! what if, instead of poor Fan, I had injured you, or Ellen, or, indeed, any human being? I caused the death of a dog only, it is true, but its life was the gift of God; and I can neither shut my eyes against the offence I have committed, nor the goodness that may have saved me from greater sin and greater misery. Oh! you cannot think what I have felt ever since."

"It was not very difficult to read you, Willis," said Mrs. Richmond; "and for once I rejoiced in your unhappiness. And now, allusion to the past shall be dropped entirely. I did intend, perhaps, to say a good deal on the subject, but I am thankful that there is no occasion for it. The fault acknowledged and forgiven is rarely recalled to recollection by another with advantage—nay, we may ourselves converse on our offences till we lose the sense of their enormity, and reconcile ourselves to the transgression we profess to deplore."

The entrance of Ellen entirely changed the conversation, and the more so as she had not executed her commission with her usual accuracy. As she was obliged to go back to the shop, Willis offered to accompany her. On their way he proposed calling at a person's, who he knew had a litter of very handsome puppies, of the same breed as poor Fan. "I have chosen one for you," said he, "if you approve of my taste we will take it home at once."

Ellen coloured, hesitated, and then said, "No, Willis, I had rather not; I do not wish to have another dog."

Willis was greatly disappointed. "What!" cried he, "do you think I shall again illtreat a favourite of yours! Oh, Ellen!—but I deserve it."

"No, Willy, no," was the gentle reply, "that is not my meaning. I loved my poor Fan so much that I should not like to be fond of another dog; and I should be very sorry, too, to be put in mind of what has been such a grief to you."

Willis said no more, but he had caught at the word "dog," and his resolution was taken. The next morning, when his sister came down stairs, her attention was at once attracted by the sight of a cage.

"Oh! what have we here?" cried she.

"A nightingale, Ellen," replied her brother, "a bird of all others most likely to take a fancy to you. I know what you are going to say—it is cruel to confine it. In this instance you are mistaken. It has been bred in a cage, and it was the fondness of the old birds to the woman who owns them that made me get this young one for you. If you had rather not keep it I will take it back."

"And disappoint you!" said Ellen, whose tender heart at once interpreted his look. "No, no, I will love it a great deal for your sake, and then I am sure I shall love it very much for its own."

In such affection passed the years of childhood: happy in themselves, the happiness of those so dear to her formed the full sum of their mother's bliss. The occurrence which had given such pain to each had in reality a salutary effect. From henceforth, Willis resolutely and steadily endeavoured to keep a control over himself; and if he did not at all times entirely succeed, it is but justice to him to say his lapses were neither serious nor frequent, and that in no one instance his infirmity again became master of his resolution.

[To be continued.]

THE
HOME FRIEND;

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**CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE FOREST.
A STORY OF SWEDEN.**



ON the edge of one of the forests which surround Stockholm, there dwelt an honest and good workman, who earned his daily bread as a woodcutter. He was poor, but as he never drank branvin—that bad spirit which does so much mischief in the north—his industry, with that of his wife, was sufficient to maintain a small family in decency, and even comfort. They brought up their two little children well, teaching them from the first to obey their parents; and also guided them in the knowledge and fear of God, the Father and Ruler of all. Everyone in Sweden is obliged to learn to read and write; this is one of the best regulations of the country. If a

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prisoner on trial be found to be utterly ignorant and uninstructed, the officers of the Government write to the clergyman of the parish to which that person belongs, and inquires the reason of this neglect, and the clergyman must answer that inquiry. Parents are, therefore, obliged to instruct their children at home, in case the school is too distant from them. In the evenings, you might often see either the father or mother of these children teaching them to read, and the boy at an early age was able to read well in the New Testament. The small wooden house in which they lived, was made to look neat and pretty without much trouble or expense. Like many others of the same kind in this country, it was painted a bright red, its good-sized and clear windows had green frames, and the sloping roof came projecting down over the green door in order to defend it from the storms and cold; so that it looked like a sheltered little nest for the woodman, there on the edge of that dark forest, whose large firs were green amid the snows of winter, and blended charmingly with the foliage of the oak and birch in summer.

Then, while the father lived and worked, there were pleasant Yule Eves in that lowly cot. There is no day in the whole year more delightful to the people of Sweden, whether the highly or lowly born, than that which is called Yule Eve, or the evening before Christmas-day: it is more like what Christmas-day used to be in Old England; that day is observed in a more religious manner in Sweden, and its eve is devoted to the family meetings, the feasting, the presentations of gifts, and other rejoicings, with which we celebrate the day that angels ushered in with the proclamation of goodwill to man.

On Christmas Eve every house is decked for its greatest festival: from the palace of the king to the wooden hut of the peasant, the same observances vary in quality, but are maintained in their spirit; and in the capital and in the country every flower-screened window, and every massive door, may serve but partially to conceal the light and gladness that are within them.

And in the red wooden hut on the edge of the fir forest there was much gladness on the Yule Eves during which the father lived; then the Yule feast was duly prepared, the long candle was set up; and some guests, poorer than the hosts, were bidden to the feast. The children's Yule table was set out on a stool, a few cakes and comfits were laid upon it; the father made a splendid branch candlestick of pieces of stick twined round with moss, and fixed little bits of candle in tin sockets on these branches, and two good apples were put upon the sharp-pointed top of the young fir-tree, which the father brought from the forest, and planted for them in a corner of the small kitchen; so that these poor children were as glad and happy when Yule Eve came as were the rich children who were more loaded with gifts and luxuries.

In Sweden it is often the practice of religious persons on this eve, who wish to impress on the minds of their children the great event it commemorates, to represent the manger of Bethlehem, and the holy child Jesus, in a place set apart for the purpose, into which the children are conducted. The Swedes are Protestants, or followers of Luther, and do not have images in their churches, although they have plenty of pictures; but to this representation they have no objection, and it is approached with feelings of piety by the children, who regard with reverence this picture of the birth of that dear Saviour who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be made rich.

And among all the simple, yet hearty, joy of a Christmas Eve in the red wooden hut, that sight of the manger at Bethlehem was one dearest to its two little ones, shedding over all the rest the calming, sanctifying sense of the great love wherewith their heavenly Father loved them, since for them He gave His only begotten son, that they should not perish but have everlasting life.

And their earthly father loved them too, and told them of that greater love than his, and taught his little ones to love Him who so loved them, that thus when their father on earth had left them, their Father in heaven might still be the guide of their youth, their Father and Protector for ever.

And the time when this should come to pass was nearer than the good man thought. The children were soon left to look up to heaven and cry, "My Father! thou art the guide of our youth," for they had none to whom to cry thus upon the earth.

They had now been for some time left quite alone upon it, orphans, seeking their daily food like the birds of the air. The boy could only perfectly remember three Christmas Eves, and the little girl but two, when the good father had made them so happy: when he had shared their pleasures, told them the tales they delighted to hear, and closed the evening with the Christmas hymn they were accustomed to sing.

Shortly after that Christmas Eve, the good father met with his death while at work in the forest. The next Yule Eve there was no father in the small wooden house: the mother was sad, but she did not cause the children to suffer by her sadness. She had worked hard all that year. The women of Sweden generally work harder than the men; they labour both at home and abroad. In summer they are in the fields, they carry loads, drive carts, act even as postilions, and drive travellers with post horses, and row boats on the lakes. In winter they are seen drawing hand-sledges with heavy loads of wood or provisions for the markets; and at home they weave in looms webs of strong linen, or of wool, or of cotton and wool mixed; they knit their own stockings, and usually make their own clothing, for wearing apparel is very dear in Sweden if not home-made.

We must admire the good mother of these two children, who worked for her daily bread, fulfilled her daily duties, bore resignedly the lot which God had assigned to her, and took good care of the children He had given her, remembering Him in all her ways, and trying, even in her lonely life and humble manner, to act as the follower of her Lord and Saviour. And after her hard day's work her son read to her, by the light of a resin-pine torch, the holy and comfort-bringing words of Christ.

Then Christmas Eve came once again; not so merrily, not so happily, for there was no father now in the little red house to light up the wooden branch candlestick, and set up the Yule tree in its corner; but still Christmas Eve came once again: there was a mother still, and in her grief for the dead she did not lose her love and thoughtfulness for the living. See! this last Christmas Eve she has herself made up the Yule lights, and placed the Yule tree in its corner; the two good apples are on its top, for she has saved a few copper coins and bought them, and also some little materials to make Yule bread, and a few lozenges for the children's table, to gladden their hearts and tell them that the joyful eve had come again.

The widow and her children took their last Yule supper together: they sung the last Yule song they should ever sing on earth together—that hymn of praise to the Saviour who was born at Bethlehem for the world's

redemption. The husband and wife had sung that hymn when as yet they had no child; the father and mother had sung it when the first little one sat upon their knees: the parents had sung it with the children on the last Christmas Eve they should ever celebrate together on earth; and then the father had told them tales of the holy child Jesus, whom his mother laid in the manger of Bethlehem.

Now the father had gone where the song of praise for that great event ascendeth to the throne of the Lamb for ever; where the birth of the Lord of Hosts into a world of sin and sorrow is chief among the wondrous things which His angels desire to look into. The father was gone, yet still that simple Yule song was heard within the little red house, and still were tales of the birth, the life, the grace, the tenderness of the holy child Jesus, repeated within the wooden cot. Thus closed the last Yule Eve in the woodcutter's little red house. Before another came round other owners dwelt therein; and the winter's snow already lay deep on the grave where they had not long placed the mother's body to rest at the side of the father's.

The children were alone; they had no relations to take care of them, and were what is called in England, upon the parish, and which in Sweden signifies that they are allowed to roam from house to house, and place to place, finding food, lodging; all that their destitution requires, within the bounds of their own parish. The people of each parish in Sweden are thus obliged to provide for those of their own poor who are unable from age, infirmity, or other good cause, to work. These poor are sometimes billeted for a certain time on each house, and, if unable to walk themselves, their entertainers must convey them to the next station. It may be supposed that this compulsory charity is not always pleasantly given; at best it is a sorrowful thing for children to be left to such a life: sometimes to avoid this, the parishes pay a certain sum to the guardians of the poor, and children are then placed in foster-houses; but this system, as among ourselves, has sometimes its evils too. The poor in Sweden are not so numerous nor so miserable as the poor in richer England; nevertheless there are poor and destitute creatures here also, and these children were now among them.

Christmas Eve came round again; and never did the winter dress of this northern land shine more glitteringly white and beautiful than it did on the day which ushered in that joyful eve of which I am now going to write. On that 24th of December the sun cast its beams over trees bedecked with rime-frost, and sparkling with ice diamonds that reflected its light in innumerable colours, so that nature itself seemed to partake in the human gladness that prevailed, and to select the garb most adapted to the festive occasion.

We shall now look into a great house in the beautifully-situated capital, Stockholm, in which I am writing. The twilight, the long, clear twilight of this northern climate, has already drawn on; the short daylight has scarcely lasted longer than from ten to two o'clock; already the lamps and candles begin to glitter forth from the numerous and large windows: it will not, however, be quite dark for a long time; it will not, in fact, be dark at all to night, for the moon will blend its rays with the lengthened twilight: the ground is all snow-white, the houses, the streets, all are white, but all is hard and glittering; the artificial lights sparkle out like stars over the frosty scene, and a deep crimson hue still hangs a charming drapery over the distant western

horizon. We look into a fine house, and there we see a very large room—it is not like any room in an English house—there is no carpet on the floor, although other rooms in the same house are carpeted; the windows are not curtained, nor closed with shutters; there are two window frames, and between the two stand some exotics; many tall plants are in the room; and ivy, which is such a common and even troublesome plant in England, is here cultivated in pots, and trained before the windows, as quite a rare thing which does not grow in the open air. There is no fireplace here, but an immense stove of porcelain reaches quite from the floor to the ceiling: in this a few logs of wood are lighted, and when they are burned down the hot embers are shut up, and in two or three hours' time the room will be very warm. Long tables are here laid out for supper; the great Yule candles stand upon them. From the ceiling hangs a large chandelier, whose glass drops sparkle like the icicles out of doors. Near to the table stands a huge basketful of Christmas presents for all the household, and for all the invited guests; these will be distributed this evening. But the most charming sight for young eyes, and I confess for mine also, is the Christmas tree. There it stands in the centre of the room. It is a bushy young fir, planted in a tub. The top of the tub is covered with green things, which hang quite over it, and make it look like a little mound of earth; the branches are all hung with small wax tapers, disposed in the form of stars. When lighted up the appearance of such a Yule tree, especially when seen from the street, is quite charming. There are also many shining ornaments on the boughs, and confectionary, and presents for the little ones. This is the children's tree, and there is also the children's table. See how beautifully it is laid out! In the centre stands the Yule light, which no Swede, poor or rich, will be without, if it can by any means be procured. This Yule light is now a pretty branch candlestick, nicely decorated, and holding many small tapers of various colours.

The whole aspect of this great room speaks of gladness, comfort, and joy. It is a room which, in Swedish houses, forms a sort of entrance to the other and more private apartments; it is used for meals, and for entertainments. The hour draws nigh when all the family, and most of the relatives of this head of a family, shall assemble here, to exchange Christmas gifts and partake of their celebrated Christmas Eve supper. The sound of feet rapidly traversing the streets tells us that such meetings are nearly universal; and in every eye, which scarcely glances on the solitary stranger in passing, one may fancy one reads a strong unbelief of the fact that any human creature is alone, unknown, unnoticed, in this great and joyful festival.

We look on, and ask ourselves, are there then no sorrowing hearts in the world?—none, at least, in this land of Sweden?—no friendless, homeless human creatures?—no children for whom no Yule table is prepared; for whom no Yule light burns; children who hunger and freeze in the cold street, or within dark and silent rooms?

We might think there are not; for every one looks glad, and gay, and busy, and we see few poor, and are not solicited by beggars. But look! two little ones just now approach the great court door of this house. There are no hall doors here with knockers or bells: this large door leads to a court or yard, and at the side of the covered passage looking into this court, you find a wide flight of stone steps. You must ascend these, and you find the door of the house you want, sometimes up one, two, three, or four flights of these great stone stairs.

The little ones had stood in the street, and gazed up at the cheerfully-shining windows, and the little girl said to her elder brother, whose hand she held, "How beautiful do these great windows look! many Christmas lights must no doubt be burning here."

The little boy answered her, "Certainly, here must dwell some very great and noble lord."

"I am sure," she rejoined, "he would give us some little Christmas gift—at least enough to buy us a Yule candle, or some Yule bread."

"Let us try that," said he, and led her up the court door.

Who were these children who thus wandered through the gay and busy town, without a friend to welcome them, a house to receive them, a Yule table to sit down to, a Yule light to sparkle for them?—they were the woodcutter's children from the little red house on the edge of the forest. I tell you their story in the hope that on some future Christmas Eve, if you have not done so on a past one, you may think of Jesus to whom that day is dedicated; and remember His little ones, who so often are left poor and lonely and sorrowful in the world, yet for whom He, the Lord of Glory, came down from heaven, and was made man; for whom, and for whose salvation, He lived and suffered and died, and rose again from the dead, and ascended into heaven; even for these poor little ones who, as their Saviour was, are often despised and rejected of men.

Christmas Eve, I have said, had come again; joy had come with it, but not to the children of the forest: the hearts of these poor parish wanderers were sad. In every house, rich and poor, wherever they went to seek their daily bread, there were preparations of some sort going on for that grand national festivity, but no one was preparing for them; guests were invited, but the children of the forest were not bidden to the Christmas feast.

They thought of former times, of their other happy Yule Eves. Little Lilia could scarcely comprehend that they were to have no Yule tree, no Yule supper, above all no Yule candle, which the people of Sweden consider it almost a religious duty to place in their windows on the Christmas night, so that all persons going to church, perhaps twelve or even twenty miles distant, very, very long before the time of daybreak, may see that light which perhaps is meant to be a remembrancer of the light of the world that was sent to give light to them that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.

The children wandered on through the forest till they got quite beyond the limits of their parish, and then they took it into their heads they would go on even to the fine capital, and see if the grand folks of Stockholm would not do something for them. Now, though the helpless poor are entitled to aid, and not to reproach, within the bounds of their own parishes, they are accounted vagabonds when they seek for it elsewhere. The children did not know, or did not think of this, and so it had come to pass that they wandered on, and stood, on the Yule Eve I have described, before the great house that was so gaily decked out for the festival.

The children had entered the large door, they mounted the wide stone staircase, holding the iron handrail that ran along by the wall, for the wooden soles of their shoes were laden with snow and ice, and became slippery as they tried to ascend the steps. Servants and messengers had been passing to and fro, so that the door of the house which led into the corridor stood open. This corridor is a sort of small hall, which is used for taking off boots, goloshes, and cloaks; just before its door was also the door of the larger saloon I have described, which likewise lay open: every

one happened to be busy, or certainly these doors would have been carefully shut. The wood had now been kindled in the stove, and the blazing logs cast a cheerful, dancing light over the beautiful room and all its gay decorations.

The children stood hand in hand in the corridor, and attempted to sing their Yule song; but their hearts were heavy; they had eaten little, and walked much, so that when they tried to sing the notes would not come from their pale lips. Poor children! it was hard to make melody in their heaviness: they had sung the songs of Zion in their little wooden hut by the forest side, but now it was to them as if they were ordered to sing the Lord's song in a strange land.

"Here," said Carl to his sister, "there must certainly dwell a very rich and noble lord."

"Surely," she whispered, "he will not deny us some Christmas gift; perhaps some grütt, or a penny even, to buy a Yule light." But looking on into the grand saloon, a gleam of delight shone over her little face.

"Oh, Carl! Carl!" she cried, "what a grand and beautiful room is there! what a wonderfully-large Yule table is set out! what a fine-dressed Yule tree! Father and mother used to give us three or four very little bits of lights; but see, what a great number of lights shine out there! Look, brother, only look!"

So saying, she drew the boy nearer to the open door. Carl drew off his cap, and holding it in one hand, clasped his sister's in the other: thus did they both timidly, yet curiously, advance even over the threshold of the handsome and tempting room. Certainly these poor children were quite ignorant of the grand world, or they would never have thought of thus entering the dwellings of the rich as they were accustomed to enter the houses of the more lowly.

"Carl," said Lilia, in a voice of almost awe, "I truly believe that the blessed child Jesus must love much the children who dwell in this fine house, since he gives them all these grand things."

"The blessed child Jesus had none of these grand things when he himself was born in Bethlehem," said Carl, in a louder and more decided tone; "he may truly love us too, although he gives us none of them. Do you not recollect, little sister, how father and mother used to teach us that word of God which says, 'I love them that love me?' Therefore if we love Jesus, we must only want to have what Jesus himself had when he came down to us."

Just at this moment a door opened at the opposite side of the saloon, and a loud voice called out, "Stop the young thieves!" The children uttered a cry of terror, and would have fled, but a servant coming from the door behind them, held them fast.

"What have you been doing here? Have you stolen something from this room?" cried several voices.

Lilia began to cry; but Carl tremblingly answered, "Pardon, dear sir, we came here because we were hungry, and hoped to get some little Christmas gift."

"Or even a penny to buy a Yule light," sobbed little Lilia, "for we always had one on Yule Eve."

"The door here stood open," Carl resumed, "and tempted me to look in at the fine things, but not to take any of them. No, worthy sir, we must not so ill repay the blessed child Jesus, who gave us so much gladness in former years while our parents still lived."

"Ah! you are a young läsare, are you?"* said one of the men, tauntingly. "Come, get you out; you are not ashamed to preach any more than to beg."

The children were too eager to obey the command to attend to the taunt; they fled through the doors they had hopefully entered. Just as they ran out, two other children ran into the grand room they had escaped from. They saw the little wanderers, and asked who they were. "Young beggars," was the answer, "who had been looking for some Yule gifts."

For a moment the rich children thought it a pity these poor ones should have got nothing; but they began to look at the beautiful objects around them, and speedily ceased to think of the houseless, hungry wanderers.

Their uncle came in; and as he wanted to slip some nice presents on their table, he told them to run away out of the room, for no one was permitted to enter it until the whole company were assembling.

"Oh!" cried the children, "others have come in here as well as we; two little beggars were here when we came in."

"That is not right," said the uncle, "they might have been tempted to take something."

The servant, to whom he looked in speaking, said the children had taken nothing, and repeated, laughing, what the boy had said about not so ill repaying the blessed Jesus, who had given them so much happiness in former years.

"Poor boy!" said the gentleman, when he heard this, "that was a good sentiment; it is not well to call every one läsare who thinks of the Saviour, and thanks God for His great love; it looks as if we did not read the Holy Word ourselves, when we call those who do read it by any particular name." Then, turning to the children, he said, "Augusta, did you and Olaf let these poor creatures go away without getting even a bit to eat?"

"I am sorry I did not ask for something for them," the girl replied; "but I wanted to see all the beautiful things, and I could not go away to ask mamma."

"And I did not think about them," cried her brother; "one has so many other things to think of on Yule Eve."

The uncle shook his head disapprovingly, and went out and looked down the stone steps, but the children were not to be seen.

Poor things! he did not think how hard they were running—what terror filled their hearts, and winged their feet! They did not speak till they got far out of the town—the beautiful town they had so wished to see, and were now so glad to escape from. Lilia was the first to speak, and to slacken her pace as she spoke.

Stockholm is not like mighty London; one is very soon beyond its streets, and then forests and water are all around. So when they were clearly out of the town, the children stopped running, and Lilia said, "Little† brother, let us not go again into the great towns, nor enter the fine rooms; no, nor think about the beautiful Yule gifts, or the Yule supper. Ah! is it not true that the dear child Jesus cannot love people whose hearts are hard?"

"These people did not know us, little sister," said Carl, in a voice which yet faltered with emotion; "no, if they had known us, they would never

* "Läsare" means "reader;" it is a term of reproach too often used in Sweden to persons who like to read the Bible.

† "Little," in Swedish, is a term of endearment.

have called us thieves. Perhaps their hearts are not at all hard, God knows that ; but surely we will not go again into the great towns, where, doubtless, many bad people live, who make the hearts of the rich to be hard against the honest poor. I see now that poor people ought not to leave their own parish, where they are known."

"Let us go back there, brother; farmer Bonder will surely give us a little supper; ah! I should be glad of that!"

"You are hungry, little Lilia," said the boy; "look here," and he drew to the edge of his pocket a handful of bits of broken food; "see, now, we shall make a good feast when we get once more into our own forest."

The hope of food and rest stimulated again the hungry and tired child: putting forth all her little remaining strength she bravely toiled on beside her brother, until they entered the deep fir forest.

And glorious there was the scene! The moon and the stars had come forth, and exceedingly beautiful were they! The winter sky of Sweden, in clear weather, is truly magnificent; and more so when the snow is frozen on the ground. The moonlight is a pure, clear white; it does not cast the golden radiancy which it sheds upon us in England. The moon itself looks so much larger than our moon—we scarcely believe it is the same; the large, pure orb seems to hang in ether, detached, still, and grand; with the sky high above it, and the white glittering earth so wide spread out beneath it. The heavens themselves, with all their brilliantly-sparkling bodies, have a gigantic aspect; and, in the great distance one can see around, all looks so vast, so distinct, and, to an eye accustomed to the scenery of our little and milder isle, so strange, so Scandinavian-like, that the mind naturally returns to old, long-preconceived ideas of the wild and terrible north which now exist in legend only.

"See now," said Carl to his little sister, as one and another of those large, bright stars came glittering out—"see now, my little Lilia, there are our Yule lights sparkling up; the lights which Jesus gives us from himself."

Beautiful was it now in the silent wood; the earth was covered deep with hard-frozen snow, which shone like crystal under those heavenly lights: the trees, I have said already, were clad in a rime-frost dress; the bare branches of the mighty oaks were spangled with icicles, and the green twigs of the lofty pines were fringed with silver edging. From each dark leaflet, from each brown naked bough, hung ice ornaments, which sparkled and shone like costly diamonds in the clear moonbeams. The scene was one of unspeakable splendour, of solemn, solitary grandeur.

Lilia sighed, and pressed her brother's hand: "I wish we were at home!" she whispered. "Ah! I forgot—we have no home now! Yes, just now, if we had our home, we should be lighting up our Yule tree; dear mother would certainly do that."

"Mother is happy now with the blessed Jesus; and Jesus may soon take us too, my little sister," answered Carl.

"That may well be," said Lilia, heavily.

"Look up, Lilia, look up," he cried, trying to cheer her, "and tell me where could you see such Yule trees as these we have here? how large and grandly dressed they are!" He spoke to cheer her, poor boy!

They reached, as he spoke, the foot of a low hill, which rose in the forest; it was just there that the ice-pearls hung most beautifully from the trees—more beautiful were they than the jewels that deck the crowns of kings; and over them gleamed the million stars which lighted up the

heavens with the most wonderful of all Christmas lights; the same stars, shining over the forest of Sweden now, as they shone over the plain of Bethlehem once, when shepherds kept watch over their flocks by night, and angels sang glory to God in the highest, because to man was born a Saviour, who was Christ the Lord.

The weary little wanderers sat down there on a felled tree; the boy drew out the contents of his pocket, and said, "Eat, little sister, see, here is your Yule table, here is your Yule supper, and up there are your Yule candles."

Lilia ate; and, as the child revived with the food, she said, "I think, little brother, that the blessed child Jesus must love us still, for does he not give us now a good Yule Eve here in the forest? And I think he may take us soon to be with father and mother again, and then we shall never want a Yule feast nor a Yule light any more. But now, Carl, tell me one of the good tales we used to hear long ago; for I am tired, little brother, and must rest longer."

They boy now began to tell her the wonderful tale of the Saviour's birth at Bethlehem; but Lilia soon ceased to listen. "I am so sleepy, Carl," she said, "let me lean my head upon you, and sleep a little moment; then I can walk on faster when I waken up."

Carl knew not the danger of granting her desire; he put his arm round her neck, drew her little head tenderly upon his breast, and said, "Sleep well, my little sister, we can hasten on more quickly when your sleep is over. Sleep, my Lilia, you are well now," and he wrapped his poor sheep-skin jacket round her head. "No better bed had the dear child Jesus when he lay in the manger of Bethlehem. Sleep for a little moment, it is Yule Eve still, even here in the forest."

The little moment passed; and Lilia did not waken up; Carl, too, slept.

The forest Yule guests slept together soundly, deeply—to wake no more!

The Yule lights went out all over Sweden—went out in the houses of rich and poor, in the great palace of the king, in the wooden hut of the peasant, went out in the wide, clear vault of the heavens. Before the Christmas morn had dawned upon the earth, the snow again fell thick and heavy upon it. The frost-bound children slept, and their life passed gently away. The people sought them in the morning, but found them not. Their life was taken from the earth, and the snow covered their little bodies; covered all where they had been; the Yule table, the Yule feast; the Yule guests of the forest—all were hidden beneath a snowy coverlet.

The spring came forth, the frozen snow melted away, and lo! all was green beneath it. And when the blosippa, that tiny flower which hides its blue buds beneath the snow, and keeps them for months ready prepared to expand to the first sunbeams—when the blosippa was seen to come forth, ready dressed for the spring, then were also Carl and Lilia seen, just as they had fallen asleep, locked in each other's arms, beside the felled tree whereon the forest Yule guests had made their last Yule supper. The little head of the frozen sister still lay sheltered in the bosom of the frozen brother. "The dear child Jesus" had taken them to feast with himself in heaven.

The rich children of the great house, who had spent a very different Christmas Eve, heard of the children's Christmas Eve in the forest; their

uncle told it to them; they wept at the story. They all remembered the uninvited guests who had visited them on that Christmas Eve, and readily believed that the children who had been driven out as thieves, were the frozen-to-death Yule guests of the forest. Their uncle commended their tears, but said to them these words—"Your own enjoyments, and your own abundance of good things, made you careless of the wants and sufferings of those to whom God had not given so much. Remember, on another Christmas Eve, the words of that poor boy, 'We must not so ill repay the blessed child Jesus, who gave us so much gladness in former years!'"

S. B.

 NO LIE THRIVES.—No. IV.

WILLIS was now in his fourteenth year, and it was becoming necessary that he should make choice of the business he wished to follow. At first, he fancied he should like to be a chemist and druggist, as his father had been; but the premium demanded was high, and there was no one in the place with whom Mrs. Richmond felt she could intrust him. A grocer and draper was then recommended, and the more strongly, as there was a probability that an opportunity would present itself of apprenticing him to a most respectable man, whose business was not only extensive, but whose character, both in public and private, was of high standing in the town and its immediate neighbourhood. Willis was readily guided; and the subject was privately named by a mutual friend to Mr. Sharman, who informed him that his first vacancy was promised to a youth in the town, but that if another occurred, as he feared would be the case, he would let him know.

Among the boys at the Free School was one of the name of Frank Davis. His father had been for many years chief clerk in the Union Bank, and was much esteemed by his employers and by his fellow-townsmen generally. There was no particular intimacy between Frank and Willis; as schoolfellows and playmates they agreed very well together, but neither liked the other sufficiently to ask to be allowed to invite him home.

"I should like Frank Davis very well," said Willis one day to his mother, when they were speaking of him, "if I could feel thoroughly to rely upon him. I never caught him telling exactly an untruth, but he never goes direct to the point—he never seems to me to act in any way, as you are so constantly impressing on us, from a known principle of right and wrong; and there is something in his manner to the masters I don't like. He's too smooth and silky to please me; he would have them think that everything they say and do is right in his eyes, when I know it is no such thing."

"How do you know?" asked his mother. "Did he ever tell you that he pretended one thing and thought another of any one of the masters?"

"Oh, no!" replied Willis, "but he's not so fond of Mr. Snelgrove as he would have it appear, I am sure."

"Take care, Willis," said Mrs. Richmond, "how you judge of another's feelings. We know little of ourselves, but we know a great deal less of others. A person may not be insincere, though his manners may be smoother, as you call it, than may be desirable, while, by the same rule, an abrupt, open manner of speech or behaviour is no proof

that a real and honest feeling actuates us. Gentleness, politeness, and respectful attention are due from all, especially from young persons to their elders, and it would be hard indeed if the exercise of these qualities laid any one open to suspicions of his sincerity. I hope *you* don't run into the opposite extreme."

"No, mother," replied Willis, "I can assure you I do not. I really like every one of the masters, and look up to them in everything; but the more I like them and the more I respect them, the more manly—nay, don't laugh, Ellen, at the word, I would use a better if I could think of one—the more manly, I repeat, I feel, and the more willing I am they should read me through if they could. If you can understand what I mean—my regard for those who are above me does not draw them down to me, but it draws me step by step up to them."

Mrs. Richmond cast a look of approbation at him. "Encourage that feeling," said she; "reverence for one superior to ourselves leads to imitation, and happy are all, whatever may be their sex and age, who have found for themselves a standard by which they may aim at excellence, and secure a title to acknowledged worth." She sighed, and an expression of sadness stole over her features. "Your father was a good man—a guide to be trusted at all times."

"I knew of whom you were thinking," said Willis gently.

"And so did I," said Ellen.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Richmond.

"I knew it by your voice and look," answered Willis.

"And I," said Ellen, "now and always from something sad that comes over me."

"That is because we always feel mournful when we are speaking of the dead," said Willis.

"I think not," returned Mrs. Richmond; "we value the dead in proportion as we honoured and loved them when they were living. Death, that awful change, makes, in reality, no alteration in our sentiments. We may, and we ought to spare the memory of those who are departed, even if their conduct has been most deserving of censure; but true sorrow for their loss, a real tenderness for their remembrance, is the effect, and the effect only, of that estimation of their worth which we acknowledged when they were with us. So conduct yourselves, then, my dear children, that, like your father, you may be a blessing and a guide to those whom your example will influence in life, that your name, like his, may be revered and honoured in death."

The conversation had taken so serious a turn that the subject which had led to it was, if not altogether forgotten, no longer of any interest; nor might it have again occurred to the memory of Mrs. Richmond if Willis had not some days afterwards informed her that Frank Davis was going to be apprenticed to Mr. Sharman, and that he had heard from him that the other apprentice was so ill, his master had hinted to his friends that, if they wished it, he would give up his indentures at any time. This information had an immediate effect upon her, and she felt no inconsiderable degree of anxiety to know something more of Frank, and to be able herself to be a judge of his manners and disposition.

Mrs. Richmond had lived very retired ever since she had taken up her residence at Seaforth, for she had neither the means nor the inclination to visit. Mrs. Davis had made two or three friendly calls upon her on her first arrival, but as they were not returned, all intimacy was

checked. She knew the family was respectable, and she had never sought to know anything beyond this. It is very probable, too, that if she had thought it worth while to make further inquiries she would have gained little more than she was already in possession of; at least, on those points which she would have deemed most essential. There is much, certainly, that the world does and may know of us, but there is often much more in the interior of a family, unseen and unsuspected by others, that would cause us to make a very different estimation of character from that which we have formed from public observation or report.

Mr. Davis was an upright and a conscientious man; quick indeed in his temper, and authoritative in his manner; but a kind father and a good husband. Though active in business he was passive in his family: no two characters could be more opposite than those he exhibited in the Bank and in his own house. He trusted all to his wife, of whom he had the highest opinion, and rarely questioned the propriety of any step she chose to take. Nor was his confidence in most respects ill placed. She was very affectionate, disinterested, and kind-hearted, willing to do a favour to any one when it was in her power, and delighted to be employed; but she had been deprived of the blessing of a careful training in her youth, and much neglected at a time when a parent's hand is most needed. No good and solid principle had been instilled into her mind; and naturally active, fond of management, and the meddling with any one's affairs, every degree of stimulus was agreeable to her.

To this inclination for employment and love of interference may probably be ascribed the greatest failing of her disposition; her whole conduct was a sort of practical deceit. It was a maxim with her that truth could not be spoken at all times, and she never scrupled to say or do what was indefensible in itself, if, as she said, she had a good motive to plead, or a good end to serve.

Deceit, therefore, had become a habit which she brought into the merest trifle. Mr. Davis wished his children to eat little butter, and he objected to more than a very moderate quantity of sugar. Whilst he was present, both were used sparingly; but if he was absent, or happily, as she and the children thought, so engaged with the newspaper that he did not notice what was going on, "the poor dears" were indulged to the extent of their wishes, whilst significant looks were given them to take care they were not observed. Mr. Davis objected to young persons sitting up late: all were in bed at the appointed hour if he was at home; but if he was kept at the Bank, they were allowed to remain, and the chain being fastened on the street door so that Mr. Davis was obliged to knock before he could enter, there was always sufficient time to make good a retreat, which was done with much merriment, and in high enjoyment of the fun. If a holiday was desired, their mother could always contrive it. Sometimes a message was sent to the master, Mr. Snelgrove, in the name of Mr. Davis, requesting the indulgence as a great favour to himself; sometimes a note was despatched from herself, stating some cause, the coinage of her own brain, for detaining her boy at home: in short, there was nothing that subterfuge and art could contrive that was not practised.

Servants, as well as children, were thus taught to deceive. "Your father," or it might be, "your master is very hasty; he might not

approve of this if he knew it, and would very likely be angry; so say nothing about it, he'll think it is all right, and there's an end of it." "An end of it," indeed, there was at the time, in appearance at least; but seeds were thus sown, thus matured, which, to one who could watch the inevitable working of such a system, threatened every possible evil when buds and blossoms should become fruit and ripen into maturity.

A little distance from the town ran a branch of the river; a row upon this was always considered as a great treat. It happened one fine day, early in the spring, that the two eldest girls had been invited to join a party of young friends, whose father possessed a pleasure-boat. Frank was very anxious to accompany them, but unfortunately he had been asked by a schoolfellow to spend a half-holiday with him, and have a long game at cricket. He had been delighted at the invitation till he heard where his sisters were going, and that his name had been included in the party.

"Oh, mother," cried he, "let me off going to Mr. Markham's; I should like so very much better to have a row on the river."

"What is that you are saying?" demanded Mr. Davis, who was reading in another part of the room.

Frank hesitated to answer, for he well anticipated the reply he should meet with from his father; but on the question being repeated, he stated his wishes.

"You shall do no such thing," said Mr. Davis peremptorily; "an invitation once accepted is binding; keep your word in all things."

Frank looked very much disappointed; he continued to stand by his mother.

"I mean what I say," exclaimed Mr. Davis, looking over his book, "you go to Mr. Markham's; you were glad enough to accept the invitation when you had nothing more agreeable in view, and it is my will that you keep your engagement. I would not give a rush for either man or boy who breaks his word or forfeits his promise without just cause."

At this moment the servant entered the room, to inform her master that a person wished to see him at the street door.

"Never mind, Frank," said his mother, as soon as Mr. Davis was out of hearing, "we'll manage it. Go to Mr. Markham's."

"I dare not do anything else," said Frank, dolefully; "that ever I should have been so silly as to promise Charles anything about it!"

"But you shan't stay long," continued Mrs. Davis; "I'll send for you when you have been there about an hour. We'll get over your father that way should he make any inquiry. You will then be quite in time to go with your sisters."

Frank's countenance quickly cleared up. He presented himself punctually at Mr. Markham's at the hour named by Charles; entered heartily into the games prepared for him and the friends who were asked to meet him; and was, to all appearance, as much surprised and disappointed as they were, when his younger brother arrived with a message that he must go home directly.

"But you'll come back?" shouted Charles, for Frank had been unusually prompt in obeying the summons. Frank heard, but as it did not suit him to make a reply he continued to run as if the voice had not reached him. His sisters were waiting for him, and hailed him with glee.

"Wasn't it so clever in mother to contrive to get me away?" cried

he, as they left the house together. "What a delightful evening we shall have!"

"We were only afraid," said one of them, "that Robert would not keep a grave face when he told you you were to come home."

"But he did, though," returned Frank; "he was up to it. He could not have looked graver if one of you had been taken ill."

A laugh followed his words, and all were perfectly satisfied with the part each had borne in the affair. Frank's anticipations, probably unhappily for him, were fully realized—they enjoyed themselves to the utmost, and returned home in high spirits. It was deemed prudent, however, that Frank should not enter the house with his sisters; he loitered in the street for a little time, and then made his appearance.

"Well, Frank," said his father, have you had a pleasant evening?"

"Very," replied he. A look was interchanged between the sisters and the mother.

"I knew you would," said Mr. Davis, "the satisfaction of doing right will always make amends for much more serious acts of self-denial than this. To-morrow, if it is a fine afternoon, as I expect to get away early from the Bank, we will have a row on the water ourselves."

Frank coloured, and perhaps had he been left to himself, his better feelings might have prevailed, and he would have confessed the truth. As it was, a look from his mother checked him. In an instant she expressed in the name of the whole party their satisfaction at the arrangement, and thus diverted all further attention on the part of her husband to her son.

The following evening was as fine as could be desired, and nothing occurred to mar the projected gratification. Every one appeared happy, and no compunctious feeling assailed the breast of any of the party, though none forgot to smile at the thought how little their father knew of their secret. The circumstance, indeed, soon faded from their recollection; or, if remembered, was recalled only as one of those "capital things" that sometimes happen beyond our expectation. But who shall say that its effect was as transitory? Alas, alas! for those who "put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter." The potion may be mixed and administered with a light and thoughtless hand, but shall the poisoned chalice that contains the deadly draught contaminate no lips but those for whom it was prepared?

Frank was both good-tempered and generous. True, indeed, he had more money to give away or to purchase presents through the indulgence of his mother than prudence or propriety sanctioned; but if he gratified himself, it was rare indeed that he omitted to gratify another. By this means, however, he acquired a love of company, and of social pleasures, which, though innocent in its origin, is nevertheless to be dreaded in its consequences. He could always boast of many friends; and though the same want of veracity was observed in him by some of his school-fellows, as was noticed by Willis Richmond, he might be looked upon as a favourite among his companions. His disposition was certainly amiable and accommodating, and if his abilities were not remarkably brilliant, he was not deficient in understanding, or inapt in acquiring knowledge. In short, he was a boy whose promise under careful and judicious training was favourable, but from whom much was to be feared if his early culture was neglected or improperly directed.

[To be continued.]

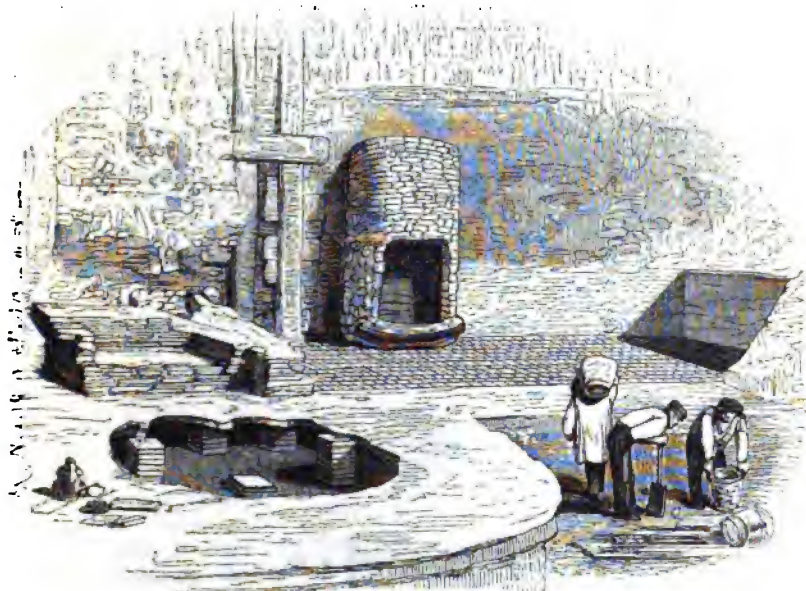
ANCIENT LONDON.—No. VIII.

A **STRONG** wall was encountered in the middle of Pudding Lane, running to the bottom of the lane, and, as the workmen reported, even across Thames Street. It was formed of layers of red and yellow tiles and ragstones, and appeared to have belonged to a building of considerable extent: a hypocaust, likewise, was partly laid open. In Queen Street, near Thames Street, several walls crossed the street; among them were found two thin bands of pure gold, apparently used for armlets.* Opposite Well Court, thirteen feet deep, was a flooring of red tesserae, fourteen feet square, three or four feet above which ran chalk walls, subsequent to the Roman period. Throughout Paternoster Row were found large amphoræ, fragments of glass vessels, and bone pins for the hair. An extensive and superb pavement, at a depth of twelve feet six inches, was destroyed. It extended forty feet, and had a border of rich guilloche pattern, enclosing rosettes. Towards the centre were compartments, in which, in variegated colours, were depicted birds and beasts. In one division was an object resembling a starfish. At a depth somewhat greater than the pavement, lay a skeleton in a framework of tiles—an internment analogous to that found in Bow Lane. Another tessellated pavement was found beneath the cellar of Mr. Valkman, 101 Bishopsgate Street—fifty-three feet from the street, and fifteen feet from the Excise Yard—thirteen feet below the level of the street. It was, apparently, one compartment of a floor of black and white tesserae. In the same cellar, a few years since, stood an arch, contiguous to the street, described as having been formed of square flat tiles, laid in mortar of such extreme hardness that the structure was with difficulty pulled down. The proprietor of the house caused the pavement to be bricked over for future investigation. Bush Lane was found to be crossed by several walls of considerable thickness; and fresco painting, portions of tessellated pavements, and tiles, betokened the sites of dwelling-houses.

The limited and undeviating nature of the excavation by which those scattered indications of the economy of Roman London were brought to light afforded no scope for following up the examination of many sites which, could they have been fully laid bare, might, in all probability, have afforded some insight into the definite character of its streets and dwellings, and perhaps a clue to the locality of public edifices; but populous and busy London has other and more practical objects than the serene investigations of antiquity, such as are carried on in the waste places which cover ancient Rome, upon the thinly-peopled site of Athens, and amid the arid heaps which encrust the buried treasures of Nineveh and Babylon. Operations, however, embracing a wider field, have from time to time afforded means of diving into the mysteries of old even in London; and such an opportunity, the more precious from its rarity, presented itself in the course of excavating the site of the present Corn Exchange, near Billingsgate, where, by the liberal access afforded to all earnest applicants by Mr. Bunning, city surveyor, the writer had ample means of examining in detail the remains of a Roman edifice of striking interest. The site is immediately opposite Billingsgate. The occurrence there of tiles and other débris of Roman manufacture

* Now in the British Museum.

raised some expectation of arriving at more considerable vestiges in the progress of excavation, which was realized on the 25th of January 1848, by the discovery of portions of a Roman house, or a public bath; for as other parts of the edifice stretched under the adjoining buildings



REMAINS OF A ROMAN HOUSE DISCOVERED IN LOWER THAMES STREET.

on the east side, which of these it may have been could not be ascertained by a complete survey. The portion laid open consisted of two chambers, and the remains of walls, with some vestiges of other rooms, lying north and south, and founded upon piles, at a level of thirteen feet below the pavement of Thames Street, by which the excavation was bounded on the south. The first apartment in that direction was enclosed by a wall, two feet six inches in thickness, composed of Roman tiles, varying from red to a yellowish colour, averaging one foot three inches by twelve inches in size, and two inches thick, deposited in a thick layer of mortar. The highest remaining portion of this wall was about three feet in elevation, with about four feet more below the floor of the room which it bounded. This floor consisted of the common red tesserae; but as only part of the breadth of the room was laid open, probably a central pavement of superior pattern may remain undisclosed beneath the adjoining premises.

The wall extended twenty-three feet north, when it turned for eight feet, forming a portion of the semicircular projection on the west side of another apartment. The laconium, or hot-air bath, underneath which was the hypocaust, communicating with the flues for heating this room, and probably the caldarium, or hot-water bath, the remains and other appurtenances of which were unexplored. The west end of the laconium lay upon foundations of Kentish ragstone. The floor was

composed of a thick layer of cement, mixed with pounded brick, and laid upon tiles. On the east side in the laconium was a seat, calculated for two persons, formed with tiles similar to those of the wall; and on the north side of it the remains of a wall and a door, formerly leading to another apartment, of which only traces were remaining, those traces continuing nineteen feet northward of the laconium. The floor of the laconium was supported by piers, composed of fourteen tiles, eight inches and a half square, and one inch and a half thick. The space between the piers was about one foot four inches, leaving passages one foot eight inches in height for the transmission of hot air from the flues beyond. The passages between the piers converged eastward, and consisted of a broad, central channel, and two channels on either side of it.

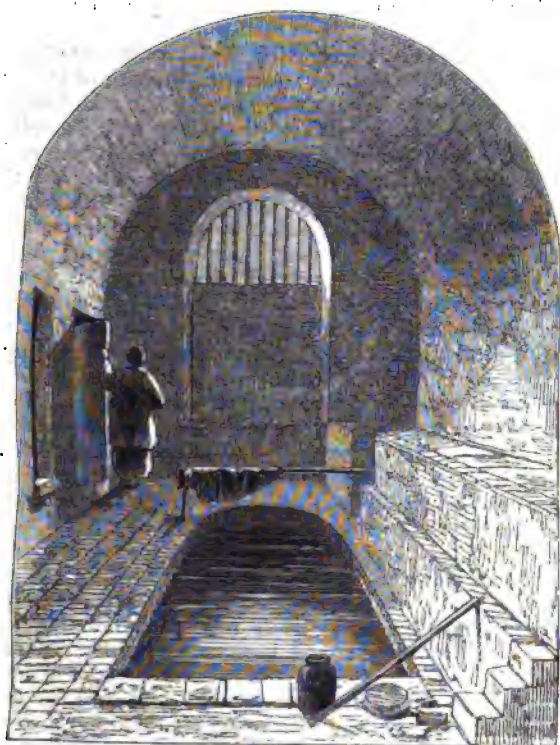
On the floor of the south apartment, a well, seemingly of mediæval structure, projected about four feet, resting on a circular bond timber of elm, the lower part of the superstructure being composed of squared chalk, and the remainder of rough brickwork—in all, about twelve feet in depth.



The premises to which the well appertained is a tavern, called the Old Dog, a house of some antiquity, and celebrated as having formerly been the meeting-place of a political club, called the Oliverians. It may be remarked that in the made ground, backing the Roman remains on the east, a sectional red line was perceived, which suggested the idea that

an upper pavement, similar to that forming the floor of the south apartment, had belonged to a second floor. It was observed that the lower floor was reached by the river at high tide, and the supply of the mediæval well may have been obtained by this means. A watercourse of wood, arched over with tiles, leading towards the Thames, having been intended for the drainage of some stream or land-spring. Two small coins of Constantine were found in the excavation. A large mediæval vessel of red (1) glazed pottery, with two handles on each side, formed of lions' heads, having in its substance a wavy intermixture of white, forming an irregular pattern; the cover of a Roman vessel (2); flue tiles, indented with a wavy pattern (3); tiles bearing a diagonal cross, in indented lines (4); and a Flemish glass bottle, of late date, with initials on a boss (5), were likewise among the articles dug up by the

workmen. Such portions of the Roman edifice as could be preserved were, by the praiseworthy care of Mr. Bunning, arched over, and remain for inspection under the flooring of the present Coal Exchange.



THE OLD ROMAN BATH, STRAND.

The unexpected revelations of the excavator have, to the many, the interest of adventure; and men descend into the earth, and pore with eager curiosity over the buried mysteries of centuries, with something of the sense of retaliation upon Time, who has so long hoarded and locked up the object of their inquisitive notice, which, in most cases, if not sufficiently portable for conveyance to the museum of some fortunate collector, is doomed, after a brief exposure, to be again consigned to obscurity or total demolition, according to the exigency of modern requirements. With such allurements, crowds will undertake an unwonted pilgrimage to the site of recent discovery, not an individual of whom would deviate from his ordinary course to observe that which, whatever its intrinsic interest, may be left for some other day—the most fugitive of the three hundred and sixty-five of the calendar. But for such indifference in the lack of adventitious inducement, the Roman Bath in Strand Lane—a steep and narrow descent from the Strand to the Thames, lying under the eastern shoulder of King's College—would have been more visited and better appreciated than it happens to be

under existing circumstances. The idea of a Roman bath, in actual use, so near the great thoroughfare of the Strand, may appear startling, when the lapse of time and the changes which have come over the locality since it ministered to the favourite luxury of the Romans are considered.

The first operations towards improving the highways entering London, and paving the streets of the city, took place in the reign of Henry VIII., and a statute at that time * was made for "paving of the highway between Strand Cross."† The space between the Savoy and Temple Bar is understood to have been paved as early as the year 1385; probably in the course of a repair of the road between Westminster and the City, ordered by Edward II. in 1315, but not begun till 1353, when a toll was levied on all goods conveyed, either by land or water, to the staple at Westminster, to meet the expense.‡ A petition, presented in 1315, by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of the palace at Westminster, states that the footway at the entrance of Temple Bar, and from thence to the palace, was in such a condition that the feet of horses and rich and poor men received constant damage, particularly at the rainy season, and the footway was interrupted by thickets and bushes. The response to this appeal was an order for the levying of a tax upon the inhabitants between the Temple Bar and the Palace Gate; but the oppression of this measure was commuted to the levy of a toll on goods as above.

But we look back to a more primitive condition for an estimate of the appearance of the locality in the Roman time; and in doing so it is requisite to allow for a large increase of the soil over the natural level. This was ascertained, in digging the foundations for St. Mary's Church, to lie nineteen feet below the surface of the street. At the period in question, the Thames laved this shore—the Strand proper—with waters, unpolluted by the abominations which now pour into it throughout the greater part of its course; and here may have been found a site suitable for the villa of some Roman, smitten with the love of retirement, and the enjoyment of unsophisticated scenery; and here he may have pursued the favourite sport of angling, or set his fish-traps, and promoted the growth of his lampreys, to supply the most esteemed resources of the Roman table. If a hunter or a fowler, the primeval forest, a spur of which may have sheltered his suburban retreat, abounded in beasts of the chase; and the reedy banks of the river were doubtless inhabited by an abundance of birds of the wading tribes. Or if a disciple of Pliny, the habits of the various small creatures which seek their food at the edge of a river—the flittings of the water-ouzel and the note of the sedge-warbler—would serve to amuse his contemplative mood.

In those days the Strand was traversed by several minor streams, which mingled their waters on its margin with the Thames. That of Clement's Well, not far distant, is described by FitzStephen in his time as a favourite resort of "scholars from Westminster school and youths of the city, when they walk forth to take the air;" and he lauds the water,

* Act 24th Henry VIII., cap. 11.

† Strand Cross stood a little to the west of the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand. In 1294, and at other periods, the judges sat here to administer justice, sometimes in the open air; at others, the house of the Bishops of Chester, opposite, was appropriated as a court.

‡ Foedera.

which he says is "sweet, salubrious, and clear, and whose runnels murmur o'er the shining stones."*

On the opposite side of the Strand was the Holy Well, which gave its name to Holywell Street; and from this source the old Roman bath is supplied, the water springing freshly from the floor of the bath itself, which is now used as the reservoir to a public bath in an apartment, divided from the other by a passage. The old bath is situated in a vaulted apartment, lighted by one small window high in the wall, the cool glimmer reflected by the exquisitely clear water recalling the letter of Seneca, in which he compares his own time with the less luxurious days of the republic. He says, "I write you from the very villa of Scipio Africanus, having first invoked his spirit, and that receptacle in which, as I believe, that great man was buried. I see a villa, built of squared stone, the wall of which encloses a wood, and has towers in the style of a fortification; below the buildings and walls is a reservoir large enough for the use of an army. The bath is small and dark, after the old fashion; for our forefathers thought nothing hot that was not obscure.† Great was my pleasure as I compared the manners of Scipio with our own. In this nook did that dread of Carthage, to whom our city is indebted that it was taken but once, bathe his limbs, wearied with rustic labour; for he tilled his own ground, according to ancient custom; he lived under this mean roof, he stood upon this paltry pavement. But who would submit to bathe in this fashion? That person is now held to be poor and sordid whose walls shine not with a profusion of the most precious materials, the marbles of Egypt, inlaid with those of Numidia; unless the walls are laboriously stuccoed, in imitation of painting; unless the chambers are covered with glass; unless the Thasian, formerly a rare sight even in temples, surrounds those capacious basins, into which we cast our bodies, weakened by immoderate sweats, and the water is conveyed through silver pipes. As yet I speak only of plebeian baths; what shall I say when I come to those of our freedmen? What a profusion of statues! what a number of columns do I see supporting nothing, but placed as an ornament, merely on account of the expense! what quantities of water murmuring down steps! We are come to that pitch of luxury that we disdain to tread on anything but precious stones. In this bath of Scipio are small holes, rather than windows, cut through the wall, so as to admit the light without weakening it as a fortification; but now we reckon a bath fit only for moths and vermin if its windows are not so disposed as to receive the rays of the sun during its whole course," &c.

The old Roman bath is destitute of any of the tokens of luxury which are here deprecated by Seneca: the sides are constructed of tiles laid edgewise, nine inches and a half long and four inches and a half broad, and an inch and three-quarters thick. The floor of the bath is paved with tiles, laid flat upon a deep bed of cement; underneath is a layer of rubble; traces of a coat of stucco are likewise visible on the upper surface. A section of this pavement is displayed by the edge of a hole at the west end of the bath where the spring wells up abundantly. Here the water has formerly been conveyed by a pipe. The bath is

* They now supply a small pump in the deep area of one of the houses of Clement's Inn.

† In the present instance the sense of coolness is enhanced by a degree of obscurity equally refreshing in a cold bath.

thirteen feet long, six feet broad, and four feet six inches deep. At the east end is a marble slab; and the appearance of the wall indicates that here has been a short flight of steps leading down into the water. Opposite the end of the bath was a door, now built up, leading into a vaulted passage, still existing below. The chamber which contains the bath is vaulted, and apparently part of a Roman edifice; and evidences of similar antiquity are visible in the adjoining passage, even in the alterations by which the original plan is broken up. The bath is lighted from the west, according to the precept of Vitruvius, who recommends the windows to be placed in that direction, situation permitting, or at least toward the south.

Another bath is said by local tradition to lie concealed somewhere about the premises: this, according to the same authority, was built up in consequence of a lady having been bitten by a venomous reptile while bathing in it. A series of vaulted passages, which have been built for domestic convenience, may be traced under the houses at the back in Surrey Street. This site was formerly occupied by a house belonging to the family of D'Anvers, of Swithland, in Leicestershire—a family which dates its seat in this country from the time of the Conquest. The old Roman bath is said to have remained built up for a long time; and when opened out again it was found exactly as it now appears.

RAMBLES IN THE PYRENEES.—No. I.

UNTIL I visited the beautiful district now known in France as the Departments of the High and the Low Pyrenées, I really knew little more of it than what I had learned in my geography lessons, where, among the chief mountains of Europe, I found "the Pyrenées between France and Spain." Great, therefore, was my delight when on a lovely summer morn I found myself rather unexpectedly on the fine natural terrace which forms the boundary of the park of the old Castle of Pau, the chief town of the ancient kingdom of Bearn, or as it is now called, of the department of the Low Pyrenées, and there beheld the distant but beautiful view of the Pyrenées.

A thunderstorm had lately cleared the atmosphere; it was only six o'clock in the morning, the sun shone in softened brilliancy. There lay the Pyrenées before me, not the strange, stern, savage, and gigantic mountains which I had always supposed, but stretching in a varied and curious outline under the bright blue sky; indented, almost fantastically, into cones, peaks, and ridges, rising one above the other, until, behind all, the great high head of the towering Pic du Midi, the giant of the Pyrenées, hid itself in blue air, for cloud there seemed to be none. This was the background of a picture: nearer at hand the eye dwelt on a cultivated plain, wooded hills, busy villages, the shining river, and, returning from its circuit, beheld the picturesque bridge, the quiet town, the lofty wooded terrace, the fine old park and interesting château, or palace of Pau, standing still in apparently proud stateliness on the summit of the height above the river. Of this old castle Froissart speaks in his 'Chronicles,' when he says, "That while Edward the Black Prince and his forces were in the town of Tarbes (in the Pyrenées), the Count de Foix

was in his town of Pau erecting a handsome castle." The greater part of the edifice that now exists, was, however, built by the celebrated sister of Francis I., Marguerite de Valois, who laid the scene of some of her tales in its neighbourhood. A French historian says that she used to write these tales when travelling in her litter with the court, and that his grandmother used to hold her inkstand! Modern tours and books of travel are now made in another fashion. Marguerite became Queen of Navarre, of which little kingdom the province of Bearn was a part. The capital was Pau, and in the castle, or palace, here, the Queen gave a refuge to Calvin when her royal brother opposed the Reformers.

It is chiefly celebrated as the birthplace of the renowned Henry IV. This brave Bearnais was the son of the celebrated Protestant Queen of Navarre, Jean D'Albret; his name is known to the least educated of the people at this day, and most persons will be found able to tell you that he was called *Le Bon Roi*, or the Good King, because he wished that there should not be one of his subjects too poor to be able "to have a fowl in the pot."

It is said that the grandfather of Henry IV., being most anxious to have a brave and gallant boy for his heir, made the mother promise to sing when the child was born in order that it should not cry. She did so, and the babe not crying was made by its grandfather to drink a sip of the farmer's Jurançon wine of the country, in order, as old writers say, "to make its constitution strong and robust." The cradle of this wonderful child is still to be seen there, and is as curious as the tales told about him: it is a great tortoiseshell, suspended by ribbons. They tell you that when the revolutionists of the last century were destroying all vestiges of royalty, some loyal person hid this original cradle, and substituted a mock one, which the revolutionists utterly destroyed; but when the Bourbons regained the throne the true tortoiseshell reappeared, and came to double honour, for the Duchess d'Angouleme embroidered a flag, which, when we saw it, waved as a drapery over the cradle of the first of the line of Bourbon: whether that flag waves there now I know not.

It is a curious circumstance that this little remote town of Pau should have given birth to two men who changed their religion for a throne. Henry IV. became a Roman Catholic for that of France; Bernadotte—the follower of Napoleon—became a Protestant for that of Sweden. The poor house in which the latter true "soldier of fortune" was born is still to be seen there.

This was a market-day, and when I left the park and castle and came into the town, I was extremely delighted with the picturesque and uncommon aspect of the streets. The carts, drawn by huge oxen, curiously caparisoned, being covered entirely by a white net, the long fringe of which hangs nearly to the ground; their heads are fastened together, one horn of each animal being cut off for the purpose, and a thick mat of blue or red worsted—sometimes a piece of wood only—placed straight across their foreheads. The peculiar head-dress of the men, the berret, or loose cap of brown, crimson, or blue cloth, their round jackets, and bright red sashes wound round their waists, and the singular capulet, or hood of the women, tended to produce this impression on a stranger. The capulet is made of cloth, bordered with black velvet; in other parts of the Pyrénées the colour is scarlet, but at Pau it is white. No woman of the working-class would go about without this curious hood or capulet in the house or abroad; and when heat or occupation renders it incon-

venient, it is folded into a thick square, and laid flat on the crown of the head, and then women, and even very little girls, seem to walk with a smarter and more erect carriage when thus supporting this curious head-dress. It is droll enough to see the more elderly dames running about in the confusion and bustle of a market-place, scolding, bargaining, or exhorting, with this curious article of dress resting thick and flat on the top of their heads, even under a broiling sun, immoveable as if it were by nature a part of them. The stranger, too, must, I think, be pleased with the nice and attractive appearance of the young Bearnaise, or at least of the young women of Pau. It is only in England that all classes imitate the fashions of the higher ranks. The dress of the young women here, who are just above what is called the working-class, is not an imitation of the changing fashions of their superiors, but yet has a fashion of its own. A handkerchief, with a brilliant border, is curiously and artfully wound round the head, fastened at one side, and leaves an end to hang down to the tip of the shoulder. On working days this is generally a deep bright red, on holidays sometimes blue or pink with white fringe, and with this the neatly-arranged brown or black hair was folded on cheeks neither so dark or so fair as to make one to assert that the women of Pau are, in their younger years, either one or the other, but to leave the impression that they are in general very pretty, whether fair or dark.

At four o'clock in the morning I left Pau in the diligence for the High Pyrenées. We were to go first to the watering-place, or baths of Caunteretz. The Pyrenées abound in those healing streams known by the name of mineral waters. On the way we passed the remnant of the old château where the gallant Henry IV. was nurtured in his boyhood by his Protestant mother. It lies on the confines of the two provinces of Bearn and Bigorre: there this bold king received an early education, at which, says an old writer, effeminacy did not preside. His common food was brown bread, cheese, and beef; he was clothed like the urchins of the country, and climbed rocks and mountains bare-headed and bare-footed; thus preparing his soul to support with courage the vicissitudes which fate caused him to experience.

Lestelle, the prettily named and situated village where we were to breakfast, was at this time the scene of a curious pilgrimage, which is, I believe, annually made to a chapel close to it. The scene I beheld, the groups of devotees, the various vehicles that brought them, the beauty of the region, the chapel, and the ivy-draped bridge, would have made a charming subject for a painter, the red capulets of the women, and red sashes of the men taken into account.

The distance we had to travel was forty-six English miles, we were on the road for eleven hours! But then, as our conductor pleasantly said, we had to amuse ourselves with "its beautiful horrors." Indeed, he left us to amuse ourselves as we pleased, walking behind the diligence, of which he was the driver, and leaving me to feel the simple horror of being turned over into one of the awful precipices beside us. An admirable road has been cut through the solid rock as we approach the higher region of mountain, and forms, by a series of fine curves, an excellent substitute for the difficult ascent up which the aid of half a dozen yoke of oxen were once required to drag the diligence. At last a tall conical mountain of firs rose suddenly before us, seeming to block up our passage, and we came on by its side and were in Caunteretz. But what we saw there cannot be related now.

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THE CIRCASSIANS.



THE singular circumstance of a handful of people maintaining their independence to the present day, although continually surrounded by powerful and hostile nations, possessed of every means for prosecuting successful warfare against them, is so rarely met with as to demand a special notice. Such is the case of the Circassians inhabiting the Caucasian mountains on the eastern shore of the Euxine, who, for more than three thousand years have resisted every attempt of both ancient and modern times to bring them under the yoke; so that to the present

day we find them in full possession, not only of their liberty, but of the primitive and patriarchal manners which prevailed with them as far back as their history can be traced.

This will carry our researches far beyond the Christian era, for they are described by the ancient historians of Greece, who represent them as a wild and lawless race. Strabo, in his second book, speaks of those inhabiting the seashore in the following terms:—"After the Sindice at Gorgippia, along the sea, are the Achaizygi Heniochi, on the coast, which is nearly without harbours, and mountainous. It is supposed that at one time or other the Heniochi ceded the greater part of their territory to the Abasians, who came from Colchis. These are the Circassians. All this people are piratically disposed, and carry on their profession in small vessels, made of thin planks, narrow and light, generally carrying as many as twenty-five men, and sometimes thirty. In these they make predatory attacks on the towns on the coast of the Black and Caspian Seas, and also on the merchant-ships. In this they are assisted by the Bosphorians, who allow them to anchor in their ports, where they sell their plunder. When they return to their own country from these expeditions, having no harbours or shelter for their vessels, they carry them on their backs to the woods, which they inhabit, in preference to the swampy plains; and they bring them down to the beach again, when the proper season arrives."

With respect to their origin, as hinted at in the above passage, there is no reason to think it correct. The inhabitants of Colchis came from Egypt; and the present characteristics of the Circassians indicate much more affinity with the Greeks than the Egyptians, both in regard to physical conformation, and their habits of life, as described above. Many of their predatory habits they still retain; but they have, with them, many excellences. Of these we may mention, their boundless hospitality and fidelity to strangers, when assured of their friendly disposition, their ardent love of liberty, and unconquerable valour in defending it, by which they have been enabled to preserve it, almost inviolate, upwards of thirty centuries. A few cantons are said to have been subject to the Romans; and Pompey graced one of his triumphs with a procession, in which were a few Circassians—probably prisoners taken in the war with Mithridates, who resided at Tertchki, and whose dominions surrounded their country, although he never had possession of any part of it; nor could he even pass through it when defeated by Pompey, but was compelled to take his route by the Bosphorus, and so by the Euxine.

When the Huns invaded Greece and Italy, they passed through the "Porta Caucasica," but held no permanent possession of the country. In the sixteenth century one of the tribes became tributary to the Khan of Tartary, which is said to be the first instance on record of the Circassians "having a master." In the early part of the eighteenth century, previous to the treaty of Kutchuck Kanurdji, in 1774, the Kabardiak tribe had placed themselves under the protection of Russia, which was referred to by the Porte in that treaty. The Turks were then allowed to build the forts of Anapa and Soudjouk Kalé, solely for commercial purposes, as stated by Marigny, who resided in the country for a long time, and had friendly and uninterrupted intercourse with the inhabitants.

Several of the Circassian chiefs at this time received pensions from the Porte; and the Pasha who was appointed to superintend the two

establishments, received thirteen thousand piastres for the expenses of his suite and for presents to the chiefs, to insure his safety. Independent of these, the custom-house duties were also given up to him, which amounted to about an average of twenty-five or thirty thousand piastres more. Such were the terms on which the Turks and Circassians stood, that although the former adhered to their engagement to confine their operations to trading, and had also rendered liberal assistance to the Circassians on many occasions, such was the jealousy of that people of their designs, that the Turks never dared to leave their forts to go into the interior without a guarantee for their safe conduct, by placing themselves under "Korracks," who were answerable for their lives.

The slight hold the Turks possessed in their trading stations, could certainly give them no claim to the country. But the Circassians had good reason to mistrust them, for on this less than dubious title was based the fourth article of the Treaty of Adrianople, signed the 2nd of September 1829, which will be referred to in the proper place.

We will now detail the insidious and treacherous manner in which the Russian Government has acted towards the Circassians, and the persevering yet unsuccessful efforts they have for seventy years employed to subdue them. It forms one of the most interesting pages of history, the stand these hardy mountaineers have, for so long a period, maintained against the enormous and apparently overwhelming power which has yearly been brought against them, and justifies the declaration of a Russian officer of high rank, "that the conquest of the Ottoman empire would be a work of more facility than the subjection of the warlike tribes of the Caucasus."

In the year 1781, Catherine II. sent an expedition into the Caucasus, with the avowed object of forming treaties of peace and commerce, and also of alliance and protection with the various tribes. They were also directed to explore the roads, construct maps, and make every preparation for opening a passage through the country into Georgia, the princes of that province and of the adjoining ones of Immeritia and Mingrelia having already fallen into the trap, seduced by the flatteries, and corrupted by the presents of Russia. These had renounced their allegiance to Persia and Turkey, and placed themselves under the sovereignty and protection of the Christian Empress. Several of the inferior chiefs of the smaller principalities, in like manner, had been tempted or forced into submission, and to renounce their long-established fealty to the Sultan. On the other hand, the Shah of Persia was threatened with dethronement unless he acquiesced in these measures, and formed an alliance with Russia; and an expedition was actually fitted out on the Caspian for the purpose of seizing, by force or fraud, a position on the southern or western shore of that sea. The command of the squadron was given to Voinovitch, who had peremptory orders to employ all means possible for fixing some establishments on the Persian coasts.

This expedition, consisting of four frigates and two armed sloops, sailed in July from Astrachan, with the necessary troops and ammunition, besides presents to cajole the chiefs. One of these, Aga Mahmoud, then residing at Firabat, was mildly requested to "permit the Russian merchants to establish a counting-house on the coast!" The old Khan suspected what kind of a counting house the Empress wanted; but considering himself unable to drive away the Russians by force, deter-

mined to outwit them, and therefore, with much apparent frankness, acceded to the request of Voinovitch.

The Russians, of course, first constructed a fortress to defend the harbour, about fifty miles distant from the city of Asterabat. This they furnished with eighteen guns; of which Aga Mahmoud being informed, determined to take a view of it. He accordingly went to the fortress, inspected the works, admired the structure, praised the diligence of the Russians, and invited himself and his attendants to dine on board the frigate of the commander, Voinovitch. The old Khan got quite jolly at the entertainment; they spent a merry afternoon, and in the fulness of his heart Aga Mahmoud insisted on Voinovitch and his chief officers returning the compliment by dining with him the next day at one of his country-houses in the mountains.

Thither the Russians unsuspectingly repaired; but they had no sooner crossed the threshold, than Aga Mahmoud caused them to be put in irons, and plainly told Voinovitch that unless he instantly signed an order to have the fortress razed to the ground, he would cut off the heads of himself and all his officers. Voinovitch had no other resource than to comply. The order was signed, and carried to the governor of the fort; the cannons were reshipped, and the walls were broken down. Aga Mahmoud then ordered the Russian officers into his presence; and after loading them with reproaches for their treachery, handed them over to his slaves, who inflicted upon them every species of indignity, and concluded by driving the Russian commander and his companions with scourges to their ships.

It was not until the years 1802 and 1804 that the provinces of Georgia, Mingrelia, and Immeritia became fully incorporated into the Russian empire; and by the peace of Gulistan, in 1813, those of Daghistan and Schirwan were wrested from Persia; and by the peace of Turkomanto Schai, on the 22nd February 1828, Russia made a further inroad upon the Shah's dominions by compelling him to cede the provinces of Erewan and Natchitz Kewan. All these provinces border on the Caspian, or are connected with those which lie on its coast. In addition to these acquisitions—wrested by a strong from a weak power—the Turkish war enabled her to seize upon, by a forced treaty, the fortresses of Achalzée Poti, Achalkakali, and Anapa, on the Circassian coast of the Euxine. We have before remarked, that the Circassians had granted to the Turks permission to establish trading-posts on that coast, to which they were compelled to confine themselves; nor had they even the slightest claim to any other portion of the country. Yet upon this tenure have the Turks, by the fourth article of the Treaty of Adrianople, signed the 2nd of September 1829, made the line of frontier between the Ottoman and Russian empires, “to commence at Port Nicolo, on the coast of the Black Sea, following the actual frontier of Georgia, thence traversing the provinces of Akkishka and Kars, and striking the point where the provinces of Akkishka and Kars are reunited to the province of Georgia.” “In other words,” says a late writer, “they signed away the lives and liberties of the Circassians.”

This clause was evidently extorted from helpless Turkey by Russia, in order to give the latter a colourable pretence for carrying out her previous designs upon Circassia; for which object she instantly began to make renewed and more extensive preparations. With an hypocrisy as palpable as it is ridiculous, she declared that “she invaded Circassia

for the sole purpose of putting a stop to the shameful slave-trade!" The iron ruler of a nation of slaves horrified at the slavery of Circassia! Her real object is—first, to have the coast in peaceable possession; and secondly, to have a direct road to Georgia by land, and, through it, to have freer access to Persia and the British possessions in the East.

We must now detail, as far as our space will admit, the operations of the Russians in furtherance of their designs on the Circassians. The coast of Circassia on the Black Sea reaches from the strait between that sea and the Sea of Azov to Poti on the Georgian coast. On this line of coast the Russians have built eighteen or twenty forts, including those of Anapa and Soudjouk Kalé, which were seized from the Turks. On the land side the Circassian territory is separated from the Russo-Tartar country by the line of the river Kuban, and that of the Kabardan plain. To this plain, and the tract near the Kuban, the Russians also lay claim. Their head-quarters are at Ekaterinodar, on the Tartar side of the line, where they have a fortress, and several regiments of the line, and from whence they make occasional raids upon the Circassians. Of the validity and value of this claim, the reader will judge when he learns that when the Russian officers and soldiers wish to avail themselves of the mineral baths of Petigorsky (a town in the plain of Kabarda), in order to receive the benefit of the waters, they are compelled to have the protection of a battalion of infantry, and a line of picquets is stationed the whole way from the baths to Ekaterinodar. In fact, the Russians cannot move a foot into the territory of the Circassians without a regiment of soldiers to protect them from the fury of the inhabitants, who always go armed to the teeth, and are ready to slaughter a Russian wherever they meet him. At all the Russian posts, horses are kept saddled night and day, and sentinels constantly on the alert to give notice of the attacks of the Circassians; and these operations employ a permanent force of forty thousand men.

One of the most daring of the Circassian chiefs is Schamyl; and, we may add, the most successful. His stronghold was situated at the extremity of a mountain, rising perpendicularly on three of its sides, from the valley beneath. Such were the injuries inflicted upon the Russians by the raids of this mountain chief, that they came to the determination, in 1839, to reduce his fortress, and take its possessor, dead or alive.

Great preparations were made for this expedition, and a large body of troops were led to the attack on the only accessible side, which was next the plain; but so destitute of shelter was the approach that every shot from the loopholes of the fortress told, and the assailants were driven back with immense loss. General Grabbe, who commanded the expedition, gave the orders for another attack; but the men had had enough, and first hesitated, and then refused, point blank, to advance. The officers, however, sprung forward, and then the men, from mere shame, followed. It was a vain attempt. A few reached the walls, but the "kiudjal"* finished those spared by the balls, and the division were compelled to withdraw for the night. A strict watch, however, was set round the accessible side of the fortress, to prevent the escape of the garrison. But what was the astonishment of Grabbe, the next morning, to find the fortress evacuated! How Schamyl and his men made their escape has remained a mystery. The Russians, however, were now obliged to

* A short broadsword, fifteen inches in length, with no guard to the handle.

return, without having effected their main object, but with the loss of near two hundred officers, and an immense number of soldiers killed and wounded. Notwithstanding which they claimed the victory!

Their operations on the coast are much of the same character. The garrisons dare not leave the fort, even to obtain water for domestic purposes, that at the forts being brackish, without an escort of soldiers, who seldom return without having to report a loss. A Russian officer complained on one occasion, that "it was very hard to be compelled to purchase a glass of water with a glass of blood!" And not only are they exposed to these daily and hourly attacks from the mountaineers, but, the forts being built on marshy ground, the malaria prevails to such an extent that the troops are decimated by fevers, for which neither prevention nor cure are provided for them. And on the other hand, their supplies of provisions are so scanty, precarious, and bad, that they are frequently reduced to great straits.

It has been the policy of the Russian Government to send to the Caucasus such of the Polish, or other officers, as were suspected of disaffection, making it a kind of military banishment, in lieu of sending them to Siberia. This system, however, cuts both ways. Many of the Poles have deserted to the Circassians, and have been of great service to them in instructing them in the military art. Thus aided, they assumed a bolder front, and in 1840 attacked several of the forts on the coast, and took them, massacring or making prisoners of the garrisons. That of Abyn, which had a force of eight hundred men, was taken in the most gallant manner, and the whole garrison were either killed or made prisoners. A large quantity of military and other stores were found in these forts, by which the Circassians were supplied with the means of carrying on the war with increased vigour.

Up to the year 1835 there had been differences between some of the chiefs, which had prevented them from acting in concert. By the advice of Mr. Urquhart, and other Englishmen, these dissensions were laid aside, and a league, offensive and defensive, was formed, which greatly strengthened their hands against the common enemy. Supplies of arms and ammunition were also conveyed to them from England by the Black Sea. To break up, if possible, this alliance, the Russians blockaded the whole line of coast in order to cut off all communication with Europe. The Circassians were at times greatly distressed by this new mode of annoyance; but on one occasion the Russian fleet, consisting of several sail, having on board immense military stores, was driven on shore by a violent storm. These vessels were instantly taken possession of by the Circassians, who made prisoners of the men, seized the stores, and destroyed all the vessels. This accident put them in possession of a supply of arms and ammunition, which had been intended for their destruction, but now enabled them to prosecute the war with renovated strength.

Such is the character of the contest between the enormous Russian power and the apparently feeble Circassians, and which has been annually renewed up to the present time, without the Russians having made any progress towards their subjection. The yearly losses in men and stores in this warfare are enormous; but this is not regarded. Russia is bent on subduing and denationalising, if possible, the inhabitants of the Caucasus, and will spare neither men nor money in the pursuit of her object. Such, indeed, is her universal policy, and she has never been

known to abandon an enterprise, whatever may be the cost or delay in its accomplishment, until she has secured it.

This policy is strikingly exemplified in the case before us. For seventy years has she employed all her arms and treasures, aided by bribery, treachery, and every insidious art, to subdue the Circassians; but to no other purpose than to instil into them a more fixed determination to resist her yoke, and a more ardent love of liberty and devotion to the cause of their country. These principles they instil into their children, and the youths are all trained to arms from their childhood, so that the whole male population, from the age of ten or twelve years, are a nation of warriors. We trust they will be enabled to preserve their liberty, and to baffle the designs of their most deadly and persevering foe.

NO LIE THRIVES.—No. V



MR. DAVIS had constantly and openly expressed his determination not to control the inclinations of his son in regard to his choice of a business; there was, therefore, not a shadow of an excuse, either in the mother or the youth, for anything approaching to concealment or disguise in the boy's wishes; but Mrs. Davis, on this, as on every other possible occasion, found an apology, if not a necessity, for resorting to deceit.

It was Sunday morning, and yet very early, for Mr. Davis admitted of

no change in the breakfast hours on that day. The children had finished their meal, and had left the room. Mr. and Mrs. Davis still lingered at the table, for this was the only morning that he could take his time.

"What a great boy Frank grows!" observed he.

"He does, indeed," returned his wife; "but no wonder, this day three months he will be fifteen."

"You don't say so?" said Mr. Davis, "how time slips away! I could hardly fancy it was more than six or seven since you put him into my arms when I returned from N——, where I had been detained at the assizes on our great trial."

"No, indeed," replied she, "nor can I fancy that I have had seven children since."

"It is full time that Frank began to fix upon his future course of life," observed he. "What does he wish to be? do you know?"

Mrs. Davis did know, knew perfectly the views and wishes of her son; but to give a straightforward answer was not her practice.

"It is hard to say," replied she; "boys like him have little or no choice; they generally do as their friends advise,—and it's right they should. He'll not object, I dare say, to anything you propose."

"I would far rather that the proposition came from him," returned Mr. Davis, "and the consent and sanction from me."

"Frank will not do that," replied Mrs. Davis, "or I am greatly mistaken; his pleasure will be yours."

"I thought he expressed a wish to go to Mr. Sharman," said he; "if he does so still he has only to say it."

"That was some time ago," returned she. "He was saying the other day what a nice business he thought an architect's to be."

"He may be an architect if he chooses," replied Mr. Davis; "it is all one to me, if the premium is not too high, and he will stick to what he chooses. He has ability enough to do well in any business." And so saying, he arose.

"Shall I speak to him about it?" said Mrs. Davis.

"Do," replied he, "and let me know what he says. You will find out better than I what are his real wishes."

Mrs. Davis readily promised to do this. She was well aware that there was no need to ask a question on the subject; but she was never averse to interference in any shape. The inquiry was made of Frank, and answered as she expected.

"Why do you ask?" replied he. "You know as well as I that it is my wish to be apprenticed to Mr. Sharman."

"Your father thinks you would prefer to be a surveyor, or an architect, or he wishes you to prefer it, because he does himself," replied she, with a look of more than common meaning.

"But I do not," said Frank positively. "I should hate it."

"Don't say so to your father on any account," returned she.

"Why shouldn't I?" demanded Frank. "He has always said he would not force me to be anything I didn't like."

"He would not force you now," replied Mrs. Davis; "but leave it to me, I'll manage it for you."

"There is only one thing I care about," said Frank. "I hate the thought of being an indoor apprentice; only manage that for me, and you may do whatever you please in everything else."

Mrs. Davis foresaw that there would be much opposition to this arrange-

ment both on the part of her husband and of Mr. Sharman, if it were openly proposed. She therefore turned it over in her mind how she could best bring the subject to bear. It was the theme of conversation between herself and her daughters for many days, during which Mr. Davis was too much confined at the Bank to be able to give his attention to any domestic concern. The girls, however, had strict charge not to say a word to their father, even should he (which was very unlikely) make any observation to them. A whole week passed, and the subject had never once been named. She had not been idle, however. No one could accuse her of being inactive; had her energies been as judiciously as zealously exerted on most occasions, it would have been well for her and her family. Her first step had been to call upon Mr. Sharman, and inquire if he had a vacancy for an apprentice, and would accept of her son. The answer was in the affirmative. Mr. Sharman informed her that in consequence of an alteration he had been obliged to make in his establishment, he should require two youths, and that, mindful of a former promise made to her, he was about to apprise Mr. Davis of the circumstance.

Reminding Mr. Sharman that her husband was always so engaged at the Bank that he was obliged to leave all family matters to her, she now asked the premium expected, gained every information she thought desirable, and in fact she might have been said to settle every preliminary towards the completion of the business.

"There is one point I had almost forgotten to mention," said she, as she was making a motion to rise, "and it was very stupid of me to let matters go so far without my speaking about it. My husband is very anxious that Frank should not leave us altogether; he has views of his own on all subjects, and he is tenacious of his opinions. He wishes Frank, in short, to be an outdoor apprentice. It is an idea of his own; he has no fear whatever of your not being all to Frank that we can desire—a father and a friend to him—and I am sure, for my part, I have not a doubt of his being perfectly comfortable with you. He would have, I may say, indulgences with you which he could not have in a large family like ours; but we are quite of opinion, all things considered, it would be advisable to keep him still under our own eyes. Indeed you will oblige Mr. Davis greatly if you will consent to this arrangement. Poor dear man! he is often very fidgety when he takes a thing into his head; he is cooped up in that Bank till he gets quite nervous. I do assure you it will be doing him a real kindness to fall into his plan."

Mr. Sharman could not perceive the force of Mrs. Davis's representations, and the less so as he had a decided objection against taking an outdoor apprentice—a circumstance which, if she had not previously known, she might have gathered, and certainly did gather from the expression of his countenance. She therefore threw into her voice and manner all the persuasion of which she was mistress.

"You won't refuse me," said she—for Mr. Sharman shook his head. "I'm sure you would not if you could see what a relief Frank is to the poor jaded mind of his father in the evening, and the delight my husband takes in instructing him in many matters that will hereafter be very useful to him. You know how clever Davis is—not in one thing, but in every thing."

"I do, I do," said Mr. Sharman, "and there is no man in the place for whom I have a more sincere regard, or would be better pleased to oblige than your husband; but I own it is entirely against my wishes to take any

but an indoor apprentice. I have many and powerful objections to any other arrangement."

"You might with another family," interrupted Mrs. Davis; "but think, my good friend, how my husband has brought up his children—how hard he works, and what little enjoyment he has, and what a comfort Frank is to him. Think, too, what an advantage such a father is to his son, when both take a delight in each other. As an old friend, do not refuse me; let me have the pleasure of making my poor husband happy this evening by your compliance with our united request."

Mr. Sharman looked uneasy. "Will you give me two or three days to think of it?" said he.

But Mrs. Davis was far too skilful a diplomatist not to see the advantage she had gained, or to be insensible to the danger of not securing it.

"Oh no," replied she quickly. "Where would be the use? There's no time like the present. It is no new subject to you; you have no more to consider than what you have already often and well weighed before, and your mind once made up is, with you men of business, made up for good; at least, so says Mr. Davis. Now, what answer may I take him?"

Mr. Sharman seemed irresolute. "Don't press the matter," said he.

"But I must press it," replied she: "come, say the word. I can see well you are disposed to do it. I can read your countenance; and your words, I know of old, are never at variance with your meaning."

Mr. Sharman smiled. "Then I suppose I must give way," said he.

"Thank you, thank you!" exclaimed she; eager to prevent any possibility of his retracting; "it is very kind of you, and I am sure my husband will feel it as such."

There was still an expression of dissatisfaction on the features of Mr. Sharman, as he said, "I hope we shall none of us have cause to regret the step."

"I am sure we shall not," cried Mrs. Davis; "I feel quite confident on that point."

"Tell Mr. Davis," said Mr. Sharman, "that it shall be as he desires; and that though I regret it on my own part, I feel pleasure that I have been able in any way to gratify him."

Mrs. Davis having now learnt the terms required by Mr. Sharman, under this new arrangement, left the house well satisfied with her success, and returned home. She told the elder children as much of what had passed between her and Mr. Sharman as answered the end in view,—a new proof of her own superior skill in overcoming a difficulty; but with the strict charge that they were to be silent about it, for it is wonderful how much mystery in these cases adds to their importance.

Mr. Davis had been absent on business for two days, and did not return till late in the evening. Nothing, therefore, was said on the subject. The next morning at breakfast, however, he asked his wife whether she had seen Mr. Sharman. He did not raise his eyes from the plate as he spoke, and Mrs. Davis, seeing him intent on what he was eating, quietly took a small slice of bacon from the dish beside him; put it into her own plate, from which she transferred it to the little girl, who sat at her right hand, whilst she replied,—

"I have, and I hope matters are arranged to your satisfaction, and that, too, without your being put to any trouble about it."

The child on her left hand seeing that her sister had fared so well, now pulled her mother's sleeve and made a sign, which was easily understood.

She did not dare to speak, as the indulgence of eggs, cream, or much sugar, was forbidden.

"I have got it all in writing," continued she, "that no disagreement or misunderstanding may arise; I knew you would wish me to use this precaution. I will give you the paper when we have finished breakfast."

"Let me see it now," said he, "it will save time."

Mrs. Davis directed Frank where to find it, and taking advantage of the movement, for Mr. Davis's eyes had followed his son, she dropped a lump of sugar into the child's cup, who with a smile nodded her thanks. When Frank gave the paper into his father's hand and had reseated himself, he looked significantly at the bacon and then at his own plate. His mother understood him, but as there was but a small slice left, and she was uncertain whether Mr. Davis wished for it or not, she did not venture to give it him. She herself had taken an egg, not as a usual thing, but because Mr. Davis had refused it. She made a motion to Frank to learn if he would like it, and reading at once his intended reply, she passed it to him, while he, adroitly turning his shoulder to his father, in almost a second of time, despatched it. Then taking the empty shell into his hand he slipped it into his pocket. The others laughed, and the manœuvre was considered as very clever by every one who saw it.

Mr. Davis read the paper which Frank had given him attentively.

"But how is this?" said he. "The premium stated is for an outdoor apprentice."

"He has named the sum for both indoor and outdoor apprentice, has he not?" replied she. "I asked him to do so."

"He has not, as I can perceive," returned Mr. Davis, turning over the paper.

"Oh! I know now," replied she. "He does not wish for an indoor apprentice."

"No!" cried Mr. Davis, "I am sorry to hear it; it was one of the principal reasons I had, in wishing to place Frank with him, that I understood he would have indoor apprentices only."

"Poor man!" returned Mrs. Davis, "that *was* his plan; but his wife has been so unwell lately, and the last apprentice has been so troublesome to her, that for her sake, I suppose, he has been obliged to make this alteration."

"I am greatly disappointed," said he; "it is not at all what I wish."

"Nor what Mr. Sharman wishes," replied she; "but what can he do? He knows well what a father you are, he says, and that he should feel the boy being with you would be the same as if he was with himself, and certainly he could learn such good from no one as he could from you."

"That's not to the purpose," said Mr. Davis, "the present is no question of that sort. I have done my duty by the boy, and I now wish some one else to do his duty by him. Frank could not be better than under the roof of an upright man like Sharman, let me be what I may; and so I shall tell him. Besides, I should be thankful to ease my shoulders of a burden, rather than to add a new weight to the burden. I must see him on the subject, and if he will not give up the point we must think of something else for the boy."

"Oh no, my dear!" cried Mrs. Davis, "pray do not think of such a thing. It would unsettle Frank, I am sure; and really I don't see how you can raise any objection now to the plan. I went in your name to him, and he will think it so very odd that I should say one thing and you another."

Depend upon it, it is all for the best. I say so, and you know when you trust to me, you seldom find I have been much out of the way; do you now?"

"Certainly not," replied he.

"Well, then, trust to me now," said she; "say nothing to Sharman, you will have obliged a kind neighbour, and we shall have our boy under my eye; he shall be no annoyance to you, I'll take care of that; so let all parties be satisfied."

Mr. Davis looked by no means as his wife desired; and he continued to eat his breakfast, without seeming to know what he was doing.

"I must speak to him," said he at length.

"No, pray don't," replied she. "Mr. Sharman knows you gave me the power to settle what I thought best."

"Not exactly," returned he; "I never meant to supersede all opinion of my own on the subject, or to resign my authority to any one, in a matter like the present."

"Well, that's my mistake," said she; "and if you now set aside all I have done, or consented to, what a foolish light you will place me in! No, Mr. Davis, think better of it, either send the boy elsewhere, or let him go as I have agreed. I am sure it will be a great disappointment to Mr. Sharman to lose such a youth as Frank for such a trifle."

"It would be a great disappointment to me, certainly," returned Mr. Davis, "to lose such a master as Sharman for him. But I must be off; we'll talk more about it another time."

Wife and children saw that the point was gained, and a look passed between the mother and her son, whose eyes had been intently fixed upon her, to that effect. The door closed on her husband as Mrs. Davis declared with an air of satisfaction, that she knew she should have her way; while "how cleverly she had managed it," was the exclamation of those who were in the secret.

[To be continued.]

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

THIS plant is called also Sea Starwort, and is one of the few flowers which deck the saline soils in the neighbourhood of the ocean. It is very common on the salt marshes, not only of the sea, but of tidal rivers. Its blossom appears in August and September: the stem is often three feet high, and its clusters of pale lilac flowers overtop the strongly-scented and grey-green southernwood, and the little fleshy-leaved sandworts, and the tufts of sea-lavender and of other smaller plants of the marsh. Like many other natives of saline soil, the stems and foliage are very succulent, and have a saltish flavour, and their surfaces are free from all down. It is not an uncommon circumstance to find a cluster of the Michaelmas daisy in which the lilac rays are quite absent, and the disk only is to be seen. Many of the plants which flourish in the neighbourhood of the sea grow, too, on elevated mountains in inland countries. The thrift and sea milkwort, and several others, are found on such spots; but our starwort never grows wild but on salt land. It is, both in flower and foliage, of too pale a colour to be highly ornamental, yet it lends a charm to spots whose aspect is dreary, and to a season whose flowers are daily becoming fewer in number.

"The marsh is bleak and lonely. Scarce a flower
Gleams in the waving grass. The rosy thrift

Has paler grown since summer bless'd the scene,
And the sea lavender, whose lilac blooms
Drew from the saline soil a richer hue
Than when they grew on yonder towering cliff,
Quivers in flowerless greenness to the wind.
No sound is heard, save when the sea-bird screams
Its lonely presage of the coming storm ;
And the sole blossom, which can glad the eye,
Is yon pale starwort nodding to the wind."



MICHAELMAS DAISY. (*Aster Tripolium*.)

We have but one species of the genus *Aster*, the name of which is significant of the starry form of all its flowers. But America is the native land of Michaelmas daisies, and the multitudes of those which deck our gardens were brought thence. Lyell, speaking of the fir woods on the banks of the Piscataqua, says, "I have seen this part of North America laid down in some botanical maps as the region of *Asters* and golden rods." He adds, that both are there very numerous and striking flowers.

BRITISH INDIA.—No. IV.

PENANG.

IN 1784 the Supreme Government of India had deemed it expedient to establish a depôt for stores, for shipping stores as well as for commercial transactions, at some eligible situation in the Straits of Malacca; and Acheen Head, in Sumatra, was at first deemed an excellent and central position for vessels trading between India and China: accordingly, a Mr. Kinloch was despatched as envoy to the King of Siam. This barbarous and savage prince, however, had no wish to encourage the encroachments of foreigners in his territories, and the late exploits and conquests of the English in India served only to increase his alarm and suspicion; consequently Mr. Kinloch's mission proved a failure, and the attention of Government was then directed towards the desolate island at the mouth of the Straits, then only known as the resort of hordes of cutthroat pirates, and since risen into opulence and importance as Penang, or the Prince of Wales' Island.

Mr. Light was the first to suggest to the Government the feasibility of converting Penang into an admirable harbour and commercial depôt; for it was then the last thing to be imagined that the island itself would in the course of a very few years yield a valuable and staple commodity of commerce. Mr. Light's suggestions were happily attended to; and stipulations having been agreed upon between the King of Quada and the Bengal Government, the island was duly taken possession of, and Mr. Light appointed first governor. For this situation he was peculiarly adapted, from his long acquaintance with the Straits, and his knowledge of the language, laws, and habits of the Malays, and from the respect in which he was held by the neighbouring chieftains.

In 1786 a small detachment of Bengal Infantry was sent over to Penang, and placed under the command of the newly-nominated governor. At that period the island was such a dense forest that it required some time to clear away a sufficient space for the governor and the troops to pitch their tents—a work, however, which was accomplished on the 12th of August 1786, when the British flag for the first time waved over the island; and the day chancing to be the anniversary of the birthday of the eldest son of the King of England, the place was accordingly christened Prince of Wales' Island.

As may be easily conceived, in a wild island forming one dense jungle from the seaside up to the summit of the highest hills, the labours and difficulties encountered by the small band of early colonists was very great, before they could clear out sufficient space for the erection of primitive habitations, which only served to shelter them from the heavy showers and violent squalls against which the best-constructed tents could never be made proof. The means of the first colonists were limited and inadequate; large ravines had to be filled up, and swampy marshes drained, before a site could be chosen for the intended settlement; but perseverance and zeal will, under the blessing of the Almighty, overcome what may appear to man almost insurmountable obstacles. These two great requisites Mr. Light, and those under his command, possessed to a praiseworthy degree. The appearance of the country towards the water's edge soon changed, and George Town was marked out. The fame of the rising settlement rose faster than the foundations of the future populous towns, and

numerous speculative adventurers from the Indian Presidencies and the immediate surrounding countries, flocked to the island, some with the intention of becoming settlers, others with a view of inquiring into the traffic, both for exports and imports, which might promise best adapted to the wants of the young colony and the fruits of their industry. Within one year sixty Chinese families settled at Penang; the commerce and population had greatly augmented, and the first grand step towards the cultivation of the whole island was commenced by the making of excellent roads to traverse from one extremity to the other. Paddy-fields were planted, and yielded abundant crops of rice; cultivation appeared on every side; the population and commerce rapidly augmented; and in 1791 so flourishing was the state of the young settlement, then barely five years old, that the jealousy and watchfulness of the old King of Queda began to be aroused, and he discovered, when too late, that in parting with the neglected island, so long and uselessly included within the limits of his territories, he had ceded to the British land capable, though small in extent, of yielding to his coffers a far richer revenue than the whole of the rest of his dominions put together. What small inducements Queda had heretofore held out for speculative adventures now rapidly dwindled away; and the rajah, aware of the fact that in Penang were concentrated all the resources of commerce and wealth, which might have been his own, secretly determined to repossess himself of Penang, and to this intent made preparations for a descent upon the island. These, however, were happily frustrated by the care and watchfulness of the English governor, who immediately applied to Bengal for assistance, and in due course reinforcements were sent to strengthen his position at Penang. But at that period, when steam was almost unheard of in the Indian Ocean, we may readily conceive the length of time that elapsed between the request being made and the arrival of assistance; the anxiety and fears of the settlers, who must have been kept for many weeks in perpetual suspense, fearing the attack of overpowering numbers from a sanguinary foe, who were born and bred pirates, and whose motto might have been stamped in blood as "No quarter for age or sex," and yet determined to resist to the very uttermost in their power the threatened invasion from the Queda shore. Under these circumstances the arrival of reinforcements was hailed with unspeakable delight; and the governor, with the force now under his command, deemed it prudent at once to attack the Malays, and beard them in their own den at Prya, on the opposite coast, where the Malays had built a fort. This was done with eminent success; the Malays were routed, the fort razed to the ground, and a vast number of piratical proahs taken and destroyed.

The old king, alarmed and disheartened at these proceedings, had recourse to hypocrisy and stratagem, and complained in bitter terms that the ungrateful English, in return for the good deed he had done them by ceding Penang to the East India Company, not contented with drawing from his territories that commerce which had heretofore been the main source of wealth to the Queda territory, had perpetrated an outrage upon himself and his subjects, by destroying a fort he had mainly constructed as a source of protection against invasion from the Siamese, and by burning his war proahs, which were doubly useful, both as a defence against the enemy and in a commercial point of view; finally, he summed up this lamentable catalogue of evils by imploring that the Indian Government would augment the annual stipend fixed upon his royal self from 6,000 to

10,000 dollars; and this, after some altercation as to terms, was finally agreed upon, and, we believe, remains in force up to the present date. The leading features of this treaty were the free importation into Penang of all articles of provision from the Queda territory; the mutual restoring of fugitive slaves, debtors, and criminals; and the exclusion of all other European nations from settling in any part of the rajah's domains.

So things went on flourishing for a few months, till the destruction of Penang was again threatened, through the agency of one of our own governor-generals, who, in the face of the thriving prosperity of the island, undertook to form an establishment, in 1792, at one of the Andaman Islands. Had this succeeded, it must have proved a deathblow to the interests of the settlers; fortunately, however, both climate and position proved unfavourable, and the plan was relinquished in less than two years, and the artificers and convicts were removed to Penang.

Two years after this, on the 21st of October 1792, after little less than eight years' governorship, and when he had had the satisfaction of knowing that the success of the young settlement had even exceeded his most sanguine expectations, Mr. Light died, and a handsome cenotaph erected to his memory is still to be seen in the now delightful settlement. Still Penang made rapid strides; Mr. Manington, who succeeded the first governor, was only permitted to enjoy his position for a few months, ill health compelling him to visit Bengal, where he expired shortly after his arrival. The third governor was Major M'Donald, an experienced officer and very worthy man. During his government Penang was again threatened with destruction, but this time in a more formidable form than had yet hovered over the struggling enterprise of the primitive settlers. Six French frigates, fitted out at the Mauritius, had been despatched for the express purpose of seizing upon the young and flourishing settlement; fortunately, however, they were encountered, even on that distant ocean, by the oaken bulwarks of Great Britain, and two English ships of war, the "Agincourt" and "Victorious," seventy-four guns, gave the Frenchmen such a warm reception that they were only too glad to bear away for Batavia, and relinquish for ever their sinister designs upon the island.

In 1797, when the settlement was just eleven years old, the expedition sent against Manilla from Bengal and Madras harboured at Penang for a whole month; and more than five thousand Europeans, including the army, navy, and Indianmen, besides a number of native troops, were daily supplied through the praiseworthy exertions of Major M'Donald, with abundance of fresh meat and vegetables. From this period Penang may be said to have steadily advanced, encountering few checks; and M'Donald dying at Madras in May 1799, Sir George Leith succeeded to the government, and took charge on the 20th of April, in the first year of the present century.

But few who visit the fertile island nowadays have any conception of the difficulties and dangers encountered by the settlers on its first establishment.

The north-eastern point of Penang is in latitude 5° 25 N., and 100° 19 E. longitude. So happily is the island situated, with Sumatra to the southward and westward, and the Pulo-Laddas and highland of Queda to the northward, the high mountains of the Malayan peninsula to the eastward, that such a thing as a gale has been never experienced; and though violent squalls and whirlwinds are of frequent occurrence, they seldom last longer than an hour, and being usually accompanied with rain, seldom, if ever, is any injury sustained from them.

The climate of Penang is the finest in all India; there are no regular seasons, and neither is there any certainty of the weather from one day to another. On an average, January and February are found to be the hottest and driest months, and March the one most subjected to thunderstorms; these latter, however, occur at all periods of the year, and so terrific is the detonating explosion of the thunder, so vivid the glare of the lightning, that the stranger is inclined to believe Penang to be a dangerous sojourning place on this account. But accidents are of very rare occurrence; nor do I believe that there is a single instance on record of an aerolite having been observed to fall near the island throughout the year; barely are there two successive days without one shower of rain, light refreshing showers which cool the air, invigorate the frame, and refresh the vegetation around. In November and December some heavy rains are experienced, and then the showers are sometimes of twenty-four hours' endurance: hailstones have been rarely seen. Dry seasons are very rare; but there are a few instances on record of a perfect dearth of rain having occurred of five months' duration: these, however, are exceptions, and the general rule may be said to be evening and mornings refreshingly cool, nights almost verging upon cold, and the days temperate, with, perhaps, a couple of hours' intense heat, which is delightfully relieved by a passing mid-day shower. But when the lowland of Penang is parched and dusty, the flagstaff hill holds out inducements for a pleasant ride. This hill is two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and here in the hottest weather the air is clear, keen, and bracing, and the thermometer seldom reaches 77° Fahrenheit, and is sometimes as low as 66° . This in India is a luxury few are prepared to enjoy; and it is doubly welcome to those who, like ourselves, had only a day or two previous been perfectly grilled with the excessive heat experienced in the calms of Achéen Head.

The island of Penang is an irregular four-sided figure, computed at one hundred and sixty square miles: the whole island is cultivated, but the level ground extends four miles from the sea to the base of the mountains. The soil is various, light black mould, gravel, and sand; and the whole island having been for centuries covered with a dense forest, a fine rich vegetable mould, formed of decayed leaves, is well mixed up with the soil; and where nutmegs or orchards of mangosteins are planted, a vast quantity of putrified fish is used as manure, the drafts of the Chinese fishing-nets being so extensive as to glut the markets, and the overabundant supply is thrown upon a secluded side of the island, and there permitted to remain till in a fit state for use. Excellent water is obtained all over the island by sinking wells.

The streets of George Town cross at right angles: at first these were neither raised nor drained, but they are now in excellent condition, and kept in good repair by the convicts; for Penang has in a measure become a penal settlement for transported criminals from Madras and Calcutta. On first building the town, and immediately in front of the main street which runs parallel with the beach, there was an extensive mud flat, offensive to the sight and smell; this was sold by lots under the orders of Sir George Leith in January 1801, and in its place has sprung up the elegant long jetty and many other buildings, public offices, &c. Further on are a long row of fishermen's stakes, and beyond these the populous and extensive Malay village.

At the commencement of the present century there were no public

buildings in Penang; now the island can boast of the following ones, all of which are strongly and handsomely constructed, viz., Government House, the Supreme Court, St. John's Church, the Custom-house, the Debtors' and the Criminal Gaol, Master-Attendants' Office, Commissariat, Boat Office, Resident Councillors' Offices, Police Office, a small theatre for amateur performers, and the mess-house for the officers of the regiment in cantonment. Besides these there are many private edifices, magnificent mansions, amongst which the most attractive are the American and French Consulates, the Resident Councillors' House, Scott's Folly, Ghegur House, and others; the Seapoy-lines are pleasantly situated beyond the limits of the town.

The fort stands on the north-eastern angle of the island, a pretty-looking toy, but small and inconvenient for any really useful purposes. It contains an arsenal, powder magazine, and some few military stores; and within its limits reside a detachment of European artillery, at stated periods relieved from Madras, and under the command of a subaltern officer.

The markets of Penang are well stocked: here you may purchase good fish of various kinds, excellent poultry and pork, besides a great variety of vegetables and fruits. Beef and veal are very bad, but mutton and goats' flesh tolerably good, and an unlimited supply of excellent milk, bread, and butter.

In Sir George Leith's time the sea is said to have made alarming encroachments on the north face of the island. During our stay there, just forty years after this period, the order of things was completely reversed, the north end of the island gradually gaining ground, whilst the sea made rapid strides upon the southern extremity, committing great havoc amongst the gardens of the gentlemen who had villas in this direction. I myself was enabled, during the course of a few months, to ascertain this fact beyond a doubt: in the garden of our hospitable host, there was a double row of stately cocoa-nut trees, which on my first arrival were distant a good ten yards from the highest surf during the most squally weather; in the course of one year the sea had so far advanced that barely a tree was left standing, the roots of the stately cocoa-nuts having been undermined by the surf to such an extent that they were either prostrated by the slightest squall, or else, retaining their upright positions, withered and died, and became a fit roosting-place for the many beautiful kingfishers which built their nests in the hollows of the rotten trunks, in happy vicinity to the waters that yielded them a countless supply of excellent small fish, for their own and their progenies' sustenance.

Five miles from the point is an island called Pulo-Ferajah, three miles in extent, and reaching nearly to the south end of Penang. This island is hilly, and covered with fine timber, interspersed with streams of very excellent water. This is the favourite resort of pic-nic parties, and sportsmen fond of amusement afforded them by the gun. This spot is also peculiarly well adapted for the erection of a marine store, where vessels of any burden might, with the greatest security, undergo a thorough repair. The timber produced in Penang itself, and in the neighbouring islands and shores, is of a great variety; and masts for vessels of any dimensions are procurable.

In 1803 a seventy-four-gun ship that had been dismasted in action, procured lower masts of one piece, with great facility; and on Pulo-Dinning, seventy miles southward of Penang, crooked timber of various shapes and dimensions is plentiful. Many years ago a ship was built on

this said Pulo-Dinning (and launched in style), by one Captain John Elliot, of timber produced by the island and on the immediate opposite coast; the keel measured one hundred and ten feet, and was made of one piece, and the ship was eight hundred tons measurement.

The following is a list of the principal timbers produced, and the uses they are applied to:—

Three qualities Madong, a durable wood, used for planks and beams in ships and houses, sheathing and floors.

Two qualities Penagra, crooked and durable, for block and frames.

Red and Grey Poone, of great length, for yards and topmasts.

First and second quality Damerlaut, used for keels and beams (long and durable).

White and Red Mangrove (red durable), posts and beams for houses.

Bingting Ore, best wood for masts, each stick adapted as lower masts for frigates.

Red wood, for furniture.

Murboo, for ships' decks and house planks.

Cagoo Batoo (stone wood), beams for houses.

White Churgal, beams for ships.

White and Yellow Lampoon, lathing and flooring for houses.

And the Indian Teak, now in abundance.

I once saw a magnificent round table which was made at Penang, consisting of angular slips of wood of all the above-enumerated qualities, elegantly bound in ebony and satin wood (these from Ceylon), and the whole admitting of an excellent polish.

LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.*

SIR,—I beg leave to enclose you the substance of letters and extracts from the journal I have received from my eldest son, who is now at Forest Creek diggings, that others may be warned by the sufferings and disappointments he has there endured. He left England in June 1852, in company with three young men, one designed for the bar, one for the church, the third a builder and surveyor (my son being a medical student). They had a splendid passage of seventy-seven days, arriving in Hobson's Bay in the early part of September. Upon landing, they were informed that they could not take their cart, tent, &c., up to the gold-fields until the roads were drained from the winter rains; so they pitched their tent by the seaside (as lodgings in Melbourne were so exceedingly dear), and there remained without employment nearly five weeks, with the exception of my son, who got work at 10s. a-day. One of the party bought a horse, without either warranty or trial, for 55*l.*; but they soon found, to their sorrow, it was a bad bargain. However, stores were purchased, the cart was loaded, and off they went, full of hope and blooming expectations. The first hill they came to the horse refused to mount, and they were compelled to return to Melbourne and leave half their load at a store. They started again, and, by dint of coaxing and thrashing the animal, they succeeded in getting thirty miles up the country, when the horse broke the shaft of the cart by kicking; and there they were in the bush, miles from any habitation, and quite unable

* From a letter addressed to 'The Times.'

to proceed. They pitched their tent, and lived upon tea and damper (a composition made of flour and water, baked in an oven) for nearly a month, when some people passing told them of a station where they could get some mutton,—and they were indeed thankful for it after their previous diet. A return bullock-dray passing took their stores; and, after having sold their broken cart, they returned again to Melbourne, parting with their horse for 20*l*. My son, meeting with his cousin (just arrived from England), left the party, and, in company with him and two other young men, started for the Bendigo diggings, this time on foot. Having arrived there, they worked laboriously, opening five or six large holes, and digging for nearly six weeks without success—not finding sufficient gold to cover half-a-crown; and, in addition to their want of success, one of the party was taken ill with dysentery; and several hundreds were dying around them of the same disease. They resolved for a time to return to Melbourne. The party was broken up, and, his cousin having obtained a situation as surveyor of the roads, my son was again thrown upon his own resources—his money and stock nearly all expended. In his distress he went to a friend of mine, who kindly offered to advance him the requisite money for returning home, and earnestly advised him to leave the colony at once. This offer he, however, refused, and expressed a resolution that, although hitherto unfortunate, “Nil desperandum” was his motto, and he would try again.

In a letter brought by the “Harbinger,” dated May 1853, he says:—

“To proceed with my history. After I parted with my cousin, I went up to Canvas Town with my blanket on my back, my faithful old dog Ben behind me, and 2*l*. 3*s*. in my pocket. Well, I paid my 5*s*. for the privilege of pitching my tent—namely, a blanket stretched over a pole, and a branch or two of a shrub to stop up each end—and purchased a 2*lb*. loaf, for which I paid 1*s*. 3*d*., and $\frac{1}{2}$ *lb*. of butter, 1*s*. 6*d*.—this being the price at Melbourne. At the diggings provisions are nearly double—we are paying now 3*s*. 6*d*. for a 4*lb*. loaf; salt butter 4*s*. per *lb*.; fresh, 6*s*. Meat is cheap, 6*d*. per *lb*. I assure you 20*l*. does not go far, and you may labour hard for months without finding a pennyweight of the precious metal to reward your exertions. Well, having refreshed myself, I retired to rest, in my blanket, as safe, in my opinion, with my dog on the look-out, as if I had had a detachment of the London police around my habitation. I slept soundly enough until morning, when I lay awake, turning over in my mind what would be best to do in my present trying circumstances. At last I resolved to try and get a situation as a surgeon’s or chymist’s assistant. So I went to a warehouse, where I had left my box, and put on a suit of my best clothes, and so different did the doctor appear from the digger that my faithful dog did not know me, and was making sundry fierce demonstrations when I returned to my tent; but when I spoke to him it was all right, and he allowed me to enter. I perambulated Melbourne for many days, calling at many places, but finding no one that would take me—some saying that as a surgeon’s pupil I was not eligible for a chymist’s assistant, and others that if I had had my articles of apprenticeship they might have been induced to try me. At last I became so disgusted that I gave up this plan in despair. I had at this time only 15*s*. in the world, when, strolling down one of the streets of the city, I saw an advertisement for hands to redecorate the circus. I applied, and fortunately obtained a job at whitewashing for 15*s*. a-day. I worked at this four days, and earned 3*l*., which I thought quite a little fortune, and with it I started in the fruit line, and made myself hoarse crying, ‘Fine peaches, here, two for a shilling; splendid apples, 6*d*. a-piece.’ Oh dear, oh dear! you have no idea, dear mother, by your snug fireside, to what a poor new chum may be reduced in this colony. I assure you I saw two of the students of

Guy's Hospital working on the wharf for 10s. a-day. They told me they had been to the diggings, lost all their money, had no friends to help them, and had no other resource for their living; they told me they had been working on the roads with a Fellow of one of the Oxford Colleges. Poor fellows! I did pity them. But to return. I stuck to the fruit trade about three weeks, but could not make it answer, and quite accidentally I met the young man of whom I spoke to you before, and who came out in the same ship with me. He left his situation, having saved about 5l.; we agreed to become partners. I took a stall in the Western Market, my father's old friend, Mr. B., kindly advancing me 20l. We bought a tent for 5l., and also a small stock of goods at auctions—such as boots and shoes, clothes, books, &c., very cheap. We had to pay 20s. a-week to Government for a standing in the market. The first two or three weeks we did pretty well, but at the end of that time nearly fifty new standings were added to the market. This tremendous increase, of course, decreased our business, so that at the end of six or seven weeks we found ourselves 12l. or 15l. poorer than when we began; so we came to the conclusion that we would go to the gold-fields, and try our luck. Having thus decided, I obtained a promise from my partner that if I could obtain another loan of 20l. from Mr. B. he would consider himself my debtor for 10l. I did so; and, having sold our goods and tent at a tremendous sacrifice, we started for the diggings with about 30l. between us. The following diary will give you a rough idea of our life from the time of our leaving Melbourne to the present time—May 1853.

"March 25.—Started from Melbourne; encamped at Peele's Creek. 26th.—Encamped near Gap Inn; got some mushrooms, and made a good breakfast. During the day met a man with a donkey 'wot would not go,' his wife pushing behind; he had a large family in great distress. 27th.—Passed Gap Inn; overtook some boys; encamped with them about eight miles from Bush Inn; slept under a dray. 28th.—Encamped in Black Forest; had a glorious fire; dogs wide awake looking out for bushrangers, of whom we had serious apprehensions. While stooping to pick up a log of wood for our fire a large snake raised himself up and hissed at me. I immediately beat a retreat, and he did the same, and so our interview ended. 29th.—Encamped a mile from Carlshun; a very cold night: made a roaring fire; blankets very wet. 30th.—Encamped in a shady dell, close to a deep ravine; great fear of serpents, but fortunately they did not pay us a visit; in the morning performed our ablutions amid the unhallowed gaze of sundry croaking frogs, slimy lizards, and noisy crows, who regarded us with evident signs of wonder in that out-of-the-way place. 31st.—Camped six miles from the diggings, in great fear of some of Dick Turpin's fraternity, as we had a jolly fire close to the road: Ben unusually wide awake, as he had had no supper, we being obliged to carry water in his pot from Crypt Gully.

"April 1st.—Arrived at Forest Creek diggings and got our licenses; horrified at the price of provisions; gold 3l. 15s. 6d. per ounce—none to sell; quite at a loss where to pitch our apology for a tent. 2nd.—Bought an old bark hut, very much like a vat; tent let in water like a sieve; we were just in time, for it rained very heavily soon after. 3rd.—Rest day, Sunday; cleaned out our new abode: had hard dumplings for dinner, which we thought a great treat; managed to find the chapel in the evening and heard an excellent sermon; had the greatest difficulty in finding our way home, the night was so perfectly dark. 4th.—Commenced running a level from a hole which had been abandoned. Found the stuff very hard. Drove about two feet that afternoon. 5th.—Had a day's trial at surfacing; found no gold and gave it up. My mate lost his shovel down a water hole. 6th.—Commenced sinking near the bed of the creek, went down ten feet in great hopes of a good bottom, but were disappointed. Much disturbed at night by fleas, mice, and sundry other vermin. 9th.—Found gold, though in very small quantities, which gave us great hopes. 11th.—Rose at daybreak. Continued driving—very hard work, but were rewarded by a little more of the precious metal, but not sufficient to pay expenses. 12th.—More gold, but still in very small

particles. 13th.—Becoming quite miners, begun to extend our drive right and left. 14th.—Very early at work—better luck—washing stuff improving. About twelve o'clock we found a small pocket, got about an ounce of gold out of it, took it home, and on the strength of it treated ourselves with mutton chops and tea, smoked our pipes, contemplating our new-found treasure with great delight. Put it in a wooden match-box and hid it. 15th.—Up early, worked with great spirit, and got nearly another $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. 16th.—Worked with all our might, but did not get more than 2 dwts. Very tired at night. Sold our stock for 6*l.* 12*s.*; bought some flour for doughboys for a treat on Sunday. 17th.—Tired out with week's work; lay in bed nearly all the morning; got up and had breakfast; put on dinner—was astonished to hear bell ring for evening service, so off we started; got there in time to hear the sermon. Text, 'To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me on my throne.' Excellent discourse. Returned home very hungry, had dinner, tea, and supper *en masse*. 18th.—Blank looks all day. No gold, no gold. 19th.—Ditto, ditto. Began to think our hole worked out—left it in despair. 20th.—Commenced driving another hole. Got into another drive, which very kindly saved us further trouble, as there was no gold in it. 21st.—Tried another side, and found it 'no go.' Dreadfully down in the dumps. 22nd.—Continued driving in different directions in old hole without success. At last gave it up in disgust, and went to another hole in Golden Gully; baled out water, and got a little stuff, and found in two bucketsful more gold-dust than we had in all the previous part of the week. In better spirits, hoping better things for the morrow. In going home fell in with my old school-fellow, J. P., who took tea with us. 23rd.—Taken very ill with dysentery. J. P. went with my mate as my substitute. After a few days' confinement I got well enough to renew my labours. We found by Saturday night about 10 oz. of nuggets and dust, which were deposited in our tent. During that night and on Sunday it poured in torrents, and I slept at J. P.'s. On Monday morning I went to our famous hole, fully expecting to realize out of it that fortune for which I came so far and have suffered so much. Judge then of my feelings when I found the hole full of water, and its site difficult to find; and, not seeing my mate, I went to our hut, and there I perceived by the unused bed that he had not slept at home. I feared he had fallen down a hole in the darkness of the night, and was drowned. I made for several days every search and inquiry for him, but in vain; at last an old digger informed me he had seen him skulking out of the tent early in the morning, with a bundle of clothes on his shoulder; he spoke to him, and told him his mate wished to see him, but he took no notice and hurried off. You may guess my joy when I heard he was living, and you may imagine my disgust, when, after making the necessary search, I found that our gold was all gone, and nearly all my clothing. Thus were my hopes and expectations again blasted. Just at this time I heard of this situation as carter at the store where J. P. is clerk, at a salary of 4*l.* a-week. I have 3*l.* with board and lodging; and here is poor Fred., late medical student in a London hospital, driving a horse and dray about Forest Creek diggings: but never mind, dearest mother, I am earning my own bread, and I assure you it tastes as sweet again as the bread of dependence. There is, I hope, better fortune yet in store for me. I am happy to say that I have met with another schoolfellow, J. W., who has proved himself a true friend to me; and we intend, when we have saved a little money, to try our luck again at digging, till we can find gold enough to pay us for all our privations and toil."

CARE.

BUT human bodies are sic fools,
 For a their colleges and schools;
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They make enow themselves to vex them.

BURNS.

CHRISTMAS-DAY FALLING ON A SUNDAY.

THE occasion of Christmas-day happening on the first day of the week has excited public attention to it, and chiefly with reference to a very numerous class of young persons engaged in the different commercial establishments and in public offices.

Although the last occurrence of the kind took place in 1842, eleven years ago, yet the coincidence does often occur in briefer intervals, and must happen four times in twenty-eight years.

Christmas-day was on a Sunday in 1831, 1836, 1842, and in this year; it will happen on a Sunday in 1859, 1864, 1870, 1881, 1887, 1892, and in 1898. The intervals between the years follow the order of numbers, 5, 6, 11, 6. If it happen on leap-year, or the year succeeding leap-year, the interval will be six years; if on the year preceding leap-year, the interval will be five years; but if, as in 1842, it happens two years before leap-year, the interval will be eleven years, as it is now.

The curious in calendar lore will at once see that it will happen in every ordinary year when the Sunday letter is B, or when in a leap-year the Sunday letters are B, C. Of necessity, the first Sunday in Advent is then on November 27.

Does not the frequency of the event form an argument in favour of legislative enactment, which may not only relieve the persons before alluded to, but quiet the consciences of those who object to the peace of the Christian Sabbath being broken by the hilarity of Christmas-day?

Dec, 27, 1853.

T. G. H.

COAL.

COAL, now so necessary to our comfort and almost to our existence, does not seem to have been used in England previously to the beginning of the thirteenth century. The first mention of it occurs in a charter of Henry III. granting licence to the burgesses of Newcastle to dig for coal. In 1281 Newcastle is said to have had a considerable trade in this article. About the end of this century, or the beginning of the fourteenth, coal began to be imported into London, being at first used only by smiths, brewers, dyers, soap-boilers, &c.; this innovation was, however, loudly complained of. A notion got abroad that the smoke was highly injurious to the public health; and in 1316 Parliament petitioned the king, Edward I., to prohibit the burning of coal as an intolerable nuisance. The king issued a proclamation conformably with the prayer of the petition; but it being little attended to, recourse was had to more rigorous measures: a commission of oyer and terminer was issued, with instructions to inquire as to all who burnt sea-coal within the city or parts adjoining, to punish them for the first offence by fine, and upon a second offence to demolish their furnaces. Time and necessity dissipated this prejudice; and in the reign of Charles II. the use of coal in London became universal.

ON CHRISTMAS.

HEAR on the wood ! the wind is chill ;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our merry Christmas still.
 And well our Christian sires of old
 Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,
 With all his hospitable train.
 Domestic and religious rite
 Gave honour to the holy night :
 On Christmas Eve the bells were rung ;
 On Christmas Eve the mass was sung ;
 The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen ;
 The hall was dress'd with holly green ;
 Forth to the wood did merry men go
 To gather in the mistletoe.
 Then open'd wide the baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
 All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight
 And general voice, the happy night
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.
 The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
 Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
 The huge hall-table's oaken face
 Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
 Bore then upon its massive board
 No mark to part the squire and lord.
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn
 By old blue-coated serving-man ;
 Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
 Crested with bays and rosemary.
 There the huge sirloin reek'd : hard by
 Plum-porridge stood and Christmas pie ;
 Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce
 At such high tide her savoury goose.
 Then came the merry maskers in,
 The carols roar'd with blithesome din ;
 If unmelodious was the song,
 It was a hearty note, and strong.
 Who lists may in their mumming see
 Traces of ancient mystery ;
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made ;
 But, oh what masquers, richly dight,
 Can boast of bosoms half so light !
 England was merry England, when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale ;
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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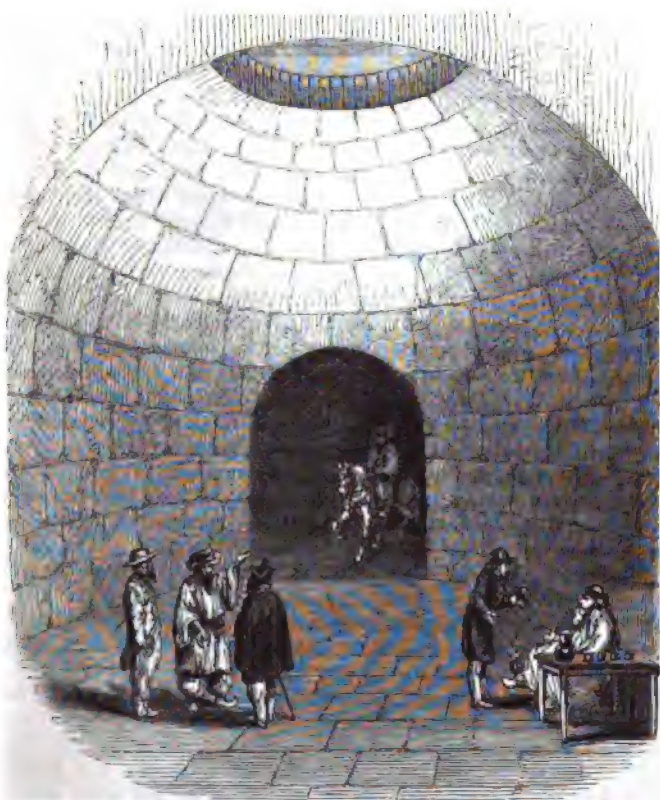
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**A VISIT TO CYPRUS—No. V.
PAPHOS TO FAMAGOSTA.**



FAMAGOSTA GATE.

THE wind blowing gently off the land, and the light of the moon favouring us, we were enabled to weather the easternmost cape in Cyprus about an hour after midnight; then, altering the boat's course, we drew nearer in to the shore, and, the land-breeze growing stiffer apace, we bolled

merrily onward on our course. It was now time to seek repose for our weary eyelids; and, stretched out on the deck, partly shrouded from the heavy night-dew by a couple of old sails that the Arab captain had obligingly suspended over us, awning fashion, we slept soundly and refreshingly till the light of morning unsealed our eyelids again. There was a fine bold coast to windward, for the land-breeze still blew, though with far less vigour than during the night. Now and then, in the numerous bays and inlets, we descried an occasional hamlet, pleasantly situated by the sandy sea-beach, and sheltered with Cyprus trees and olives. Then the land-breeze gradually subsided, and the sea was as tranquil as a lake; the boat was becalmed, and the small kedge-anchor let down to prevent us drifting with the tide.

The heat of the morning was intense, and the refraction from the chalky shores produced an intolerable glare: these were evils, however, which were speedily remedied by the structure of a temporary awning; and when this was completed, the sponge-fishers, who are almost an amphibious people, betook themselves to the water, and we sat and witnessed the really marvellous feats these men performed. They had not much hope of meeting with any sponges on this coast; but they dived and swam about more for the sake of exercise and practice than with a view of profitable labour. The sandy bottom hereabouts was distinctly visible through the clear, calm waters of the ocean, and we could ever and anon trace the small shoals of fish that swept to and fro. Here it was their delight to drop some large weighty matter, which would speedily sink to the bottom, and to dive for this and bring it up again was an untiring source of amusement. The most surprising part of these aquatic performances was the length of time which some of these hardy fishers could hold their breath: they were all natives of the island, and from early boyhood had been brought up to the profession. It was not an uncommon event, we were informed, that some, more foolhardy than the rest, should tamper with themselves till they burst a blood-vessel. Bleeding from the nose and ears was with them an ordinary event; and sometimes these people become a prey to voracious sharks, or are seized with cramps, which paralyze them in the water, and they never rise to the surface again. Happily we were not a witness to any of these tragic events. The day was remarkably propitious for those of their calling, and we could distinctly see the shadows of these men prowling about the submarine beach for several seconds after they had dived down to the bottom, and this in water nearly three fathoms deep.

By-and-by the dark ripple on the distant horizon warned the reis, or Arab captain, of the approach of the welcome sea-breeze. Stragglers were summoned on board again, the awnings taken down, and the sails trimmed, and in a few minutes afterwards the anchor was weighed, and we were flying over the billowy sea, with our boat's head directed off the land, so as to secure a good offing to enable us to weather the many little headlands on our lee-bow. Towards the afternoon the breeze blew stiffly, and as night came on it increased into a perfect gale, which never abated for two days and a night. The third morning, after buffeting with the waves and tempest, ourselves and all the crew drenched to the skin, half-starving with hunger, and nearly parched with thirst—for it was quite out of the question to light a fire, and the provision of water was so small as to compel us to put ourselves upon a scanty allowance—we had the unspeakable satisfaction of casting anchor off the town of Famo.

gosta; and with thankful hearts, and a secret determination never to risk our lives again in so small a boat at such a season of the year, we landed, and were courteously received by a native consular agent, at whose house we lodged during our brief sojourn in the town.

Famagosta is a fine old town, replete with old buildings and ruins, and containing, perhaps, one of the finest mosques in Cyprus, which is reported to have been anciently a Christian church dedicated to St. Sophia. The fort is also well and strongly built, and always kept well garrisoned and well provided with ammunition, and other military stores. A castellated old ruin hangs over the harbour in a most commanding position, and the harbour itself is considered the best sheltered in the island; which, however, is not saying very much for its safety, as the whole island is subject to frequent tornadoes, which blow from all quarters of the globe.

In importance, Famagosta may be said to rank next to Nicosia, the capital, both as regards population and traffic. Several of the native merchants carry on an extensive trade with Tarsus, Adalia, and other parts of Asia Minor; they also supply the interior with many of the necessities and luxuries of life. Mastik rakia, a spirit much in vogue amongst the natives, and considered by medical men as an excellent tonic, is here distilled in great quantities, and of a superior quality to that made in any other part of the island. The houses were compact and strongly built, the streets less filthy than the usual run of Turkish streets, and the natives appeared to be a quiet, industrious, civil people, much devoted to commerce, and apparently possessing less of the knave than their brethren at Larnacca.

The population was computed at about eight thousand souls; two-thirds of whom are said to be Greeks, and the remainder Mohammedans. Both creeds herd together on the best of terms, and some families inhabited detached wings of the same house. The environs of the town—which we visited on horseback, having been kindly provided with animals by our hospitable host, who also accompanied us and acted as cicerone—presented every appearance of affluent luxury. Some of the orchards were arranged with great taste, and contained pretty little summer-houses, to which the wealthier inhabitants resort during the greater heats of July and August. Pomegranates, oranges, lemons, formed perfect groves and avenues: and as we rode amongst them, inhaling the sweetness of the wild honeysuckles that clustered round the thickly-set hedges, the handsome black-tufted Arab bulbul twittered to its mate, or, with crest erect, perched in the sunshine on the loftier branches of the cypress-trees, eyed us askance and with suspicion; scores of linnets and goldfinches sang amongst the branches of the trees; and pretty little Greek damsels, with tight-fitting dark-silk boddices, and flowing white robes, their hair parted neatly under the smallest imaginable red cap, tripped merrily to and fro with basket-loads of deliciously-ripe grapes upon their heads, invariably stopping as they passed to wish the *kali mara* (good morning).

Beyond these gardens we came upon a vast extent of well-cultivated grain land; and further on than these were several small villages, surrounded by extensive mulberry-plantations, the inhabitants of which mainly subsisted upon the annual supply of silk, and by hiring out their services as reapers at harvest-time to the lords of the manor that lived in Famagosta.

During our stay, the Greeks were observing a fifteen days' fast; and the master of the house where we lodged being of the Greek persuasion

rigorously adhered to the observance, though he ate at the same table with us, and our palates were suited with more desirable food than the meagre fare daily set before him. We had turkeys and ducks and mutton, dressed in twenty different styles, and an endless variety of pastry, which the poor man helped us to unsparingly, whilst obliged to content himself with a few miserable olives, a crust of bread, and a glass of wine, or a still less enticing mixture, composed of rice and oil and red chillies, mashed up with onions. But one Friday morning there was a dreadful commotion in the house—the Patriarch had granted a permit for the Greeks to feast on a peculiar species of fish on this favoured day; so that there was hardly a Greek in the town who had not been out all night, and, up to his neck in water, hunting for the desired luxury. This they had fortunately obtained in great abundance; and when we sat down to breakfast, the whole atmosphere was impregnated with a fishy smell. The lady of the house and all the servants were busy making ready the longed-for repast; the host sat smacking his lips, impatiently hurrying on the servants with alternate threats and beseechings; and when at length a huge dish, all smoking hot, was placed upon the table, to our dismay all that we could discover was a detestable-looking inky mixture, on the greasy surface of which onions were floating indiscriminately with parsley. Being pressed, however, to partake of this dainty, we could not well, without causing great offence, refuse; so we tamely submitted; and we must confess that we were most agreeably surprised by the flavour of the unsavoury-looking dish. The natives call this fish *sepia*, and it is well-known in the Levant under the soubriquet of the ink-fish.

Having thoroughly recovered from the fatigues of our late perilous voyage, and seen all worth seeing in Famagosta, we bade adieu with sincere regret to our kind entertainers, and quitting the town at half an hour before sunset, we rode forth, accompanied by a couple of consular cawasses, who were to accompany us as far as Nicosia. Though the autumn was now well advanced, and the weather had been boisterous, and even cold at times, the heat seemed to have returned with renewed energy, and it was therefore deemed expedient that we should travel by night. The roads were good and perfectly safe; and though the moon did not rise till late, or, rather, early in the morning, it was a beautiful starlight night, and both horses and guides were well acquainted with the roads. Besides these advantages, the plains of Nicosia swarm with flies, which are a source of great annoyance to both horse and rider; and this nuisance was avoided by travelling by night. Apart from this, however, our jaunt was most disagreeable; it was all very tolerable for the first hour or so, when the conversation never flagged for a minute: but at length all interesting topics were exhausted; our guides had smoked their throats dry, and sung themselves hoarse; the very animals got drowsy, and began to stumble over the level road; and whenever any mishap like this occurred, the muleteer would roar at the horses till they pricked up their ears at his well-known voice, and redoubled their speed for a hundred paces, or so; then every one was nodding drowsily again, and in peril of dropping off the saddle and falling fast asleep by the roadside. Now and then a discordant owl hooted from some solitary tree or ruined old church, and hungry packs of jackals whined to each other from distant outposts. But as we rode further into the night, even these sounds gradually ceased, and the most intense and painful

silence reigned all around us. It was too dark to see far, or to enable us to distinguish any leading features of the country over which we were passing.

Throughout the night there was a distant rumbling of thunder, and vivid flashes of lightning to the N.E., but, luckily for us, the storm kept away. Now and then the barking of dogs warned us that we were passing near some village or other; and once we heard a cock crow, which was a happy signal that the night was now rapidly on the wane. About three in the morning we halted by the roadside and lit a fire, on which the muleteers very soon prepared us some excellent coffee, and then we wrapped ourselves warmly in our capotes, and, using the horses' saddles for pillows, were soon in the land of oblivion and dreams.

Such, however, are the ordinary troubles and enjoyments of all travellers in the East.

It was a fine bright morning, with the sun only just peeping above the horizon, when we first came in sight of Nicosia. The town is pleasantly and airily situated on an elevation in the centre of a vast plain, surrounded by a strong and well-built fortress, through whose many portholes the guns loomed heavily. In the distance, above the battlements, in gradual ascent, rose the houses of the town, the Pasha's palace, the domed hummums, or Turkish vapour-baths, and, above all, gracefully spiring towards the skies, some ten or a dozen elegant minarets, surmounted with gilded cupolas and crescents, that shone resplendently in the morning sun. This picture was prettily variegated by the foliage of tall trees, tastefully planted along the ramparts, and in the enclosures and gardens attached to the private residences of the inhabitants.

The suburbs of the town were in a high state of cultivation; and in some places, where the harvest had been already reaped, oxen, cows, and sheep were browsing—quite a novel sight to us in Cyprus, and one that promised fairly, as far as milk and butter were concerned. As we approached nearer to the entrance-gate, the high towering walls excluded all other things from sight, and we began to encounter those inseparable features of the outskirts of a Turkish town—dustheaps, dogs, and innumerable beggars. Most of these latter unfortunates were suffering from acute diseases of the eye; and very clamorous and importunate they were, till the two cawasses displayed their silver-headed canes—insignia of office, and mystic wands, which had the instantaneous effect of silencing the mendicant hordes, who slunk away to their respective positions, there patiently to await the ingress and egress of wealthy and charitable Turks, who seldom pass them without showering a few coppers, for the possession of which a scuffle invariably ensues. And now we had arrived at the Famagosta gate, the handsomest of the three gates of the town: to all appearances it was a subterranean passage; for no sooner had we passed through the massive portals before we were enveloped in misty obscurity. As the eye got accustomed to the darkness, however, objects worthy of admiration and surprise presented themselves. Suddenly we came upon daylight again, and found ourselves riding under a lofty cupola, in the centre of which there was a circular opening, which admitted the light. Round this place sundry small tradesmen of a speculative turn had established small booths, where coffee, milk, bread, sherbet, and many other Oriental dainties and requisites, were temptingly displayed for sale; and these people drove a thriving trade, paying dearly to the local government for the privilege, but making ample amends for this by the

extortionate prices they charged. Native travellers, however, especially foot-passengers, arriving weary, thirsty, and hungry, after many hours' fatiguing trudge through dust and heat, or in winter, through cold and wet, found the temptation offered them to refresh themselves irresistible, and either sherbet and sweetmeats were in great demand, or coffee and pipes. But the two latter had decidedly the advantage of the others; so we, too, at the entreaty of our guides, alighted, and conformed to the general usage; and we had our small cup of coffee, and our large, long pipe; and then we sauntered about, and made the discovery that this gateway was really a very admirable contrivance, and one that did great credit to the Greek or the Turk, or whoever he was, that contrived it. This gate is composed of one vast cylindric vault, covering the whole ascent from the country below to the elevated plain on which Nicosia is built, and entirely constructed of large hewn stone; and, judging from the time that we had occupied in passing through one-half of it (for the cupola is situated in the exact centre of the gate), nearly four hundred yards in extent.

Having finished our survey, we mounted again, and in two seconds more were again in impenetrable darkness. Then there was a something looming in the distance; the light rapidly increased, and finally we emerged from the sombre causeway into the glorious sunshine. Half blinded from the sudden change, we winked and blinked and winked again; and each time we did so we saw something surprising—now a house; now trees; then a mosque; then a street thronged with gaily-dressed people: and when we could stare at all these without winking at all, then we arrived at two conclusions simultaneously—first, that we had arrived at the city of Nicosia; and secondly, that we had come to our journey's end.

BRITISH INDIA.—No. V.

PENANG.

IN Pulo-Penang there is an abundant supply of the most excellent water, numerous streams flowing from the hills in every direction, affording great facilities for irrigating the land. Three of these streams, after running some little distance, unite and form what is called the Penang River, which discharges itself into the sea about one mile south of the town. Ships have from the first always been supplied with water from this spring, but they had originally many difficulties and delays to encounter, owing to the shallowness of the mouth of the river, where, at low water, a disagreeable muddy flat stretches across, so soft that boats once striking can never hope to get afloat again till the tide serves. This evil has, however, now been remedied, the water being carried by a subterranean aqueduct right up to the pier-head, and ship-boats have the free use of hoses to conduct the water into the casks.

The inhabitants of Penang may be classed as follows:—1st. British; 2nd. Descendants of Dutch families; 3rd. Half-castes and Portuguese; 4th. Chinese; 5th. Chooliahs, or native Coolies of Madras; 6th. Malays; 7th. Buggesses; 8th. Burmese; 9th. Parsees; 10th. Bengalese; 11th. Achenese, with natives from Java and Sumatra. The British residents on the island are the president, councillor, the recorder, the chaplain, the garrison surgeon, the magistrate, the master-attendant, the officers of the

regiment of infantry, and the detachment of artillery in cantonment, the regimental doctor, one or two staff officers—these are all Government officials, and the most of them liable at stated periods to be changed to other settlements: thus, the recorder of Penang, almost invariably after serving a few years, is promoted to be puisne judge at Madras, and the military are relieved every three years. The rest of the British, with one or two exceptions, are merchants or planters: the exceptions are D. Smyth, a private practitioner and a dissenting missionary.

In addition to these there are Parsee, Arabian, and Choolie merchants—a fact which speaks volumes for the mercantile value of the island and the intrinsic worth of its productions. But I never in my travels visited any other settlement of a similar small size that was so compact in all the wants and luxuries of a large and flourishing place. The church was a perfect model; the tablets and tombstones in it the handsomest I have ever cast my eye upon. The court-house was big enough to try all the inhabitants of Penang at one sitting; the masonic lodge kept up its feasts and processions in the best of style; and the little theatre, where amateur performers acted twice a month, had an orchestra in the military band, and some of the best got-up scenery we had ever witnessed in India. And then there was a ladies' school—a regular, right-down, thorough-good boarding-school and day-schools for the buds that promised to burst forth, and one day become the belles of Penang. This school was kept by two old ladies; and really some of the girls who had been educated there gave ample evidence of the excellence of tuition as practised at the school of Mesdames Wallace and Russell. Marrying advantageously, many of them were carried off as brides by the red-coats frequenting the island. The descendants of the Dutch families are numerous, but very few of them have retained the opulence and station in society of their ancestors. Amongst these the most respected and numerous family is that of Rodyk. Old Rodyk himself enjoyed a pension from the East India Company, and his sons and grandchildren formed a little colony of themselves, one son being sub-registrar of the Supreme Court, and the others in the civil employment of the Straits. The half-castes and Portuguese are a very numerous class, and find themselves the same hardened, slighted set that these unfortunates are all over India. Chiefly descended from illegitimate parents, in the course of generations intermarrying amongst themselves, these half-castes have formed a distinct race of people, inhabiting, in common with others, the vast continent of India; and so numerous are they becoming, that it is difficult to look into the future without an ominous foreboding that, meek and humble as they now are, subservient to the dictum of the lowest European menials, and treated with abject scorn by the very Pariahs themselves, they must eventually either be exterminated from off the face of the earth, or else assume for themselves a position in society to which many of them, in an educational point of view, are well entitled. The only offices open to this neglected people are the most hard-slaving and the worst-paid in all India. They are writers in Government and commercial offices, apothecaries and shopboys and sailors; many of them, after twenty years' hard labour and honesty, have barely thirty pounds per annum to support themselves and families. In Penang, they, as well as the Portuguese, are of the lowest order, and have barely the wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of nature.

The fourth class of inhabitants are the Chinese; these are by far the most numerous, the most active, and most useful. Of these the upper

classes are shopkeepers, land and house proprietors, and nutmeg and pepper planters. The lower orders all follow trades, and many of them are excellent craftsmen—these are smiths, carpenters, shoemakers; the rest are butchers, bakers, and fruit and provision vendors. I never met with a single instance, during my stay at Penang, of a Chinaman in want of the common necessities of life: some have to fag hard to make both ends meet, but they manage to do this by never-tiring industry and energy. The Chooliahs are mostly emigrants from Madras, who, finding a difficulty in procuring their much-loved curry and rice in India, come over to Penang, where they get an easy living as porters, boatmen, tillers, and labourers. Some amongst them take in linen and get it up for you. In India you never hear of a laundress—it is always “my dhobie or washer-man,” and “my serving man.” These people never bring over wives with them, but they usually settle and get married in the Straits, taking for wives women who have been brought over from the coast of Pedir in Sumatra, and sold as slaves to Arab and other native merchants. One or two of the Chooliahs are wealthy traders; and one in particular is the largest shipowner out of Penang, his vessels being principally manned and commanded by natives trading up and down the Straits, or bringing annual cargoes of rice from Sumatra or Chittagong: there were also a few vessels employed in the timber trade from Moulmein. The Chooliahs are mostly a humble, quiet people—as great cowards, however, as they are arrant knaves.

The Malays inhabiting Penang occupy one exclusive portion of the island. Here we observe the same strange feature in this race which is to be found amongst the Malays of Sumatra, and even exists amongst the Chinese—a distinct classification of features between the males and the females; for whereas the former are uniformly high-cheekboned, squalid, with Chinese eyes and African lips, many of the latter might be taken as a model for a Grecian Venus—with that mild, sweet simplicity of countenance and loving eye which is never to be met with in the man. The Malay's features are an index to his heart and vindictive spirit: there is murder in his beetle-brow, deceit in his under lip, insatiable revenge and a diabolic thirst for bloodshed in his small, glaring, bloodshot eye.

Some Malay women have been married to Europeans of a lower grade, artillery soldiers, and the like; and I have seen the descendants of these, of both sexes. In the man, there was not the slightest trace of the Malay; and one lad, that served as a Lascar on board of the vessel that took me to Sumatra, was as docile and tractable as a lamb. But I must candidly confess, that unless lured by the prospect of rich booty, the Malay will not seek a quarrel with a European. They make excellent sailors, hardy, fearless fellows, that will face the heaviest gale without one tremor or thought of fear; and this particular adaptation has unfortunately been the cause of so many tragical catastrophes which have been, and still continue from time to time, to be recorded. Captains and mates of vessels manned by Lascars, especially those who have newly entered that peculiar service, accustomed heretofore to the bluff, reckless conduct of English sailors, and unfortunately too much addicted to the disgusting practice of swearing most loathsome oaths, persevere in pursuing exactly the same line of conduct to the Lascars placed under their command, and they are by far too fond of using their fists and the rope's end. Even the poor, broken-spirited Bengalese and Coramandel Coast Lascars will barely brook this system of insult and ill usage. The mates of vessels, more

especially, are apt, in newly joining, to collect a complete vocabulary of Hindostanee and Malay oaths; than which it may be remarked no languages in the world seem to afford a wider scope for, or have a greater collection of, abominable phrases. Many mates makes use of these as a parrot would, without comprehending one word of what they say; but Malay seamen and Manilla sea-cunnies never wait to reflect upon this matter. A blow from you they might possibly overlook, but a curse never: be sure that you are a marked man for vengeance, which they only bide time and opportunity to work. We hope to be pardoned for so far digressing from the subject, when our motive for so doing is a hope that the 'Home Friend' may be perused by seafaring people, and guard them against falling into a fatal error.

The Malays at Penang are a rather indolent set, but there are amongst them cunning workmen in gold and silver filigree-work. Next to the Malays come the Buggesses, a race from Borneo and the Celebes, who, though thorough Malays in features and manners, differ from them materially in language. These inhabit a small town on the Penang River, and keep aloof from the other natives: they make good and valiant soldiers, and are equally well fitted to be sailors. Many of them make annual voyages in their proahs, bartering cloth and gold-dust for opium and iron. The former is as much smoked in Penang as in Siam or China; but it is not a prohibited article of commerce. Even the Madras sepoys here stationed are addicted to the habit of chewing bhang, a deleterious narcotic, as fatal in its effects as the abuse of opium. The Burmese and Siamese, though enemies elsewhere, live harmoniously together in the small village at Penang; they are principally fishermen, and own stokes and fishing-boats, from the proceeds of which they supply the market, selling the surplus and refuse fish to the planters, who use it as manure. Of Parsees there are but very few, and these are all well-to-do in the world. Besides the foregoing there are a few Bengalese, Achenese, Javanese, and natives from other parts of Sumatra. These are chiefly employed as domestic servants and grooms; the Bengalese groom, or syce, being the most active muscular man it is possible to imagine. They think nothing of running at the head of the Achenese ponies, which draw the shigrampo, or palanquin-carriages, in Penang, at an amazingly rapid pace (and which are never driven by a coachman), without ever stopping a moment to recover breath; and when arrived at their journey's end, they seem as fresh as though they had been only walking a mile.

At the census taken in 1797, the population of Penang was estimated at 6,937 souls; five years afterwards it amounted to 12,000; and at the present day it is computed to amount to very nearly 65,000 souls; and this, notwithstanding Penang having made a retrograde movement as regards her commercial influence, is owing to the rapid growth and importance of the sister settlement at Singapore.

Penang produces pepper, beetlenut, beetleleaf, cocoanuts, coffee (in a very small quantity), sugar (the quantity yearly augmenting), indigo (of which the same may be said), cotton, paddy, ginger, yams, sweet potatoes, and a great variety of vegetables and fruit; amongst the latter of which are mangostein, ramboteen, and pine-apples—the pineapples grow wild, and are used by the Chinese for feeding their swine. The foregoing were found growing upon the soil when the island was first taken possession of. The exotics since introduced are nutmegs, cinnamon, pimento, kyapootee, colalava, and other plants from the Moluccas and Eastern Isles.

Gamootee, of which black coir-rope is made, grows wild; and the gutta-percha tree has been found. In no country in the world does the nutmeg appear to have found so congenial a soil as at Penang; and the pepper plant has been introduced with an equally happy result. In 1801 a census of some of the more valuable plants and trees was taken, when the following result was published:—

Pepper vines, under 3 years' growth . . .	733,349
„ from 3 to 6 years' ditto . . .	532,230

Total vines . . .	1,265,579
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Beetlenut trees	342,110
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Cocoanut ditto	32,306
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At that period the nutmeg plant had not been introduced; and it is hardly necessary to say that this plant, from its intrinsic value, has superseded in importance every other production of the island. We have already had occasion to notice a nutmeg plantation in our sketch of Glugur, on the estate of the Messrs. Brown; further on we shall visit a pepper-vine plantation, and briefly remark on its first introduction, adaptation, and culture. The beetlenut-tree is totally distinct from the beetleleaf-tree, the former being a species much resembling the palm-tree, and growing to a considerable height; the latter is more of a creeper than a plant, with large flat deep green leaves. Both are as essential to the comforts of the Malays, Chooliahs, and other natives (the Chinese excepted), as are the tobacco and the chunnu they roll up with the *quid* which is perpetually distorting their cheeks. But the beetlenut possesses an intrinsic value in the markets of China, to which place shiploads are annually sent from Sumatra. It is used in China, in some dyeing process which those clever people have discovered, and which does not yet seem to have transpired. The ginger is preserved in Penang by the Chinese, as well as it is done in China. Of yams there are many species, but one in particular merits attention: it is of Sumatran origin, and I have there seen it growing wild in the densest jungle, affording subsistence to the wild boars, which are plentiful on the banks of the river Pisangan on the Pedir coast. This root, when freshly extracted from the jungle, has much the appearance of the ordinary Indian yam, excepting as regards size, the former being twice as big as the latter: on cutting it a thick blistering milk exudes, gummy to the touch, and nauseous to the taste. The vegetable in its crude state has a brown coating, with the pith as white as snow; when boiled and served, however, it has undergone a complete metamorphosis, the whole of the interior being of a most beautiful deep violet hue; in flavour it in every respect resembles the yam.

Indigo was for the first time introduced into Penang in 1838 and 1839. I saw the first crop gathered, and was in the island when the first indigo produced was hailed as eminently successful. The articles imported into Penang, in the earlier days of her commerce, consisted of opium, grain, iron, steel, hummums, guerahs, bafties cassas, tanjabs, mamoodies, chintzes, and a few fine goods: all the foregoing were imported from Bengal. From Bombay and Malabar, Penang received cotton, salt, piece-goods, redwood, sandalwood, sharks' fins, fish mote, pulchuk, myrrh, Surat piece goods, oil, &c. From the west coast of Sumatra, pepper, buyaniin, camphor, gold-dust; from Achen and Pedir, gold-dust, beetlenut, white and red cut,

chickory, pepper, rice, Achen cloths and ponies, which latter are of a breed much superior to the general run of ponies in India. Diamond Point imports into Penang ratans (the celebrated, called Penang Lawyers), sago, brimstone, and gold-dust. East coast of Sumatra—tin, pepper, Java arrack, sugar, oil, rice, tobacco, and birds of Paradise. The island of Junk-Ceylon supplies Penang with tin, birds' nests, beche-de-mer, sepah, and elephants' teeth. Trigano, in the Gulf of Siam, sends pepper and gold-worked cloths. Borneo, gold-dust, sago, and blackwood. The Moluccas, spices; and from China, Penang annually receives tea, sugarcandy, lute-strings, velvets, paper, umbrellas, China ware of all kinds, quicksilver, nankeens, tutenague, sweetmeats, pickles, raw silk, copper ware, China, camphor, China root, alum, and ginger. This long array of costly articles, gathered from the annual returns of the commerce and trade of Penang, proves to what an extent trade has thriven on this beautiful island, though now in the hands of only a few speculative merchants. I need not observe that almost all the above-enumerated commodities are only imported into Penang for the purpose of being transhipped and exported again into India, Britain, Europe, and America; but, in addition to these, the annual exports of the island may be classed as follows, viz.—

To EAST and WEST COAST of SUMATRA.

Cotton.

Piece goods, received from India.

Opium, iron and tobacco.

To JUNK-CEYLON.

Piece goods and opium.

To TRINGANO. (The same to Java, Borneo, Celebes, and Moluccas.)

Iron and steel.

Bengal piece goods.

Blue cloth.

European coarse red, blue, and green cloth.

Common cutlery.

To CHINA.

Opium, cotton, ratans.

Beetlenut, pepper, birds' nests, and sharks' fins.

Sandalwood, and Sumatra camphor.

Beche-de-mer, latch, and sepah.

Tin.

To INDIA.

Pepper, tin, beetlenut, cut and chickory ratans, camphor, gold-dust, nutmegs, spices, &c.

So far back as 1802 one thousand tons of pepper were shipped for Europe, valued at not less than 50*l.* sterling per ton of 20 cwt. This quantity has been gradually increasing; but everything sinks into insignificance when brought to be compared with the increase and thriving commerce carried on in spice alone. The whole island may be said now to consist of one vast nutmeg plantation, thousands of tons being annually shipped for Europe, India, the Persian Gulf, and America. Such is the present condition of Penang, which, not more than half a century ago, was a desolate island, covered with dense forests, and affording shelter only to the Malay tigers that happened to swim over from the opposite coast, or to the equally ferocious Malay pirate.

NO LIE THRIVES.—No. VI.



THE following Monday, Frank entered on his month's liking. A few days afterwards it was agreed between Mr. Sharman and the friends of his senior apprentice, that, on account of the ill-health of the latter, his indentures should be given up. Frank immediately communicated this intelligence to Willis, who as quickly reported it to his mother. Mrs. Richmond, without loss of time, waited upon Mr. Sharman, and informing him that it was at her request that application had been formerly made to him, expressed her anxiety that he would consent to receive her son. Mr. Sharman was well acquainted with her character, and with the manner in which she had brought up her children. He made no favour of meeting her wishes, but kindly and promptly acceded to them.

"I am solicitous on one point alone," said she; "I hope you will not object to my son being an indoor apprentice."

Mr. Sharman heard her with pleasure, and at once assured her that such an arrangement was in exact accordance with his wishes.

"The only indulgence I ask," said she, "is that my son may be allowed to spend the Sunday at home."

"Willingly," replied Mr. Sharman, "provided that he goes to church in the morning with me. I like to have my whole family around me at a place of worship, that we may acknowledge one Head, one bond of union, share one interest, and be influenced by one mutual example. He may join you at the church door when the service is over, if you please; and

if he is in at eight o'clock in the winter, and nine in the summer, I shall be satisfied."

Every arrangement having been concluded, the following Monday was appointed for Willis to enter on his month's liking. The apron and sleeves were made by Ellen, who declared it was quite a becoming dress to him. It had been agreed that Willis should sleep at home till he was really bound apprentice. The evening, therefore, was anticipated with the greatest pleasure by all three, and regret was mutually felt as the time approached when the gratification was to cease. Willis had, indeed, requested his mother to allow him to be an outdoor apprentice as well as Frank, but her firm, yet kind denial, satisfied him at once, and the subject was dropped.

Three weeks had elapsed since Frank first went to Mr. Sharman, when the latter called on Mrs. Richmond.

"I am going to speak to my solicitor about Frank Davis's indenture," said he; "he has been a little longer with me than your son, but if you like, and Willis wishes to continue with me, the indentures of both shall bear date the same day. I am pleased with what I have seen of him, and hope the feeling is mutual."

Mrs. Richmond assured him that her son was very happy, and in her own name and his thanked him for his kindness.

"But, Miss Ellen," said Mr. Sharman, "must not look so grave at me. I understand her meaning, and hasten to make friends with her. I know she does not wish to part with her brother one evening before the time first named, nor shall she. It must never be said I broke faith at the very beginning, lest neither she nor her brother should depend upon me for the future. I told you so," continued he, returning the smile Ellen directed towards him, and speaking to her. "You must come and see your brother sometimes. I have a daughter who I am very sure would be pleased to be acquainted with you."

He shook hands with Ellen as he departed, while she, on her part, declared afterwards to her mother, that she felt sure Willis could not fail to be happy with one so kind as Mr. Sharman appeared.

The last evening that Willis was to spend at home might have been a sad one, had Mrs. Richmond encouraged any such feeling either in herself or her children. She was grave, indeed, but not melancholy; the passing admonition of the parent was relieved with the more cheerful allusions that were made to the prospects of her son, and the comforts that awaited him in a family like Mr. Sharman's.

"I have not a great deal to say to you, Willis," replied she, in answer to the question he had asked, whether she had told him all she wished. "Nothing indeed with respect to the subjects we have been conversing about. But listen to me, the anxious heart of a mother thinks nothing done, whilst anything remains undone, which she believes may benefit the child she loves."

Willis grasped the hand of his sister, while the eyes of both were earnestly fixed on the countenance of their mother, which, though not agitated, was marked with an expression very different from that calmness which usually distinguished it.

"Willis," said she, "you are now about to take your first step alone, as it were, in life. All henceforth will, in a great measure, depend upon yourself, for the aid of God must depend upon your seeking it, whether your career shall end to your shame or to your honour, in your success or in the failure of your hopes. But remember, beyond the faithful

observance of those means which can lead to a happy result, on your shunning those ways which inevitably induce to the contrary, you can have little cause to claim merit to yourself, even should you be prosperous beyond all expectation. Let not your mother's parting exhortation ever be forgotten. Honour and obey your master, serve him in all fidelity and with all respect. Look upon him as a friend, reverence him as a parent, as your superior and your example in all things. Remember that your mother's happiness is bound up in your good conduct, and that your performance of your duty to him and to me is the performance of your duty to your Father and to your Master who is in heaven; the obligation is one, the end and recompense the same. Be honest, be diligent, be contented, be grateful, be guilty of no meanness, and be careful to practise that self-denial in all things which it has been my study to inculcate on you from your infancy." Her voice trembled and the tears rose to her eyes,—she arose. "Good night, my dear boy," said she, kissing him, "I shall never close my eyes without first praying for you; oh never, never forget to pray for your mother!"

"Or for your own sister Ellen," cried the fond child, wrapping her arms round him, and sobbing.

Poor Willis was unmanned, in spite of his determination to show no symptom of weakness. "For shame, Ellen," murmured he, hiding his face in her curls. "Why this is no parting—think of Sunday."

"I will, I will," returned she; "and Sunday bids me think of heaven."

Foolish or evil expressions may well give us pain; why should holy words, uttered by pure lips and an innocent tongue, convey any sensation but that of pleasure? We know not, yet so it is: there are chords so fine in the heart that the very breath of an angel may cause them to vibrate to our distress.

At twelve o'clock the next day, Mr. Sharman and the two boys, with Mrs. Richmond (Mr. Davis having been prevented from attending), repaired to the office of Mr. Gardner, who having read aloud the indentures in a quick, monotonous tone of voice, proceeded to take the signatures of each; he then wished the lads "luck," and bade them be "good fellows," after which he exchanged a few words with Mr. Sharman, and dismissed them all. They walked a short way together, when Mrs. Richmond took leave of them, and Mr. Sharman and the boys returned to the shop. When they had reached it, he desired the two to follow him into his counting-house, a place raised some few feet at the further end of the shop.

"Boys," said he, "a clear understanding in every transaction of life is an important means towards a favourable result on the part of each concerned in it. You and I have this day entered into a solemn covenant with each other, the terms of which you ought perfectly to comprehend. The document I hold in my hand, though Willis's indenture is essentially the same as yours, Frank, explains the duties we have taken upon ourselves to fulfil, and needs only to be carefully considered and faithfully remembered to answer every desirable end. I shall therefore now read it to you leisurely, and I shall continue to do so on every anniversary of the day till you are out of your time."

He unfolded the parchment, and laying it before him read, first, in a lower voice the names of the parties, and then clearly and distinctly as follows:—

"To learn his art, and with him after the manner of an apprentice to serve from ——— unto the full end and term of five years from thence next following, to be fully complete and ended. During which term the said apprentice his master faithfully shall serve, his secrets keep, his lawful commands everywhere gladly do; he shall do no damage to his said master, nor see to be done of others, but to his power shall tell or forthwith give warning to his said master of the same; he shall not waste the goods of his said master, nor give them unlawfully to any; he shall not commit fornication, nor contract matrimony within the said term; he shall not play at cards or dice tables or any other unlawful games whereby his said master may have any loss with his own goods or others, during the said term, without licence of his said master. He shall neither buy nor sell. He shall not haunt taverns or playhouses, nor absent himself from his said master's service day or night unlawfully. But in all things as a faithful apprentice he shall behave himself towards his said master and all his during the said term."

He paused, "This is a serious engagement on your part," said he. "You shall now hear what I in return covenant to perform with you, that we may be a check the one on the other."

"And the said James Sharman, in consideration of the sum of ——— his said apprentice in the art of grocer and draper, which he useth by the best means that he can, shall teach and instruct, or cause to be taught and instructed; finding unto the said apprentice sufficient meat, drink, and lodging, and all other necessities during the said term, his mother finding him clothing, washing, mending and medical attendance, and all other necessities. And for the true performance of all and every the said covenants and agreements either of the said parties binds himself unto the other by these presents: in witness whereof the parties above named to these indentures interchangeably have put their hands and seals."

He turned towards the two boys who stood gravely before him. "Happy," said he, "will it be for us all three, if knowing what is required of us, our hearts shall tell us next year and the years to come, if we are spared to each other, that we have fulfilled our engagement to the best of our ability. The law has now made me your master, my desire is to be also your friend and parent; the first you cannot prevent, the latter must depend upon your own conduct. The root of all future well-doing is laid in obedience; remember then that my commands are binding on you, and that from a principle of what is due to yourselves as to me, I will see that they are punctually performed. One interest, however, must unite us; we are now members of one family; I will therefore have no disputing, no quarrellings, no jealousies. I will not punish you for every fault you may be betrayed into, for I know what is in the best of us; but I will overlook none, and that from a conscientious regard for my duty towards yourselves, your parents, and our mutual God and heavenly Master, which lays an obligation on me to instruct, admonish, and advise you. But the point above all others is this—you must be truthful. Never attempt to deceive me, or to deceive any one else. Act on all occasions in the spirit of the private mark long used successfully and honourably by myself, my father, and grandfather, and which I now communicate to you, 'No lie thrives,' and take it on the word of one who will never in any way knowingly mislead you, that the path of truth is not only the safest in business, but the surest, and the only one that will secure lasting prosperity. Be civil to every one, familiar with none; there is a degree of respect due to every

one, and there is no moment in which respect is not a duty you owe to yourselves. As for myself, with God's help, I will do my duty by you ; I will set you the best example I can ; I will instruct you to the best of my ability, and I will make you clever tradesmen if it be in my power. And now may God bless and prosper us, and may the recollection of this hour be, to the very end of our lives, a pleasure and a comfort."

He shook hands with the boys as he concluded, and led the way to the shop.

Evening came ; Mr. Sharman read prayers with his family, and Willis heard the blessing of heaven implored on his own undertaking, and himself committed to the protection and guidance of Divine protection. His heart was full, and having exchanged "Good nights" with every one present, he followed Mrs. Sharman to his bedroom.

"You will find all comfortable, I hope," said she, as they entered ; "the smaller bed is yours, the other is Mr. Benson's, who as you know will be at home to-morrow. I may trust you to put out your candle, I suppose?"

Willis assured her that he had been accustomed to do so. She then set the candlestick on the table in the window, and in a kind voice expressing a wish that he might sleep well, she withdrew, and closed the door after her. Willis cast a look around the apartment : all was indeed as comfortable as good management and propriety could make it ; in many respects it was superior to his own bedchamber. His would have been an ungrateful heart if he had been dissatisfied ; but nevertheless there was something wanting, or it might be he was unusually depressed and fancied at least that such was the case. In spite of himself the feeling he had tried to suppress grew more intense, and on a sudden obtained the mastery over him. His eyes swam in tears, and a deep sigh escaped from his bosom. He knelt down and said his prayers, and his heart was softened still more. His trial, however, was to come. It had been a custom with him at home, by his mother's desire, that he should rap on the wall which separated her and Ellen's bedroom from his, when he had put out the light, and the signal was always answered by one or other of the two ; if by Mrs. Richmond, by a single rap, if by his sister, by three or four, and sometimes he could catch the sound of her sweet voice wishing him again good night.

There was now entire silence ; he did not even know by whom the adjoining apartment was occupied, or if it was occupied at all. He threw a glance around, measured with his eyes the distance between him and the bed, then turning the extinguisher over the candle, he made a hasty step, and jumped into bed. The confession is his own, and need not therefore be suppressed. For a few minutes afterwards he continued to act the part, not of the man, but of the child, and to wet his pillow with his tears.

This weakness, however, if such it might be termed, returned no more. It was the first real sense that the tie which had bound him from his infancy to home and its beloved inmates was severed, that had caused his emotion,—an involuntary feeling, peculiar to an amiable and affectionate disposition, not partaking of regret or repentance for a step taken, though expressed with the outward show of sorrow. Willis's eyes were as bright next morning as the sun which had opened them ; and he unclosed the shop windows with an alacrity and activity that showed all was cheerful within.

[To be continued.]

RAMBLES IN THE PYRENEES.—No. II.

CAUTERETZ is a curious little town, more than three thousand feet above the sea, consisting of between two and three hundred houses, the roofs of some of which are literally overhung by the enormous pine-covered mountains which form a formidable guard around them. The mineral springs which abound here are sulphureous and warm: there are no less than sixteen sources of these healing springs, which are esteemed among the best of those which have so long rendered the Pyrenean mountains the resort of persons who seek either the benefits or pleasures which watering-places afford.

Most foreigners when they seek the former, do so in earnest. From four o'clock in the morning till eight, the sight of all the pilgrims to these shrines of health is a curious, and, to English eyes, an uncommon spectacle. At an early hour, the morning after our arrival, we, too, were abroad, and took the road to the baths called *La Raillère*, which lie at the foot of a bare granite mountain, about a mile and a half from the little town. The road was uphill all the way—a wild desolate scene, its sides strewn with the wreck of mountains; and over masses of the same swept the torrents, or Gaves, as all the mountain rivers are called in the *Pyrenées*, each taking its specific name from the valley or town to which it peculiarly belongs. How singular seemed to us that first sight of a Pyrenean watering-place! The road was literally thronged; and, as it was nearly the close of the season, at least towards the latter end of it, the assemblage was less fashionable, but much more picturesque and curious.

There was the native peasant woman, in her red or white capulet, with its black velvet border, hanging down each side of her face like a hood, her hands, as she walked along, busy twisting the distaff, or plying the knitting-needles. She does not, perhaps, look very ill, but she is able to afford a visit to the baths, and so she comes to them, taking care, however, that neither health-seeking nor pleasure-seeking interrupts the ceaseless spinning or knitting: indeed, the old-fashioned distaff, so long unseen in England, or the knitting-needles, now only used among us by aged fingers, appear to be almost natural adjuncts to Pyrenean hands. There you see also the real invalid, dragging feeble limbs along the toilsome road, because too poor to pay for a chair and its porters; to the credit of the French Government such persons can take the benefit of the waters gratis. And there is the droll-looking French tourist, perhaps from Paris, affecting the dress of the mountaineer without any other resemblance to him, wearing the berret or cap, and the bright red sash, which French visitors, even ladies, if they ride on horseback, choose to adopt when they come to "the mountains;" there is the monk in his thick coarse dress and sandalled feet; there is the poor Spaniard, carrying over one shoulder, with a proud air of dignity, the mantle that looks very like an English horsecloth; there are—if it is holiday time—abundance of French abbés, holding earnest and animated discussions among themselves; there is the grandee of Spain, walking as if the earth were his alone, his stately person enveloped in an ample mantle, and his head, on occasion of a bath, swathed in a great coloured handkerchief; and there are Spanish women also, with the third part of a cheek, and the whole of one dark eye gleaming out from behind the black mantilla that is drawn over the head and across all the rest of the face. Then there is a glimpse of a different kind, the pallid

face of a suffering nun; and then there is the rosy and laughing one of an English girl, though what the owner of that rosy face has to do with the waters of Caunteretz it would take some time to find out.

There are sights that touch the heart as well as those that amuse the eyes. That pale young conductor, for instance, in the smart uniform of his tribe in France, but with his head bound up as if he had been injured by an accident; he is supported on the stouter arm of a kindly brother conductor, who leads him to the panacea of "the waters," in search of the strength which will allow him to gain his living again.

Then there are the victims of excess, and sour-looking chronic invalids, who seem to think no one is ill but themselves; and there are chairs carried on poles by men who often carry stout gentlemen and ladies in them up mountains thousands of feet high, to let them see a view, or a lake, or to enable them to say that they have been so high. Sometimes on the road to the baths an interesting face is seen in these chairs, a drooping girl, or a declining mother, whose merry children run beside her; or a father, whose anxious wife attends him; and very often they contain those whose chief cause of malady appears to arise from idleness. Abundance of ease, and no care for others, bring so much care for oneself.

Few things among all the tastes and practices of the world seem to me more singular than the fashion which brings persons, who do not seek a cure, to watering-places, where we generally see miserable sufferers, anxious invalids, and restless pleasure-seekers, congregated together. In the Pyrenées one does not think of this so much: the invalids look and act as if they want to be cured; and the extreme beauty of the scenery in which these wonderful springs abound may surely form a reasonable motive for the visits of the healthful.

After breakfast we set off on the only excursion we meant to make from Caunteretz. As we did not want "the waters," we intended to leave a place which does not possess many other attractions beyond the singularity of its position. We had about six miles of a mountain path to travel; and a pair of nice small ponies, with a steady mountain guide, were soon ready. We soon entered the dark fir forest whose shade was a pleasant relief from the sun.

On the way was a charming cascade, formed by the falls of the river, which leaps down the precipices, its white torrents, its wild music, forming a beautiful variety to the savage grandeur of the scene. Our guide insisted on our dismounting, and walking down the wet slippery descent to the foot of the fall. A black mass of decayed vegetation, intersected by blocks of granite and roots of trees, the latter of which formed rests for our feet, seemed a very inviting region to enter on; but the guide, taking my arm, led me on in the manner in which doubtless he led hundreds of other travellers, using only the French words which were to guide me in placing a foot, "Here; there; no; like that; no; here; there;" and so we came down, and gazed up at the fine sparkling fall tumbling down through the thick shade of the black pines. And on the way back the guide said gravely, "Behold the rainbow!" I naturally looked up, but he told me to look down, and when I did so I beheld, not the "bow in the cloud," but the same beautiful effect produced on the smooth black rock that bounded the rushing stream. All the variegated colours of the rainbow shone on the wet surface of its side. It was beautiful.

The Pont d'Espagne, which name in English would be "Bridge of Spain," was the most wildly magnificent spot I had at this time seen.

The bridge is in character with the scene ; it is rudely formed of the trunks of pine-trees thrown over the torrent, which is at that spot confined between the giant rocks, but it soon regains its liberty. Another stream meeting it, they leap into each other's arms, with a roar of delight that makes the wild solitary place re-echo the glad tumult, as they rush head-long away, celebrating their union and escape, with that deep mountain melody which is seldom long unheard in the Pyrenées—the voice of rushing waters and falling rivers. The junction takes place in the chasm under the bridge, the waters then dash away in picturesque falls; their roar is all that breaks the silence of nature; the great bare cliffs elevate their spires and pinnacles at one side, the pine mountains hem you in at the other; you stand on an open platform, look round you, and beneath you; and, feeling the solitary magnificence of the scene, your thoughts rise, for one moment, at least, above you, in an adoring sense of the power of the Creator of this world's majesty and loveliness.

We were to continue our ascent to the Lac (Lake) de Goubé, chiefly in order to get a sight of the Vignemale, one of the highest mountains of France, white with never-melting snow. The road was difficult, quite through and up the fir-covered mountain, where prostrate trees, stones, intersecting roots, and rocks, caused our poor ponies some trouble. At last we came to an open spot where lay a lake of a deep-green colour, about two miles and a half in circumference, up at this great height in the mountains, and enclosed by bare precipitous rocks:—

“ A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below.”

Silent it was, and rather desolate it looked to us. The mighty Vignemale, clad in unchanging white, rising up before it, the same in the glowing sunshine as in the tempest's gloom. One single house, that for the reception of visitors, alone appears here.

Perhaps the somewhat gloomy aspect I attributed to this lake was caused by the sight of a monument erected on its bank to commemorate the fate of a young English couple, who, while spending their honeymoon in the Pyrenées, were lost in this lake. I have seen accounts of this sad accident given by various travellers, and it is singular that there are no two of them alike; one says that the happy pair began to dance in the boat on the lake; another draws a picture of a young wife endeavouring to save her husband; another affirms that they had in sport taken the boat from the fisherman, who was left in agony on the shore to witness their death without being able to prevent it; a fourth, perhaps the true one, says, “no human eye beheld the accident.” The woman who occupied the house when we visited Lac de Goubé, told me that it was bad weather, that her father was rowing them over the lake, and that he and they perished. But she seemed very reluctant to speak or hear about it.

The next day we left Caunteretz to the bathers and water-drinkers, and set off to continue our rambles further in the Pyrenées.

Sometimes one is very fortunate in a guide: and as guides are indispensable in crossing the mountains, which we meant to do, it was not the least part of the good fortune that attended us that we met with a man who, though from his taciturnity and seriousness we named him “the melancholy Jacques,” this being his real name, was yet all we could desire; and the pony he procured me was such a dear little animal as I still remember with peculiar affection.

Thus, then, we set off from Cauteretz, taking the road to St. Sauveur. It was nearly a solitary, and a very beautiful one. We had no interruption to our meditations, no "distraction" but the rushing, inconstant, fitful Gave, whose progress we watched when it could be seen, and listened to when it could not be seen; now flashing into sight, now plunging into caverns below; now sweeping by in a rapid flow, crested with white, but also displaying its lovely hues, varied as the plumes of some Eastern bird, from the darkest blue to the palest iron-grey; then, tumbling in one, or several, falls, down a rocky precipice, and sinking into a channel so low, so dark, so narrow, that its white foam is lost to sight, and a dark mass of water beneath the deep shade of rocks and drooping foliage, is guessed at rather than seen, till a bridge, or one of the many curves in the road, brings us again to it, free and foaming, one wave of white and blue, flowing down its rocky way. Who could be dull with such a companion?

Then above were the equally varied mountains; now bare, gigantic, but of diversified forms, lowering in awe-imposing, savage grandeur; now green and planted slopes, with lovely patches of such verdure as I believe Pyrenean skies and mountains can alone produce, bearing on the velvety surface the hut of the goat-herd or the shepherd, perched like the eyrie on high, but looking more out of place than the nest of the bird of the mountain would have been.

Great and mighty are the works of Nature, Nature itself the work of the God of Nature; and here is Nature's greatness and man's littleness strongly contrasted; yet is man the mightiest work of God, for he shall endure, though the everlasting hills should pass away.

We descended into the old road leading to the miserable town of Pierrefitte, now inaccessible for carriages; and thus had an opportunity of observing the great skill displayed in the construction of the new one, carried by means of an elevation of masonry to an immense height above us, and cut, in parts, entirely out of the solid rock.

How soon do those who would really enjoy travelling learn to dispense (of course when not invalids) with what are usually considered "necessary comforts!" How very likely are they to forget to consult Mr. Murray's 'Handbook' as to the best towns, and the most agreeable halting-places! The idea of even entering such an inn as Pierrefitte contains would, in England, be impossible, yet a cup of café au lait taken beside its kitchen fire was so acceptable, that we never thought of inquiring if there were not a better hotel to be found; for the clouds had discharged one of those torrents against which any protection, in the way of cloaks or umbrellas, would have been nearly useless if we had had them, and not having had them, we were almost as wet when we came in there as if we had been taken out of the bounding Gave.

The Pont d'Enfer is the French name of the old bridge which still stretches, between dark masses of rock, across the foaming torrent on the old road to Lux; which is the place where the fabrics called Barèges are chiefly manufactured, and not at that from which they seem to take their name. The Pont d'Enfer is a title which I do not wish to put into English; but certainly to gaze up at it now, hanging, as it seems to do, at least between two and three hundred feet above the modern bridge, one would think that some name signifying an approach to the skies would be more appropriate than that which implies that it leads in another direction. This strange-looking bridge marks the elevation of the old road, which is now replaced by one that does credit to the engineers of France. Looking

over the new bridge you see the great height at which even this lower road is constructed ; you behold at an astonishing depth the river you had lost sight of ; and how the ancient bridge that spans the same torrent so high above you could be traversed by mortal feet, becomes a mystery, for it seems to hang in air.

The old, difficult, and dangerous road, descends, the modern admirable one ascends, until they unite ; and all along the Gave changes its character with that of its road. At one spot its course seems blocked up ; the rocks overlap each other across its bed, and no outlet can be seen for the writhing, boiling, and murmuring flood : it gets out somehow, and goes on, wild and foaming ; then quiet and quick ; the rocky gorge opens out also ; a fair fertile vale appears ; agriculture is again seen ; some white houses rise on the green slopes, and, at the entrance of the romantic defile of Gaverie, lies the neat and quiet village, or watering-place, of St. Sauveur.

That evening no one was inclined for a walk but myself : the sun was bright, and the air cooled by a shower : it was delightful to walk to Lux, and around St. Sauveur ; therefore, attended by our melancholy Jacques, I set off for that purpose.

And what a sweet walk it was ! a pretty, rural walk ; sometimes by a scarcely traced path, where I suspect few visitors have been conducted, and which seemed quite such as suited the taste of our quiet guide, who walked before me, silently holding back the thorny wild rose, or gathering the loveliest little flowers, which he presented often without word or look. Part of the way also led along an elevated ridge, affording a fine view of the vale, while on its highest elevation stood an old ruined building called the hermitage, where Jacques—who always opened his lips when information was to be given—told me a hermit had dwelt long ago, and where the young Duke of Montpensier had lately dined with a large party. It looked to me like an old barn ; but as variety lends a charm to most things, I dare say a prince would relish his dinner there. Then Jacques pointed out to me the fine old castle of St. Marie, standing on the height, and, as is common in the Pyrenées, guarding the entrance of the valley ; and this old relic of feudalism he told me “ was built by the English who once held all that country.”

The knowledge which Frenchmen of the lower class generally possess of the history, or traditions of their own land, is far beyond what is commonly met among the same class in England. Everywhere through the Pyrenées you may hear these bold-looking feudal ruins called English castles, and this one of St. Marie, which adds such picturesque effect to the beauty of the view, is really interesting to English wanderers, as being the remains of the last of those fortresses which our gallant Edward the Black Prince retained of all his Pyrenean possessions.

But the most remarkable and interesting object of this neighbourhood is the old Temple Church of Lux. It was built by the priest-soldiers, or Knights Templars, who have also left us their beautiful Temple Church in London, but it retains far more of the mixed character of church and fortress : it stands within a castle, whose battlemented and loop-holed walls at once recal the idea of the warlike and religious order, half monk half soldier, who once had a party stationed here to defend this entrance to France from the infidel Saracens, and afterwards from the ravages of the Spaniards.

It is impossible to pass within this fortified and interesting building, an erection it is supposed of the eleventh century, without having

the mind drawn more or less back to the stirring times when monks covered sackcloth with armour, exchanged the cowl for the helmet, the breviary for sword and spear.

Thus with thoughts wandering to the descriptions in *Ivanhoe*, and with the image of a Bois Guilbert before me, I stood meditating in the twilight gloom, when the strange murmuring sound of a low voice speaking neither French nor English struck on my startled ear: I looked forward from where I stood; the shades of evening rendered everything indistinct, but I saw, plainly enough, a dark figure in a long loose robe, flitting quickly backward and forward, uttering those sounds, and accompanying them at times by a rapid motion of the hands. I stepped hastily backwards as it approached me, and struck against Jacques, who had knelt at the portal of the church. He rose up and said, "There is the vicar."

It was indeed the vicar, or curate of the church, who was thus repeating his orisons half aloud as he walked.

So our walk at St. Sauveur ended; and I went back, in hope on the morrow to be able to explore the romantic defile of Gaveruie, the entrance to which, as we passed it, looked strangely mysterious at that shadowy hour.

[To be continued.]

S. B.

SNOW.

In a crowded assembly-room at St. Petersburg, a pane of glass was once broken. The intensely cold air, which rushed in through this opening, congealed the vapour in the heated atmosphere of the room, and a fall of snow-flakes was the result. This is a good explanation of what snow is: a cold stratum of air meets with a warm stratum, and precipitates vapour from it in the form of rain, snow, or hail.

The snow-flakes of temperate climes are generally irregular in shape, but in severe arctic frosts they assume beautiful forms. Seen under the microscope, snow-crystals are a wonderful sight; some are star-shaped, some hexagonal, some like a beautiful lace-pattern, some prisms, with a flat cap at each extremity; indeed, their forms are utterly indescribable. In North America the wind sometimes rolls the snow into balls and cylinders; some of the latter are said to attain a diameter of two or three feet.

"As white as snow" is a common expression, and yet red and green snow are sometimes met with. These hues are found to be caused by minute animal and vegetable forms: animalcules in vast numbers and of great agility were seen by Shuttleworth in red snow. In 1813 a shower of luminous snow-flakes was observed on Loch Awe, in Argyllshire: they continued to emit light after they had settled on the sides of a boat, and on the clothes of the persons in it, whose hands remained luminous for some time after they had touched this snow.

Snow sometimes vanishes without any perceptible thaw: this is attributed to evaporation, which takes place even below the freezing-point. The snow-line, or limit of perpetual snow, varies from the height of several miles above the sea to the surface of the earth, which is always covered with snow within ten degrees of latitude from the poles. It is curious that the height of the snow-line is different on the N. and S. sides of the Himalaya Mountains.

In 1799 Elizabeth Woodcock was buried in snow for eight days, as she was returning from Cambridge to her own home. She lingered five months from the time of her release, and then died. The snow-storms of

Scotland are very severe: one occurred in 1794 of peculiar intensity. Seventeen shepherds lost their lives in the south of this country; and in the beds of Esk, where several streams run into the Solway Frith, there were found the bodies of two men, one woman, forty-five dogs, three horses, nine black cattle, one hundred and eighty hares, and eighteen hundred and forty sheep. The prodding or probing for sheep, buried under snow, is dexterously performed with long poles by those accustomed to it; but the most expeditious course is to employ dogs, and some are exceedingly sagacious in this work. In the winter of 1853, three soldiers, going from Plymouth to the prison on Dartmoor, were overtaken by a snow-storm and perished.

But the snow-storms of the Andes are much more formidable than those of Scotland: hundreds have perished in them, and brick huts are built as places of refuge during these tempests. The dogs employed on the Alpine Great St. Bernard have been often described. One of these noble creatures wore a medal, to commemorate his having rescued twenty-two persons from death: he was suddenly overwhelmed by two avalanches in 1816, whilst attempting to convey a man to his family, who dwelt at the foot of the mountain. Melancholy to relate, the family, who had set out to find tidings of the lost husband and father, were destroyed by the same avalanche. The greatest cold recorded at the Hospice of St. Bernard is 29° below zero of Fahrenheit, but it has often descended to 18° or 20° below that point. The greatest heat is 68° . Water boils at about 190° , so that it requires five hours to boil food, which elsewhere might be cooked in three.

The sides of the Jungfrau, the monarch of the Bernese Alps, are furrowed by avalanches, which may often be seen to fall hourly in the early part of summer.

Bridges of snow sometimes hide the cracks in the vast Alpine ice-fields. During an ascent of Mont Blanc, by Auldjo, the foremost guide had only time to spring back upon the ice from a snow-bridge, through which his baton slipped into the gulf below, followed by the bridge itself.

Snow supplies the Esquimaux with materials for building, and their dome-shaped huts of ice or snow are sometimes constructed with considerable skill. A circular plate of ice on one side of the roof admits a soft and pleasant light, and at night these huts present a singular appearance with their luminous disks. A bank of snow round the interior is covered with stones, first; then paddles, tent-poles, and blades of whalebone, are placed upon these stones; next come pieces of whalebone-network; and, lastly, birch-twigs. Deer-skins spread upon this heap form a luxurious bed. A clay lamp, with a wick of dry moss, serves as a fire. In a warm part of these singular abodes Parry found the temperature to be 38° , when the place was full of people and dogs; close to the wall it was 23° , whilst it was 25° below zero outside. In the spring, when the weather is too cold for tents, but too warm for huts, the dropping of water from the thawing snow greatly inconveniences the Esquimaux. The seal-hunter often erects a wall of snow, to shelter himself from the weather whilst watching for his prey. The seal hores a passage through the ice when it needs air, and produces a molehill of snow on the surface. The hunter listens for the animal by placing his head to the ice; and seated under the lee of his snow-wall, with his knees tied together to prevent any rustling of his clothes, he sometimes remains watching for hours. By means of a rod, pointed at one end and knobbed at the other, he ascertains that the seal has not abandoned the place, and when its blowing is distinctly audible, and the ice, therefore,

very thin, he drives his spear into the animal and thus captures it. Parry mentions an Esquimaux woman who had a little sledge made of ice, in which her son was conveniently and comfortably dragged over the snow.

In Canada, fifty pounds is no uncommon price for three small dogs trained for snow travelling, and the sagacity of these creatures in discovering a lost track is invaluable. Sometimes the traveller unyokes them from the sledge and lies down deep in the snow for the night, with his dogs upon him. A safe and comfortable bed is thus obtained, when to sleep on the surface would be fatal. The North American Indians easily spear the buffalo in the snow-drifts, which they can pass over by the aid of their snow-shoes, made of strips of hide stretched over a wooden framework. The Canadians use a similar shoe, whilst the Norwegians employ skates, made of fir, in their journey over the snow. The longer skate, which is about seven feet in length, is worn on the left foot, the other is about two feet shorter. On an ordinary road a good skater will outstrip a horse in a sledge : he can descend a steep hill with astonishing velocity.

The Swiss guides, as is well known, descend snow-steeps in a kind of sitting posture, and also by placing their feet together, and standing on their heels, whilst they incline backwards, resting on their batons.

The glare of the snow occasions a painful and distressing kind of blindness : to escape this the Esquimaux wear wooden shades over their eyes. In South America this disease assumes an aggravated form. A pimple forms on the eyeball, and the smallest ray of light is intolerable. A poultice of snow is applied as a remedy. A division of soldiers was once struck blind on a march from this cause, and many perished.

Snow-thirst is another discomfort experienced by travellers in snowy regions. Eating snow only adds to their suffering, but if it is first melted this thirst may be quenched. The poorest Neapolitan puts a handful of snow into his wine or water. The snow-shops are kept open day and night in the season, and this article is regarded rather as a necessary thing than as a luxury.

Animals have a thicker fur in arctic countries during the winter, and its colour, too, undergoes a change. The ermine is of a dingy yellow in summer, and the alpine hare and the arctic fox only wear their white costume when the winter comes on. The ptarmigan has a summer plumage of brown, grey, and white, beautifully intermingled. This gradually changes to a snowy white, with the exception of certain parts. Another curious instance of adaptation to climate is found in the change which the eyes of arctic animals undergo when the cold and dark season sets in. They then lose the black pigment upon which the retina is spread. The advantage of a white tint in rendering an animal less perceptible amidst snow, and especially in preventing that radiation of heat from its body which a darker coat would occasion is very apparent.

Delicate plants, as auriculas, saxifrages, grow wild in the Alps, whilst with us they often perish in winter. Their thick covering of snow protects them from frost. While the temperature above snow is 38° below zero, the ground beneath may be only at zero.

We are apt to consider the inhabitants of arctic regions as unfortunately situated, but Parry's account of the Esquimaux may help to moderate our opinions on this subject. Their chief want seems to be not a more genial climate, but a participation with us of the blessings of civilization and Christianity.

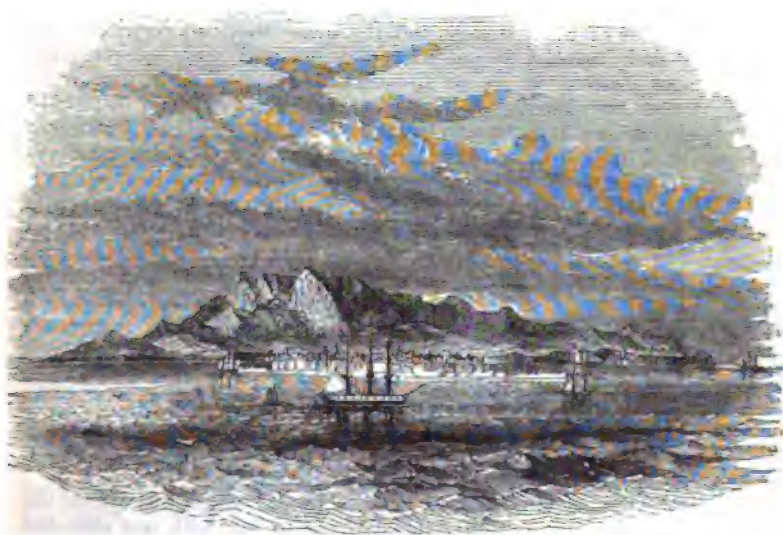
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MADEIRA.



THE Island of Madeira, situated in latitude 33° N., longitude 17° W., is one of the most charming havens of rest to the voyager in the known world. Here the outward-bound passenger luxuriates at the close of the first chapter of a new epoch in life's history: here, having benefited by experience, he adds to his cabin-stock those desiderata which have been forgotten or overlooked in the hurry of first starting, and sets the ship's carpenter to work to "make all snug" for the rest of the voyage.

The cloud which, but a short time before, appeared "no bigger than a man's hand," has gradually developed itself into a mountainous island, clothed with verdure. To the right, as our ship sweeps in, we observe the first settlement of the island, Machico; and scarcely are we under the

lee of the shore than we become susceptible of that charm of climate which makes Madeira the paradise of invalids. The soft breeze just lifts the hair from our brows, and the bay is swarming with picturesque boats, some filled with fruit, and those pretty light baskets, which may be bought for a few halfpence. Ere landing at Funchal it will be necessary to say something of the original settlement, Machico.

A romantic tradition is attached to the early history of this town:—"Machico," says Mr. Debary, in his agreeable work on Madeira and the Canary Isles, "derives its name from Machin, an Englishman, who having carried off a lady, named Anna Darsit, against the will of her parents, was obliged to put to sea; and after many reverses of fortune was wrecked on the island of Madeira." Machin and the lady both died soon after the wreck, but the survivors refitted a small boat, which was fortunately still left them. They then embarked, and eventually fell into the hands of the King of Morocco, as slaves.

Among their fellow-captives was one Juan de Morales, a skilful navigator, who had been a pilot. Being an observant man, his curiosity was raised by the occasional snatches of conversation he overheard between the Englishmen. He treasured up in his memory every circumstance related by them of their voyage, and the place they had occupied; and comparing their account of the land with his own acute observations, he no longer doubted the exact situation, and hoped for a time when he might turn his discovery to his advantage. Circumstances materially assisted his design; Don Sancho, youngest son of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, died in 1416, and leaving money for the redemption of slaves in Morocco, Juan de Morales was released, with other Christians.

At this period of history the Kings of Castile were at variance with Arragon, and Castilians and Arragonese plundered each other without mercy. The ship in which Morales was, fell into the hands of Castilian pirates; and he being known as a man of intelligence and nautical education, was retained as a prisoner: when his fellow-slaves were released as not worth keeping. At first, Juan bitterly repented such treatment; but Gonsalvo Zarco, the captain, by whose determination Juan had been retained, soon evinced a regard for his prisoner, and such a just appreciation of his talents as led Juan to mention what he had heard of the new discovery by the English rovers; and the result was that Morales offered his services through Gonsalvo to the government, communicating in proof of his theory the story of Lionel and Arabella.

The state, after some discussion, granted its aid, which was not on the most liberal scale; and in 1480, Gonsalvo put to sea, with one ship and two small vessels with oars: happily these vessels were well manned. Gonsalvo steered for Porto Santo—an island discovered in 1418 by some Portuguese navigators, and from which had been descried what appeared to be a large black cloud, but which was in fact the island on which Machin had found a grave. From want of proper instruments, the mystery of this immovable cloud had never been penetrated. Some called it "the mouth of hell, an unfathomable abyss;" and in this notion were supported by the priests. The historians declared it to be a miracle, and said it was the island anciently called Cipango,* hidden in a cloud to protect the Portuguese bishops flying from the Moors and Saracens; and such was the superstition of the times that it was deemed unholy to pursue any attempt at discovery. But Zarco was

* Japan.

too intelligent, or at any rate too enthusiastic a navigator to be daunted by such scruples. Morales, too, remonstrated on the folly of such superstition, and explained the phenomenon on scientific principles, saying, the black cloud was but the result of humid vapours exhaled from the excessive heat of the sun, and, by being seen at a distance, appeared to retain perpetually the same form.

After much clamour at Porto Santo, Gonsalvo and Morales carried their point, and set sail. The storms peculiar to these latitudes terrified their sailors so exceedingly as to cause the leaders much trouble and anxiety; but Gonsalvo harangued them boldly, setting before them the glory of conquest, and the disgrace attending the withdrawal from the expedition. The crew, inspired by the courage and perseverance of their leaders, yielded to their authority; and although the ship was driven out of her course, they pursued their way, and, penetrating the mysterious cloud, the sun shone down upon their decks like a good omen, and lo! the promised land lay before them in the light.

Passing the first cape, which Gonsalvo named St. Lawrence, they entered a large bay; and, attended by a company of soldiers, the bold navigators landed on the spot first tenanted by Machin and his friends. The traces of the English discoverers were sought for, and their rude tomb was soon reached. A general disembarkation immediately followed, and the island was taken possession of in the name of Don John, King of Portugal.

The first object that attracted their attention was a valley, watered by a rivulet, and adorned with a fine grove of trees. The little wood was divested of its natural beauty by being cut and trimmed into the form of a cross; and it was then named Santa Cruz (Holy Cross). After this, some of the party re-embarked, and began to beat round the island. The more they explored, the more they were charmed with their newly-acquired territory. Great birds swept over their heads, showing such wonderment and unrest as pretty clearly demonstrated the uninhabited state of the island. From their decks they could discern the fertility of the hills on the shore: groves of cedars tufted the slopes; sparkling waters brightened the valleys; the air was delicious, and there were no rude gales to disenchant the voyagers, who, from the size of the island—which is thirty-seven miles long, and eleven broad—began to imagine it might be part of the Continent of Africa. Still it appeared but a lovely wilderness: no sound of human voices swept over the waters from the noble hills and sunny valleys; and not a mark of man's hand, save near the lovers' tomb, was to be seen.

Landing again, they ascended a peak, probably the Curral, and from this looked down upon a fair plain, overrun with a kind of fennel, called by the Portuguese, *funcho*. The capabilities and resources of this charming spot at once struck Gonsalvo and Morales, who, descending the peak, explored the valley, and found that it was watered by three small rivers, and evidently of extraordinary fertility. They named the place Funchal, and resolved on making it the metropolis of the island; for from the peak they had ascertained that the sea encircled this enchanting haven of rest.

At St. Lawrence, some asserted that the footprints of man had been observed; but the chief denizens of that spot were sea-wolves. At night, the storms would "vex" the bay; but by day Gonsalvo was enabled to lay in good store of wood and water; and after collecting specimens of birds,

plants, &c., and a small lot of earth, as a present for his sovereign, he set sail for Portugal, and on arriving there was presented to the king. It was then decided that the newly-discovered island should be called Madeira, from the great quantity of wood growing on it, and that Gonsalvo should make a second voyage thither in the following year, which he did, taking with him his wife and daughters. The Valley of Funchal soon became inhabited; and two churches arose, dedicated by Gonsalvo's wife—the one to "God our Saviour," the other to St. Catherine.

On the death of Don John, his son gave Gonsalvo Zarco a new coat of arms, emblazoned with a castle argent, and supported by sea-wolves. To this honour was added the more important one of the title of Marquis de Camara dos Lobos.

Another account relates that Madeira was discovered in 1418 by some navigators, who had been sent in search of the Coast of Guinea, and who, falling in by accident with the Island of Porto Santo, descried the cloud and penetrated it. After which, they reported the success of their voyage to the Government, who sent them back with three barks, one of which was commanded by that Perestrello whose widow afterwards married the renowned Columbus. Perestrello, it is said, carried with him fruits, seeds, and rabbits—the last importation being a sad mistake, for in two years the creatures multiplied so exceedingly as to destroy much that industry and forethought had produced.

There is, however, no doubt that Madeira was formally taken possession of in 1420 by Gonsalvo de Zarco.

A word or two about Porto Santo will not be amiss here, since its proximity to Madeira links both islands somewhat closely. It is a little speck, insulated by the surging waters of the vast Atlantic, and lying twelve miles to the north-east of Madeira. Its length scarcely exceeds three leagues, and its breadth extends but one league and a half. To the weary voyagers of the fifteenth century, however, this green spot presented a haven so agreeable that they named it the Holy Port.

Madeira abounds in delicious fruits, tropical and European:—apples, pears, walnuts, chestnuts, mulberries, figs, peaches, &c.; are agreeably varied with the wealth of oranges, citrons, guavas, grapes, and the shaddock and the pine, which ripen in the open air. The grapes are of three sorts—red, white, and muscadine (the malvoisie, or malvasia). The greatest quantity of wine is made from the white grape: to obtain red wine this is coloured with a tincture extracted from the red; the tincture is said to be a good preservative.

The olive-tree flourishes at Madeira, and two kinds of oil are produced: that called the Virgin oil is unmixed with salt, and soon becomes rancid; it is collected as it runs from the trees, and is only fit for immediate use. That mixed with part of the rind of the tree, or with the kernel, keeps a considerable time.

Among the innumerable lovely shrubs at Madeira is the Euphorbia Candelabra, so common at the Canary Isles and at the Cape of Good Hope. It derives its name from its chandelier shape; and on the slopes of the hills it is exquisitely contrasted with the tender green of the young oaks and the dark foliage of the olive and the cedar, while the vine unites them all with its graceful wreaths.

The ocean—fifty fathoms deep within a mile of the shore of Madeira, and a hundred fathoms a mile further seaward—yields a plentiful supply of fish.

The albacore is the sea-veal, so to speak, of these islands; it abounds' also, at St. Helena, where we have seen it dressed in various palatable fashions—rendered into excellent fish-cakes, highly seasoned, stewed, and minced, but best as cutlets and served with mushrooms. Some parts of this fish are darker than others. It makes a fine bait.

All about the bay at Funchal the flying-fish go gambolling in the light, and dolphins and bonetas turn up their bright backs to the sun, careless of the fishing-skiffs: ships of many nations dot the blue waters of the glittering anchorage; and, in a word, there is such a varying scene of excitement and amusement as would make the town a charming residence, were its climate as agreeable as that of the hills; but no sooner are the noisy and narrow thoroughfares exchanged for the quiet pathways, fanned by the broad leaves of the banana, than the same exquisite influence of climate, first felt on nearing the island, returns; the clamour of a crowded population is lulled into a distant wail, and little is heard save the clatter of horses' feet on the paved roads, and the voices of lusty women washing in the streams that intersect the settlement. Further up the hills we hear the song of the wine-carriers, singing on their way back to the mountains, after discharging their well-filled burdens; anon we meet descending parties, silent, and bending under the weight of the skins; and soon we are fairly in the hilly wilderness of beauty, and among the vines trained on reeds five feet high, and forming a lattice-work, in the centre of which stands the family domicile of the Madeira peasant. A common vineyard is three or four roods square, and a small part of the poor man's land is wisely set apart for a kitchen-garden.

If the grapes be ripening, how pretty a canopy hangs over the women spinning or making lace in the doorways!—if it be the season of preparation, the labourers, as they refit the old reeds, sing their aves and paternosters while they work, and from crowds of idle children echo the shrill laughter of youth and health. Unfortunately for the effect of the picturesque, the women soon lose their beauty, and nothing in nature can be more unprepossessing than the aspect of an old Madeira crone.

The leprosy thins the population at times. This disease, it is said, arises from the fondness of the poorer classes for the salt fish imported from America. We have, by the way, in our manifold voyages, observed a peculiar taste among the poor in all hot countries for salt provisions. A leprous hospital was established some years ago for the unfortunates afflicted with the disease.

It was in the summer of 1842 that we were enabled to form our own agreeable experiences of Madeira. In the month of June in that year the good ship "Abercrombie Robinson" dropped her anchor in the Bay of Funchal. We were among the seven hundred voyagers on board the mighty vessel of fourteen hundred tons burthen, which two months afterwards lay a helpless wreck on the shores of Table Bay. Day dawned upon the fertile range of hills that formed a crescent in the silver sea. How different now the scene to what it had been in the days of Gonsalvo Zarco! The green slopes were enlivened and adorned by the dwellings of men; voices resounded from all quarters—from the shallow barks, with their tall, ornamented prows and keels; from the decks of Her Majesty's noble frigate "Winchester," and from the quays, where dusky carriers were unlading the bullock-trucks of their goodly store of wine; and from the churches rang out musical bells, indicating a *fête* day.

Pleasant it was on landing, after the heaving of the boat through the restless sea, to find oneself in one of those conveyances so suitable to the Island of Madeira, where the paved roads render the motion of a carriage fatiguing to an invalid; and fever, suffered on board ship, had thoroughly prostrated us. So we lounged back in our palanquin, with the light curtain partly withdrawn, and after a refectation at the inn of fruits and wine, were borne to the Praça (square) of the town, where a military band was playing.

The houses surrounding the Praça are built after the Portuguese fashion; and from many a latticed window looked down a dark-eyed beauty, listening to the band, and glancing furtively on the young officers, who as they marched by returned glance for glance.

The first expedition of our fellow-passengers was to the establishment of the well-known wine merchant, Mr. Gordon,* and the result of the visit was the arrival on board the "Abercrombie" of a goodly pipe of Madeira, which happily escaped the mischievous effects of the subsequent wreck. The next was to the convent on the mount, where the nun Clementina, so long famed for her beauty, continued, and we believe still continues, to attract purchasers of the exquisite feather flowers made by her religious sisterhood. A grave decorum pervades the nunnery of Santa Clara now, though there is no lack of cheerful conversation carried on by the sisters and their visitors, with a grating between. In former days the religious ladies were wont to amuse themselves and astonish their guests by squirting rosewater on them. Sweetmeats are frequently dispensed to travellers, who, however, in return for such hospitality, are always expected to expend something on the manufactory of the establishment.

The grandest view of ocean, land, and sky is to be obtained from the Curral; but as this lies in the hills, twelve miles from Madeira, it is not to be reached without toil.

Throughout the traveller's rambles about Madeira during the short stay permitted by the commanders of vessels, he must be struck with the beauty, fertility, and repose of this delicious isle. It is to Prince Henry of Portugal, the patron of Gonsalvo Zarco, that Madeira owes the superiority of her vine; for not only did this prince send out the plant common to Europe, but he procured slips of it from the Isle of Cyprus, as well as plants of the sugar-cane from Sicily; and these thrive so well that the sugar and wine of Madeira quickly became articles of commerce with Portugal, and the success of such a trade added to the importance of the place. The beauty of the climate, too, drew invalids thither, for it was soon ascertained that the heats of summer and the chills of winter were here unknown, and that flowers tended with peculiar care in Europe bloomed here throughout the year. The honeysuckle, the jessamine, the larkspur, and the lily, and innumerable others, spring up spontaneously in the fields; and happily few reptiles are found in the island, if we except the lizard, designated by the negroes of the West Indies as "the friend of man," since it is asserted by them that when the snake is about to attack a human being, the lizard, by jumping on his face, if asleep, will awaken, and thus warn him of his danger.

* The annual produce of wine was estimated some years ago at eighteen thousand pipes, of which ten thousand pipes were annually exported to England.

Generally speaking, in warm latitudes, plants most exquisite to the eye have not that charm of fragrance which makes our own sweet flowers so lovely and so loveable in their decay; but the allegation of "birds without song, and flowers without scent," does not apply to Madeira. In this island the glorious rose exhales her rich perfume, and at eventide, when the moon invests the landscape with a panoply of silver, the datura, or moon plant, waves its bells, making the air almost faint with its odour.

As for birds, the swallow seems to follow us wherever we go. This creature in southern climates pours forth such a thrilling melody from her tiny throat as she is incapable of displaying in her northern home. This melody is a peculiar trill, long, loud, and clear, as if issuing from a silver bell. We have listened to it evening after evening in Kafirland, and missed it sorely when the songster has departed for "England ho!" and left us in the wilderness.

The canary of the south has not that delicate beauty possessed by our caged pets; it is scarcely more showy than the linnet or jenny-wren, save that its brown coat is tinged here and there with gold; but oh! to hear its song in freedom! High up in the topmost boughs of the sighing acacia sways the little dusky thing, its eye fixed on heaven, and shedding such music on the air as makes one think of Izaak Walton's exclamation, "Lord, what good things hast thou prepared for thy saints in heaven, when thou providest such melody for bad men on earth?"

The food most estimated by the natives of Madeira is pork, the hogs being fed on the hills, whence they are driven by their owners after being marked, that they may be recognised when caught. We have before alluded to the cedar-tree in this island: it grows most luxuriously; and with this beautiful wood the household furniture is made; and many of the rooms being ceiled and otherwise adorned by it, a delicious fragrance is diffused throughout the dwellings, which are usually large and lofty. Despite the natural beauty of the climate the town of Funchal is oppressively warm. The streets are narrow, from a desire to create shade. Commerce, however, drives comfort from her head-quarters, and here every nook and corner seems to be appropriated by the needy goddess. Funchal is one of the noisiest places that can be imagined: the wine-carriers sing in the streets; the bullock-drivers shout to their patient beasts of burden: above, the merry girls call to each other from window to window; here, an idler thrums on a guitar; there, another plays a venerable Scotch or Irish air upon the flute; and thus, all combined, sorely disturb the peace of the valley by day. Rest at night is denied to the traveller who seeks it in Funchal, for the mosquitoes have their share in tormenting the stranger.

In the year 1848 Queen Adelaide visited Madeira for the benefit of her health. Unable to bear much fatigue, Her Majesty was usually borne about in her palanquin, the rest of her party accompanying her on horseback. The Queen lived in great retirement. She had it in contemplation to make a road from Funchal to Camara del Lobos*—a picturesque fishing-village a few leagues from Funchal; but the Portuguese surveyors sent in such an extravagant estimate that the idea was abandoned.

The population of Madeira has been estimated at sixty-four thousand; but, owing to the lamentable failure of the vine—to meet the attendant

* The Camara del Lobos—Wolf's Den or Chamber.

THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

THE present age is frequently and emphatically called "the age of progress:" and well it merits the appellation. Whether we turn to the right hand or the left to watch the rapid strides made in almost every department of art, science, and the more sober pursuits of industrial and social life, we behold things that would have filled our ancestors with astonishment, if not dread, from the apprehension of the agency of witchcraft or necromancy. The past half-century has unfolded more wonders in nature and art than the whole eighteen hundred previous years, and the process of discovery is still going on with accelerating force. There is no standing still in these times, both mind and body being kept in a state of continual excitement by the almost daily revelations of hitherto unheard-of wonders, unfolded by the master-minds of the age. The difficulty now is, not what to believe, but what to doubt; and the actual and practical application of the crowning discovery, the electric telegraph, to the ordinary intercommunications, between either nations or individuals, by which time and space are, so far, all but annihilated, has scarcely left us room to question the possibility of anything in science, however marvellous or improbable.

The influence of this most subtle and incomprehensible fluid, electricity, upon mind and the human frame, as well as upon inert matter, is no longer a subject of doubt. Without admitting the truth of electro-biology, we may assume it as a fact that the animal frame is a galvanic battery, and that, whilst it is capable of being acted upon itself by means of external electric power, it also possesses, in a greater or lesser degree, the faculty of acting upon others by an internal but incomprehensible exercise of the same power. The nerves are generally understood to be the media by which this influence is produced; and the extreme susceptibility of this part of the animal economy gives them a peculiar adaptation for the office. The passions themselves are under its control, and joy, sorrow, pleasure, pain, delight, and disgust are probably modifications of the action of the electric fluid upon the nervous system.

Perhaps there is no agent, in social or domestic life, by which this power is displayed with greater or more general effect than music; none, we may add, that exercises so beneficial an influence upon the human mind and heart, or is so calculated to harmonize the feelings and calm the passions on the one hand, or rouse them to action on the other. The effects attributed by the ancients to music were not all imaginary. We believe firmly in that produced by Orpheus upon cattle, for we have ourselves seen a dog listen with marked complacency to the notes of a flute who would howl piteously if one were played out of tune. On the other hand, we have seen an audience of four thousand persons in Exeter Hall spring simultaneously upon their feet at the performance of that stirring portion of Handel's 'Messiah'—"His name shall be called Wonderful! Counsellor!" &c., when given with all the weight of seven hundred vocal and instrumental performers.

It is to be regretted that the cultivation of this department of science has not at all kept pace with the rest, nor has it been viewed generally in that important light it deserves as a means of refining the mind and taste, and of grafting good habits in the place of bad ones by appealing

to the finer sensibilities of our nature. The English are not, as a nation, musically inclined; a circumstance arising, probably, not so much from want of taste as from their business-like character. There are comparatively few amongst them who do not sincerely love music, but the general bent of the English mind is, strictly speaking, so utilitarian, that they too much look upon everything as involving a loss of time that does not immediately assist in filling their purses; and they consequently regard with a jealous eye any amusement that would lead off the mind from this one great object. The consequence is, that the cultivation of music is left almost entirely to professors and schoolgirls—the latter, in most cases, giving it up entirely when they become mistresses of their own households; that is to say, when they might render it most useful.

This is not as it should be. The very fact that the study of pounds, shillings, and pence occupies so large a share of an Englishman's thoughts makes it the more desirable that he should cultivate a taste for what will raise his mind above such pursuits during the hours devoted to relaxation; and we hold that any one neglecting what will tend to this is guilty of a breach of duty towards his Maker as well as of injustice to himself.

It is not, however, for the higher classes principally that we stand forward to advocate the cultivation of a taste for music. The humbler classes are more beset with temptations to indulge in pursuits of a low and debasing character than the rich, because their means of enjoyment are more limited and less refined, and their house-comforts fewer. Looking around us among our poorer neighbours, we cannot but be convinced that the annals of crime must be greatly augmented by the too frequent absence of all that ever make home desirable, and the want of lawful and refining amusements to fill up the vacuum of their time. We write this because we have seen, as well as read of, instances of reformation produced by the means alluded to. Our readers are probably familiar with the anecdote of the clergyman, who, when complimented by a friend upon the refined manners and good temper of his family, attributed it entirely to the fact that he had instilled a strong love for music into their minds from infancy by adopting the plan of making them sing whenever he saw them inclined to ill humour.

There is no reason to imagine that he overrated its power in effecting such a change. Those among us who have visited any of the infant, ragged, or other public schools established throughout the length and breadth of our land, must have remarked how instantly dull faces brightened and cross looks were banished when the signal for one of their simple songs was given: and we all know what a beautiful effect music has had on ourselves in raising the spirits and soothing the mind when oppressed or irritated. Now, what applies to individuals in this case will hold equally good with the masses; and what we desire to see is a general cultivation of this delightful science amongst all classes, convinced as we are that it would, by raising the general tone of mind, form a powerful barrier to vice. The following instance which has come under our own notice will show that the establishment of musical societies for this purpose is by no means impracticable or difficult; all that is required to effect the object being the co-operation of some spirited lovers of music, who would consent to devote a portion of their time and energy to the work.

It is now about four years since Mr. Waite—"the father of Psalmody,"

as he is called—visited a small neat town in one of the eastern counties, containing a fine old church, about four thousand inhabitants, a spirited corporation (which, by the bye, formerly possessed the valuable privilege of hanging all criminals to the said town appertaining, but which was forfeited by an act of barbarity perpetrated upon an unfortunate convict, arising out of a misconstruction of the sentence passed upon him), and a noble library of well-selected books. Mr. Waite was travelling on a musical mission, the design of which was to raise the character of congregational psalmody, and show that on his plan persons previously unacquainted with music might quickly and easily be taught to sing correctly in parts; thus making this important part of church service a source of real enjoyment.

After delivering an interesting lecture explanatory of the object he had in view, he assembled a class for the purpose of testing his theory amounting to some hundreds. So well did it succeed, that after his departure great regret was expressed that the class should be broken up; and a gentleman residing in the town, who to great taste in music added a sincere desire to turn his talents to account for the public good, having volunteered his services as leader, all who wished to continue the class were invited to come forward.

About fifty responded to the invitation; a society was immediately formed, and rules made and adopted for the maintenance of order amongst them. The subscription for each member is only one penny per week, thus placing it within the reach of the humblest, the music required being provided out of the general fund, with a case to keep it in. The class meet once a-week for practice, devoting an evening alternately to sacred and secular music. They also hold public concerts quarterly during the year, two for the purpose of affording assistance to different charities existing in the town, and two for the benefit of the society. These concerts are always well attended; and so fully is the effort appreciated by the worthy and respectable members of the Town Council that they have granted to the class the use of their public hall for practising, intimating at the time that they "considered the class a public benefit."

The music performed is selected from the works of the best ancient and modern masters; and for the direction of any who may be desirous of making a similar experiment we may state that the anthems, glees, &c., published by Novello in the 'Musical Times' are those principally chosen. At our last visit to the town the class numbered nearly a hundred, and consisted of about seventeen instrumental and eighty vocal performers.

The money collected by the weekly subscriptions and the quarterly concerts has enabled them, besides purchasing music, to obtain a grand piano and a considerable number of other smaller instruments, and also to pay the hire of an organ, which is fixed at the upper end of the orchestra. The class has also twice testified its gratitude to the leader by a handsome present.

It is not a little interesting at their meetings to look round and observe of what materials it is composed. It comprises all grades of society, from the honest blacksmith, with his horny hand, to the independent gentleman. But notwithstanding this difference of station in life, no liberties are taken, and all mingle harmoniously together upon this truly social platform without fear that the less wealthy should step out of their sphere or forget their position.

Still more interesting and instructive is it to witness the moral effect

produced by this movement upon the manners and habits of some of its members. There sits one man who will tell you that before the class was established he expended as many shillings as there are days in the week at the public-house, to the destruction of the family comfort and prosperity ; but that since he joined it he has never spent a sixpence there, his spare time being too much taken up in preparing for the weekly or quarterly meetings to allow of going to the alehouse. There is also a young lad, an apprentice, who has been kept from evil associates through its means : and so we might go on with many more instances if space allowed.

It has also produced another good effect, which we cannot forbear mentioning. Before its establishment, political and party spirit ran so high that the various sections into which these feuds ranged themselves stood aloof from each other, as is too commonly the case in small towns, and held no intercourse with each other. Beneath the warming and harmonizing influences, however, of music, these unsocial feelings have melted away "like snow before the summer sun," and the class itself now includes all shades of opinion among its members.

We have for obvious reasons abstained from specifying the names of either place or individuals ; but it should be observed that this is by no means a solitary instance of the kind, and that wherever classes have been formed on the same plan the same results have followed. Not only have the tastes and habits of the lower classes been refined by this useful and pleasing source of occupation, but the places themselves where they have been established have assumed a more social and cheerful aspect under its harmonizing influence.

One word, in conclusion, to those ladies who "never play now they are married." We have no wish to sermonize ; it is neither the time nor the place to do so ; but we have often felt, when hearing the regret expressed by our male friends, that, "although their wives often delighted them with the soothing sounds of the piano before they were married, they can never persuade them to do so now," that those wives little know what a powerful influence for good they are losing by the neglect of that one little indulgence. Things insignificant in themselves often become duties of mighty importance when viewed in the light of their effects. The cultivation of your musical powers is one of these ; and though we are by no means disposed to underrate the importance of the multifarious duties of housekeeping, or imagine that married women have nothing to engage their time and thoughts, we still think, that if some ladies reflected a little more upon the equal importance of doing all they can to make their husbands happy, they would regard music as one of their duties, instead of looking at it as a trifling amusement only, since it would constitute a strong link in the chain that binds the affections of their husbands to home.

MUSIC.

MUSIC the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm ;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please ;
Our joys below it can improve
And antedate the bliss above.

Pope.

RAMBLES IN THE PYRENEES.—No. III.

THE DEFILE OF GAVERNIE.

AT the hour of six in the morning Jacques was at the door with the ponies, and shortly afterwards we entered the beautifully-romantic defile of Gavernie.

It was pleasant to let the sagacious little creatures scramble along their rough way, even beside precipices, down which you looked into a depth of more than four hundred feet. To see the buried Gave lie almost lost to view, its depth of blue deepened by the gloom of its rocky bed and the shade of overhanging trees, and then to see it again like a flake of snow in motion, and listen to its hollow roar, or its lower, half-smothered moan, like the voice of a spirit in pain, as it struggled for a passage through the narrow pass which the overhanging cliff scantily afforded.

The defile, especially in one part, is evidently only a break in mountains which were once united; and along the edge of the tremendous rent our ponies found their way, while we gazed round with sensations of awe and pleasure most agreeably combined. The rain-drops from the preceding night at one moment fell on our head from the branches of trees that thickly clothe that mountain-pass; at another, the bare, dark rocks rose, perpendicularly almost, beside and above us; in front, the picturesque mountains raised their peaks of divers forms. The pass wound round a sharp turn of the mountain called *Le Pas de l'Echelle*, or Pass of the Ladder, which is considered very difficult; but we did not know this until some days afterwards. Its name explains its nature: the old road ascended like a ladder on one side, and descended like a ladder on the other. The wild, picturesque-looking bridge, high above the elevated traveller's head, seems meant to be trodden by other than mortal feet, spanning the precipice and the torrent.

How much must Spanish contrabandists lament the travelling facilities which English locomotiveness has caused, even in these wild places! Napoleon, they say, spoiled their trade, but they cannot help thinking that the English, in that respect, were Napoleon's allies. It is

“A spot to make invaders rue
The many fallen before the few,”

and renowned for the fact that the mountaineers here repulsed their Spanish invaders in 1708.

We ceased to repeat after Jacques the names of the cascades that came tumbling over rocks, or down mountains; but what are these? we demanded, as, looking up the steep sides of the mountains, we saw several little dark dots of rough masonry, about as large as a bathing-box, in a line, one above another; while through and under all and each rushed the white torrent, in one unbroken stream of snowy white, contrasting with the heavy, dark, little encumbrance it seemed to bear on its light surface.

“Little mills,” was the reply of Jacques, who added no more; but these little mills became frequent and interesting objects on our romantic way; mingling thoughts of human industry, toil, and patience, with the sentiments, loftier, perhaps, but less practically useful, which the grand spectacle of silent, solitary, apparently eternal nature produced.

Man—the frail, feeble creature who is “crushed before the moth”—brings his arts and his labours everywhere. Even here that busy ant, the being of to-day in comparison with the things around him, has pressed the wild cataract into his service, and made its resistless force his tributary, that he may eat his bread in the sweat of his brow.

At one spot nearer Gavernie I counted twelve mouths, or falls, by which one of these mountain-torrents discharged itself, and up high on the concentrated stream was seated a little mill—“Voilà le Pont de Sia,” says the technical-sounding voice of Jacques Perigord; and a singular and most romantically-picturesque bridge it is—a double bridge, one above the other, a level one crossing the arched.

The Valley of Pragnères affords a pleasing relief for a little time to the general aspect of the scenery. Cottages and patches of cultivation appear on its open bosom; but almost immediately the mountains close us in again, and the unwearied pony strains up the ascent leading to the village of Gêdre—a village we longed to see; for, in spite of romance or enthusiasm, and all such things, we longed for breakfast; and the prospect of *café au lait* sometimes crossed that of mountains and torrents, precipices, bridges, and mills, which might have sufficiently regaled more ethereal beings.

But on reaching the summit of the ascent, even the *café au lait* was lost sight of. The Glaciers of the Tours de Maboré lay seemingly close before us; the famous Brèche de Roland was more distinctly seen than I had any idea of, and to the right the false breach was also as distinct as I could have wished; for imagination could readily magnify the gaps I did see, and convey to me some tolerable idea of what they were when close beside them by what they seemed when at a distance.

Roland's Breach is a break in a ridge, or wall of rock, fifty feet thick, on the summit of the mountain that forms a fine natural barrier between the kingdoms of France and Spain. It is a vast window, three hundred feet in width, and, I think, the same in height, through which you look into the land of the Moors. The plains of Arragon are immediately beneath, and Englishmen and Frenchmen, and many other men, encounter danger, toil, and difficulty in crossing its tremendous glaciers, to sit astride, with one leg in France and the other in Spain. Two French tourists I once met were wiser, for when I inquired if, in the course of their tour, they had seen the Cirque of Gavernie, they replied, that one of their party had a drawing of it which sufficed them.

This singular break in the massive work, which, as I looked up at it from such a distance, reminded me of a curious but insignificant notch in an Irish mountain, called “The Devil's Bit,” because, when hunted by St. Peter from the Island of Saints, he bit the piece out of that mountain to effect his escape. It was, says fame, out through with one stroke of the famous Roland's sword, when that brave Paladin pursued the infidel Moors in their retreat into Spain. This, however, is not the only rock that shows a similarly glorious wound. The Jura mountains claim a like honour, and, I believe, some mountains near the Rhine also, though certainly not on such good grounds. Tradition asserts that the famous Orlando—or, as the French call him, Roland—the nephew of Charlemagne, loved the beautiful Iseult-la-Blonde, was beloved in return, and the novel result of such a coincidence, a wedding, was about to take place, when Orlando discovered that he was the brother of his intended bride. He retired into a monastery on Mont Roland; but, finding that

the monkish garb or life did not suit him; he resumed his cuirass, and went off to fight the infidels. Whether from an uneasy conscience at quitting his solitude, or vexation at having entered it, produced this temper, I know not; but saith the story, "it was then, in traversing the Jura, that he exhaled his ill-humour on an enormous rock, which he cut in two by one stroke of his mighty sword, called Durandart, and the pierced breast of the mountain shed forth a crystal streamlet."

Pleasant it is to look up over the white glaciers of Les Tours de Marboré, lying flake above flake, until the view is closed by the enormous rock called Le Brèche de Roland; and as you turn away from it, and descend the Vale of Gèdre, to let your thoughts float back on the stream of romance to the time

"When Roland brave and Oliver,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncevalis fell."

On that fatal day the expiring hero sounded for the last time the

"Blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
Which to King Charles did come."

That last and most wonderful note resounded even through the Abbey of Mont Roland—it reached to Iscult the Fair, who knew that it came to convey to her the last sigh of Roland the Brave. She uttered a cry, and fell dead.

Beside the path is a curious mark in the rock of the hoof of the famed Orlando's steed. It perfectly resembles a print of a horse's foot, and was filled with clear, sparkling water. As Jacques showed it, I gave him my handkerchief, and asked him to dip it in the water; and then I applied it to my eyes, which felt rather hot. Jacques thought the act was devotional, and exclaimed, "He was not a saint!" Nevertheless, the water cooled my eyes.

But the Valley of Gèdre is fair to see, with its quiet cots lying here and there on its sloping sides, or down in its green bosom; and even its little, untidy, comfortless inn is a pleasant sight to a traveller who has had breakfast only in prospect: it is a disagreeable place to enter, but certainly, after a cup of *café au lait*, all pleasures are redoubled.

So as we resumed our way between narrow banks, covered with tall, wild box, and along the foot of the mountain, I listened to the accounts which the melancholy and pious Jacques gave me of the Virgin of Heas, and her chapel, La Chapelle de la Vierge d'Heas—the only subject I ever knew him inclined to be loquacious upon. The Val d'Heas lay to the left of our route, and he much desired that I should turn off to it, instead of going on to Gavarnie and its cirque.

The chapel of Heas, he told me, contained a miraculous image of the Virgin Mary, which wandered into the Pyrenées, in search of a resting-place, and fixed itself on the summit of one of these great masses of granite, the descent of which from their native bed, at one time, blocked up the Gave, and forced its waters into a lake, where they remained for upwards of a hundred and thirty years, after which long imprisonment they broke forth again, inundated the vale, left the lake empty, and replenished my favourite Gave. There, however, the image of Mary remained, stationed on the top of one of these granite blocks, until the pious mountaineers built it a chapel, which is resorted to during one month

of the year by numerous pilgrims, who come from vast distances to pay their devotions here.

The Chaos, or Pegrada, on which we entered while Jacques was describing the position of the miraculous image on one of the same enormous blocks of granite as compose that most singular spot, allowed him to resume his habitual silence. "Here is the Chaos," was all he said. It is a strange scene: a mountain of rock broken into pieces; but some of these pieces double the size of the little mills and the shepherd's huts; and through these we were winding, in and out, and out and in.

Dwellings for robbers and outlaws might be made here; but Jacques assured me such personages are unknown in this region, and that midnight travellers are as safe as noonday passengers; yet the dark cavities into which you peer give ample scope to the imagination that would so people this savage spot.

I asked Jacques how it was likely this vast wreck of matter had occurred? "It was the bad weather," was his decisive and simple answer. And it was most probably the true one. "It was the bad weather," he replied, with a tone as if he had spoken of a tree or a flower, broken or crushed by a passing storm. Masses of snow, driven by wind or frost, penetrating the slaty material of the mountain, had probably dissevered the great blocks from their parent bed. The Gave was heard in a low moan as it struggled beneath them, but could scarcely be seen.

The defile of Gavarnie is certainly one of the most striking passes in the Pyrenées, its scenery the most severe and romantic, its silence only broken by the roar of cataracts, unless when—as says a French guide-book, anxious to extol its charms—"joyous caravans of from forty to fifty French tourists, run through the Val de Gavarnie, on horseback, or in sedan chairs, awakening its echoes by the cracks of their whips, their laughter, or songs."

We passed under the beautiful mountain Piméne, upwards of nine thousand feet high, and paused to look again at the lofty Vignemale, with its glaciers and peaks, and then we entered Gavarnie—a wild, poor village, half Spanish, such as I had expected to see. The church, though not an ancient one, contains a curious relic of a distant age—the skulls of a dozen Templars, said to have been beheaded at this place. In this wild spot, as well as at Lux, that order had a station; but one of these skulls is said to be a woman's; the tradition concerning it might be a curious one.

We entered the little inn, where, says Mr. Murray's useful 'Handbook,' "fresh trout and tough cutlets will be charged for exorbitantly, unless a bargain be previously made." We did not want either; but heavy rain having fallen, I had got more of it than my companions, and so I wanted a fire to get myself warmed and dried. A chair was quickly placed for me at the wide hearth, and the smiling invitation, "*Echauffez vous, madame*" (warm yourself, madam), most kindly given. And soon the hostess herself, good, hardworking woman, came to look and to question and wonder, and ask if I, too, had come so far from my home and country merely to see a mountain, because the English had no mountains in their land.

The wide hearth was filled with women, who examined my dress, and admired every article of it, though of the commonest description possible. A very old-fashioned shawl especially excited their admiration; and when I found most of them understood Spanish, and let them see

that I could understand it as well, at least, as the patois, I was really surrounded by women and children for about three-quarters of an hour, while the fire was heaped with fresh wood, and every attention and respect showed me.

Wishing to have something to pay for, we desired Jacques, after his fatigue, to take some *eau-de-vie*, and I took a little wine-and-water myself, and a crust of bread. When we were departing, we demanded how much was to be paid, for we had made no bargain. The hostess considered a little, and replied, "Nine sous"—fourpence-halfpenny English!

Throughout the Pyrénées I have found, with few exceptions, the character of their humble inhabitants to be the same—free, friendly, and kind to those who approach them in a similar way; but quite ready to take the gold of milord Anglais, when that character approaches them in its hauteur and state. Some remnants yet remain of what this simple region was before the English travellers raised its civilization and its markets. I departed with "*bon jours*" and "*bons voyages*" from all the group, perhaps as sincere as if I had paid gold instead of coppers.

Jacques informed me that persons did not lengthen their journey by going to the cirque, but contented themselves with seeing it from what he called the point of view. Seen from the point of view, the cirque is a curious and interesting object. The effect is like that produced by a diorama. The lofty, half-circular rock opens a view of a mass of snow which seems to rest against it, contrasting with the dull, dark hue of its enclosure. The sun shone against it, and the cascade fell in a thin, silvery line from an immense height down its centre.

The cirque appeared so near that we proposed to Jacques to leave the horses at the inn and walk to it; he shook his head, and assured us that it would take an hour's riding before we reached it. We were indeed disappointed to find the beauty we had gazed on, or fancied to exist, gradually disappear, and strange, savage, solitary magnificence take its place. A bare mass of rock was all that remained—a vast semicircle, the iron boundary of La belle France. The glaciers lie along the steps which mark the sides of the tremendous precipices.

The cascade of Gavarnie, of which we had a fine view, falls perpendicularly, with only two slight halts on ledges of rock, from a height of thirteen hundred feet. It is considered (with, I believe, an exception in Norway) the highest in Europe, and owing to its length of descent and smallness of volume, terminates in a shower of spray. At a distance it appears like a long piece of silver gauze, and the effect was rather lost than increased on a nearer approach. This fall contains the source of my frolicsome friend the Gave de Pau.

The floor of the cirque is compounded of hard, dirty snow, nearly turned into ice, and not at all so white or so beautiful as it appeared at a distance. The ascent to the Brèche de Roland is made from the cirque; and while I stood in an elevated solitude, I thought that probably at that moment three of my former English fellow-travellers were even then clambering up the ascent above me, inserting fingers and feet in the shivered edges of the rock, and hanging suspended between earth and sky—for what? That remains to be known if they come down again.

On Las Serrades, or Green Mountain Banks, the Spanish shepherds tend their flocks. They are constantly seen in Gavarnie, from which place they rent the grassy slopes called, in their own fine language, Las Serrades, around the neighbourhood of which the terrible avalanche may be heard at times.

I had a little English Prayer-Book in my pocket, and we read a psalm in this magnificent solitude. It was, undesignedly, the forty-second, one of those for the day; and we could have fancied the sweet singer of Israel, the shepherd-king, in a similar situation when he composed that splendid poetic complaint. When, instead of pouring forth his soul within him, which is morbid misery, he "poured it out" before his God; while, banished from Jerusalem, his holy hill, he dwelt in "the land of Jordan," and heard one deep calling unto another, because of the noise of the waterspouts. "High mountains are a feeling," says our great poet, but oh! what a feeling when they lift the soul, above even the greatness of nature, to that eternity, of which created things are but feeble types.

[*To be continued.*]

NO LIE THRIVES.—No. VII.

Weeks, months, and quarters passed, and all went on well. There was variety even in the sameness of business. One day was very much like another, and each boy began to acquire a knowledge of the trade. Mr. Sharman was very well satisfied with both of them, though he was gradually more prepossessed in favour of Willis than of Frank.

"It is not because Willis requires to be spoken to less frequently than Frank," said Mr. Sharman to his wife, "that I feel inclined to like him the better of the two, but because when he has been guilty of some little fault or omission, he never attempts to excuse himself, but sets about correcting the error at once; nor have I need to speak twice to him on the same thing,—I can't say the same of Frank. He has tongue enough for a dozen boys, and, according to his own account, is never in the wrong. Who is the best-tempered remains to be proved. The control that Willis evidently exerts over himself proves there is a necessity for care, and I have seen him occasionally use both hands and feet in ridding himself of an obstacle that lay in his way, with an air of impatience and a brighter hue on her cheek than is desirable. Frank, on the other hand, always appears good-humoured, and as if he would act in a manner foreign to his nature if he were to say or to do anything in ill-temper, but some how or other I never feel certain of him."

"As far as their behaviour to me is concerned," replied Mrs. Sharman, "and that is my principal means of judging of them, I own I prefer Willis. Frank is very civil and obliging, but there is a carelessness in his manner, that shows he has not much heart in what he does. Willis is far less familiar in his manner to me than Frank, but he is much more attentive. He is the first to see if I am in want of anything, and whatever he does for me is done so quickly and respectfully. It is hard to say what passes in other persons' houses, but I should fancy that the difference between the youths is owing pretty much to the different way in which they have been brought up."

"Most probably," replied Mr. Sharman; "boys especially, like young trees, soon prove whether they have been skilfully or neglectfully trained. At all events, it must be our study to improve what is promising in them, or to correct what is faulty. They will, no doubt, soon supply us with surer grounds on which we may direct the line of conduct we ought to pursue, than we at present possess."

Nor was he mistaken. It happened one day that a lady of the name of

Kendal came into the shop,—evidently in haste. Mr. Sharman was engaged in the house, and Mr. Benson, the journeyman, was serving another customer. She looked around.

"I am in a hurry," said she; "cannot one of you," addressing the boys, "attend to me?"

They were both on the grocery side, to which they were to be confined, as is usual, for some time to come; and it was only on particular occasions that they were admitted on the other.

"It is only a pair of gloves that I want," said she; "and I have not a moment to spare, for a friend is waiting in her carriage for me."

Frank instantly darted forward, and having spoken to Mr. Benson, he drew forth the drawer containing the gloves, and placed it before her. Frank had sold two pairs the day before, and had on that occasion received his instructions from Mr. Benson.

"What is the price of this pair?" demanded Miss Kendal.

"Two and threepence," replied Frank.

"Two and threepence!" repeated she, "they are very dear, and by no means good gloves," and she took up another packet.

"Not good!" said Frank, "oh, yes, they are excellent gloves. We have never any but the best articles; it would not answer our purpose to sell inferior qualities of anything. There cannot be a better article than these; they are from the first manufacturers. They are certainly not equal to French, but they are the first English make. We have sold quantities. Mr. Sharman would not have an article in the shop he could not recommend."

"Well, well!" said Miss Kendal, impatiently, "I will take this pair;" and laying down the money quickly, she left the shop.

"I give you joy of your bargain," said Frank, looking after her, and laughing; "done, done! I give myself credit for that."

Mr. Benson soon after approached Frank, and inquired what he had sold. Frank, with a smile of satisfaction, told him what he had done.

"You didn't charge two and threepence for those gloves, surely?" said he: "didn't I tell you yesterday that they are damaged goods, and to be charged eighteenpence only?"

"I forgot that," replied Frank. "Well! she has paid us two and threepence for them, and so much the better for us."

Mr. Benson was called away at the instant, and no more was said on the subject.

It was in the same week that Mrs. Godwin, an elderly lady, of some wealth and importance, living in the neighbourhood, entered the shop. Going up immediately to the grocery side, she accosted Willis, and giving him a written order for what she required, desired that it might be executed directly and sent to her house. As she was speaking, her attention was attracted to a large jar of honey that stood on the counter.

"That just reminds me that I want some honey," said she; "if you have a smaller jar, I should like one."

"I am very sorry, ma'am," replied Willis, "that we have none that we can recommend."

"Why? what is the matter with that?" demanded Mrs. Godwin, "it looks very good."

"It has been kept too long," replied Willis; "we have not yet received our fresh supply. It is a pot that has been overlooked in the warehouse, and only brought up now."

"That is very tiresome," said Mrs. Godwin, who, like many other persons, was now very desirous of that which before she had cared too little about to remember. "Have you only this in the shop?"

"No, ma'am," returned Willis, "we have not another jar. Mr. Drayton, who lives in the next street, has some very excellent honey, I know."

"It does not signify," replied she, after a moment's thought, "this will answer my present purpose, I dare say. What is the price?"

"Mr. Sharman would not sell an article like this," answered Willis; "he would set no price upon it."

"Very well," said she, "I will fix one myself. There is half-a-crown."

"Oh no! ma'am," replied Willis, "I am sure Mr. Sharman will not take anything for it."

"Then you may have the half-crown yourself," said she.

Willis's face was instantly overspread with a blush. He looked distressed, and did not attempt to speak.

"Did you hear me?" demanded she, "the half-crown is yours if you please to take it."

Mrs. Godwin was a proud and imperious woman. She did not choose to be under an obligation to Mr. Sharman, and by giving the money to Willis she had satisfied herself that she had avoided an unpleasant alternative.

"I am very much obliged to you ma'am," said Willis respectfully, "but,"—

"But what?" asked she sharply, fixing her eyes on his countenance.

"If Mr. Sharman would not sell the honey, I have no right to accept your present, kind as it is of you to offer it."

For an instant Mrs. Godwin looked, and really felt very much annoyed, but recovering herself she said, "You are right; but as some honey I must have, and that, now I think of it, before the evening, cannot you get me a jar? I never go into Mr. Drayton's shop."

"Oh, certainly," replied Willis, "I will run at once, and get one, and if you please, take it to your house myself directly if there is no one else in the way."

"I shall be obliged to you," said she, and with a half smile and bow left the shop.

"And prettily you have attended to our master's interest," cried Frank, who had overheard all that had passed; "tell his customers that he had articles not fit to be sold, and then refuse the money she would have given you, and offer to get goods at another man's shop! I would do so, wouldn't I? Why didn't you let her find out her mistake without your help? Let every one be his own judge, or else don't let him pretend to buy at all. And what did it signify if a woman like Mrs. Godwin should pay, and pay double too, for what she wants?"

"It signifies this," replied Willis, "that it was cheating her, to ask or accept payment for an article that is good for nothing, and I consider that in doing so we should injure the character of the shop, and therefore hurt Mr. Sharman. Recollect what he said about our private mark."

"Pooh, pooh!" cried Frank, laughing, "the wisest persons are not always right. A lie *does* thrive, and thrive very often too, or I know what—" he chuckled, as he checked what he was going to say.

"We had better drop it," said Willis, feeling that it would not be safe to trust himself.

"With all my heart," answered Frank, and laying his hand on the counter he bounded over to the other side, and was about to challenge Willis to do the same, when perceiving Mr. Sharman entering from the house door, he began busily to arrange some goods that were lying near him.

It was about a month afterwards that Mrs. Godwin was again in the shop. Mr. Sharman was attending her. On a sudden he was startled by a shrill female voice. "Which of you two boys was it that sold me that shameful pair of gloves?" exclaimed Miss Kendal; "of all the trumpery that ever were attempted to be put on the hands of a lady, they were the worst; and such a price, too! The right-hand glove tore into as many pieces as there were fingers, the moment I tried to put it on." Then perceiving Mr. Sharman, she walked towards him. "I must say, I think it disgraceful that boys in a respectable shop—as yours, Mr. Sharman, is reckoned—should be allowed to impose upon your customers, or that they should have the opportunity of offering articles that are good for nothing in themselves."

"Will you excuse me an instant?" said Mr. Sharman to Mrs. Godwin. She bowed assent.

"I do not understand you," exclaimed he, addressing Miss Kendal, "if you will have the goodness to state what has displeased you, I will endeavour to rectify any error that may have been committed."

Miss Kendal then, with much asperity, related the circumstance.

"Which of the boys it was that imposed upon me," continued she, "I cannot say. I am very near-sighted, and cannot distinguish between the two. I was in a great hurry, too. But let the boy himself speak. I am sure he had plenty to say at the time."

Neither answered.

"Which of you was it?" asked Mr. Sharman, for Miss Kendal persisted in her determination to be satisfied who had so imposed upon her, and he was anxious to be relieved of her, for he was no stranger to her peculiarities.

Still neither spoke. Mrs. Godwin had taken an interest in the matter, and, contrary to Mr. Sharman's apprehension, had remained very patient under the delay. At length she exclaimed, "I cannot say, Mr. Sharman" (she was particularly anxious to address herself to him, lest she should seem to compromise her dignity by any interference with a person with whom she was not acquainted), "I cannot say, I repeat, who it was; but I will venture to say who it was not." She then repeated what had occurred between her and Willis, and finished her narrative by saying, "I now leave you and this lady to draw your own conclusion."

She took up her parasol, and with more than her usual stateliness walked out of the shop, followed immediately to the door by Mr. Sharman. Every apology was now made by the latter to Miss Kendal, and a request urged that as she had been so deceived and disappointed, she would be pleased to accept a pair of the best kid gloves, as a compensation for those she had bought. She was perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, and tapping her wrist very complacently with the little packet containing her bargain, she walked leisurely by the counter into the street.

Miss Kendal had no sooner disappeared than Mr. Sharman insisted on an explanation of what had occurred.

"It is not fit," said he, "that strangers should be made acquainted with concerns that affect ourselves immediately; and therefore I was glad, with

as few words as possible, to get rid of the matter; but now that we are alone, I desire to know from your own lips who it was that sold Miss Kendal the gloves."

There was a silence as before.

"Was it you, Willis?"

"No, sir."

"Was it you, Frank?"

"Willis goes as often on that side as I do," replied he. "He may as well be blamed as I, and with no greater right. He has not your interest at heart more than I have, nor is he behind me in that respect."

"That is no direct answer to my question," said Mr. Sharman. "Did you, or did you not, sell the gloves to Miss Kendal?"

"When a lady offers to bribe an apprentice she does him no great honour, nobody with any spirit would like to own it," said he, stealing a glance at Willis, who stood by with mantling cheek and beating heart.

Frank had no intention to insinuate anything against him, he thought only of his own escape; but scarcely were the words out of his mouth, before Willis, darting forward, aimed a blow at him, which, if it had reached him, would have been severe, if not attended with serious consequences. Mr. Sharman, however, had been quicker than he, catching his uplifted hand, and holding him fast, he calmly but sternly said, "What is the meaning of this folly? I will have no such conduct in my presence."

Willis stood rebuked. He became pallid, almost to fainting, and staggering a few paces, he supported himself by a projecting angle in the shop. Mr. Sharman neither spoke nor attempted to offer him any assistance, while Frank looked at him with mingled concern and apprehension. As soon as Willis was recovered, Mr. Sharman said, "Frank, you have acted very wrong; shuffling and mean in your answer, you have cast a reflection upon Willis, which, whether intended or not, is discreditable to you. Your conduct to Miss Kendal was not only very improper, but it was dishonest."

"I did it to serve you," murmured Frank, "I did not mean to do anything that was wrong."

"Very likely," replied Mr. Sharman, "but never again serve me at the expense of truth. Remember our mark—'No lie thrives,' and be assured that such officiousness as you have been guilty of can only bring disgrace on ourselves, and discredit to our house. Serve me, but serve me faithfully, and with a just regard to others. An upright tradesman needs not to 'puff off' his goods, nor in the slightest degree to play upon the ignorance, or mislead the judgment of a customer."

He then turned to Willis. "I can but approve of your conduct to Mrs. Godwin—I can but severely condemn it as shown to Frank. What! is a trifling affront to rouse you to anger amounting to phrensy, and urge you to violence in the very presence of your master, thus losing all respect for yourself, as for him? For shame! What indeed is passion, but a wild courser hurrying itself and its rider to destruction in its furious career? Beware of a repetition of such an act of weakness, for it will not be tolerated here."

The tone of his voice was so severe, and the expression of his eye so stern, that Willis was quite overcome. Frank was at once touched with his distress. "Don't be angry with him, sir," said he; "I have been to blame; but indeed I did not mean to accuse him of anything that was mean, I only wanted—"

"To screen yourself," said Mr. Sharman, supplying what Frank hesitated to finish; "we will accept the acknowledgment, and drop all further discourse upon the past. But take care, Frank, a great fault may be lessened by an honest confession of the truth—a small one becomes a serious error, when any degree of falsehood is attached to it."

The moment that they were alone, Frank approached Willis. "I am so sorry for having given you such pain," said he; "come, shake hands and think no more of it. Mr. Sharman was uncommonly sharp upon you, I must say, and it was all my fault."

Willis at once accepted his proffered hand. "Mr. Sharman was not sharper than I deserved," said he, with a sigh. "Oh, Frank! that I could get master of my temper, and that you—"

"Well, that I should do what?" cried he.

"Just stick to the truth, and to the truth exactly," replied Willis.

Frank laughed. "And so I do, in my way," returned he; "some of these days, perhaps I may in yours;" then seeing a customer enter, he hastened to attend to her with his usual goodhumour and alacrity.

Willis's cheerfulness, however, was not restored. He had felt Mr. Sharman's rebuke severely. As soon as he saw him alone in the counting-house, he went to the door. "May I speak to you, sir?" asked he, respectfully.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Sharman, "come in. What have you to say?"

"I am so grieved at my conduct this morning," said Willis, casting his eyes sorrowfully to the ground; "I have offended you, and I am very unhappy."

"Willis," returned Mr. Sharman, "I am very glad that you are sensible of your error. If it is my forgiveness that you would ask, it is readily granted; but, my dear boy, if you thus allow yourself to be conquered by feelings of rage, whether justly provoked or not, you are neither fit to be trusted by another, nor can you answer for any consequence, however fatal to yourself. And after all, setting aside the danger and the guilt of such fury, what weakness to be so moved by a groundless charge! how unmanly—how really contemptible—how unlike a Christian!"

"But, sir," said Willis, "to be accused of meanness and a falsehood, as I thought I was."

"Allowing this to be so," replied Mr. Sharman, "they who are prompt to impute evil to us are unworthy of our notice. When the conscience is clear, and the heart sound, such shafts fall harmless. Listen to yourself, Willis, more than to another, and be as slow in resenting an accusation as eager to avoid deserving it."

"But you forgive me, sir?" said Willis, looking anxiously at him.

"I do," replied he, "and it will be your own fault alone if my recollection is recalled to what has passed this day. I trust that you and Frank will be good friends. I have no quarrels in my house, and I will have none in the shop."

He held out his hand to Willis as he spoke, and the latter saw with delight, as their eyes met, that a more than usual expression of kindness was marked on Mr. Sharman's countenance.

[To be continued.]

THE EMIGRANTS. (1656.)

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
 In th' ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that row'd along,
 'The list'ning winds received this song :—

“What should we do but sing His praise
 That led us through the watery maze
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own !

“Where He the huge sea monsters racks,
 That lift the deep upon their backs ;
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.

“He gave us this eternal spring,
 Which here enamels everything ;
 And sends the fowls to us in care
 On daily visits through the air.

“He hangs in shades the orange bright,
 Like golden lamps in a green night ;
 And does in the pomegranate close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.

“With cedars, chosen by His hand
 From Lebanon, he stores the land ;
 And makes the hollow seas that roar,
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.

“He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound his name.

“Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt,
 Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
 Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
 Echo beyond the Mexic bay.”

Thus sang they in the English boat,
 A holy and a cheerful note ;
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time.*

MARVELL.

* It is probable that this stanza was in the mind of Moore when he composed the 'Canadian Boat-song.'

THE
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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

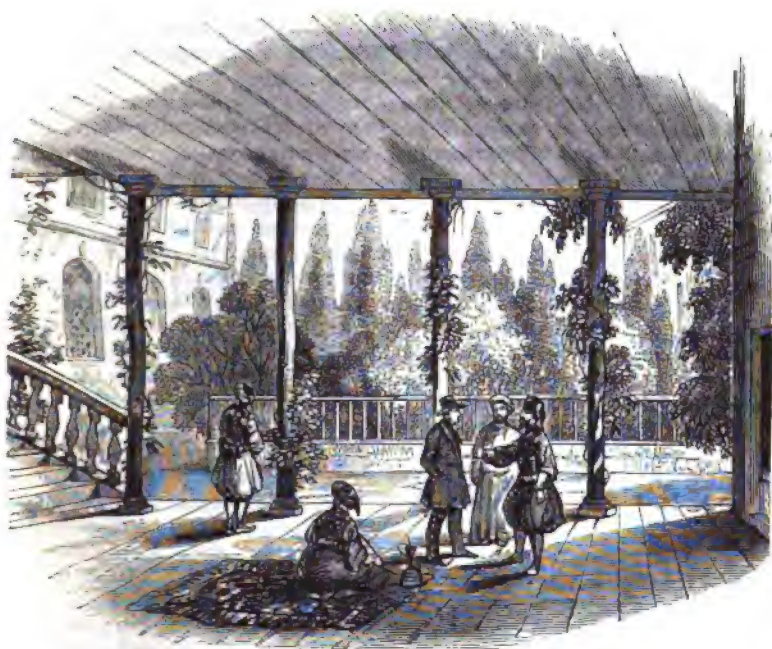
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A VISIT TO CYPRUS.—No. VI.



NICOSIA.

NICOSIA is a fine large town, built over an extensive space of ground, and containing sufficient houses to accommodate a population of upwards of one hundred thousand inhabitants. At the time of our visit, however, the town did not contain more than thirty thousand souls, eighteen thousand of whom were Christians, and the rest Mahometans. Under these unfavourable circumstances, many noble mansions, fit to be used as palaces for princes, are uninhabited, and neglected and fast falling to ruins. This is much to be regretted in a town where everything is

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favourable to man : the atmosphere clear and healthy ; the soil productive, living cheap, and many yet untried resources of wealth and commerce. Many elegantly-built houses have, with the exception of the four outer walls, entirely fallen in ; and it is melancholy to see the purposes to which these places are now devoted, which must have cost much labour and large sums of money. Many are turned into stabling for oxen and other cattle ; and after these have been penned here for a year or two, the accumulation of manure renders the spot a desirable acquisition to gardeners and such as wish to raise cucumbers and melons out of their proper season : hence it is no uncommon occurrence to meet with a whole street of houses, whose strongly-built square stone facings, denuded as they are of windows and doors, present more the appearance of newly-built structures, and impress the stranger with an erroneous idea, leading him to imagine these as so many symbols of the increasing importance of the town, and the influx of population, whereas the population is decidedly on the wane, as these houses are old and deserted buildings, whose interiors have long since crumbled to decay, and whose woodwork has shared the same fate, or has been pillaged wholesale by the poorer inhabitants to serve them as fuel, or else to replace some worm-eaten beams in the domiciles they inhabit.

We stroll through one of these deserted streets, and looking through one denuded window see a whole company of donkeys feeding contentedly upon a small forest of thistles, that have sprung up, and are flourishing amongst the decayed ruins of ages. A few doors further, and the whole level surface of the interior has been carefully ploughed up and planted, and healthy-looking cucumbers and melon-vines are trailing upon the ground, or clinging affectionately to the damp and congenial walls. Another ruin, again, serves as a tobacco-plantation ; a fourth, as a nursery for young mulberry-shoots. And so on we keep ringing the changes : now cattle-pens ; now gardens ; now rank weeds and thistles ; whilst innumerable hardy fig-trees and the wild pomegranate have insinuated their hardy roots between the cracks and crevices of the walls, affording a quiet and pleasant retreat to all the feathered songsters of the city. This is, indeed, a scene of desolation !

Retracing our footsteps, however, we enter upon the inhabited district of the city. The street where the serrai, or pasha's palace, is situated, is one that would do credit to a more civilized people—wide, airy, and with excellent foot pavements on either side, and a capital carriage-road in the centre. To our right hand and to our left are a stately range of buildings—beyond a doubt the finest in the whole city. Here, besides the serrai, which is a princely building, are three or four of the finest mosques in the island ; the residence of the Greek archbishop ; the most fashionable public baths ; the houses of the mollah, the cadî, the mufti, and several of the Greek aristocracy, who are also members of the medglia, or council. Men and women, dressed in the richest silks of Syria, are thronging the footpaths ; Turkish and Greek gentlemen, on finely-caparisoned Arab horses, ride past us in all directions ; a light phaeton, with four horses, and postillions, draws up at the serrai door, and whilst we are gazing at this novel spectacle, and half-inclined to think we are in Europe, the French doctor and his wife canter past, dressed in the very height of the latest fashion. But they have hardly disappeared round the corner, when a long string of heavily-laden camels heaves in sight, and two fierce Albanians brush by us rudely, with huge pistols

stuck in their girdles, a scimitar by their sides, and guns slung over their back. What a panorama of the customs of the world! We only want a few Chinamen, with their long tails, and an Esquimaux or two, to complete the picture; not but that these latter would find their furs and sealskins rather superabundant in the hot sun that is shining over the island, which, being rather too powerful even for our own accustomed heads, notwithstanding straw hats and umbrellas, we avail ourselves of the pleasant shelter afforded by the covered-in bazaars, and saunter up and down amongst the highly-aromatic shops, pausing ever and anon to moisten our parched lips with the exquisitely-refreshing sherbet sold at the coffeehouses.

All bazaars in Turkey are very much assimilated. There are the same small wooden shops, with shutters that let down and serve for seats, and shutters that haul up and serve for protection against heat and rain. On the former the same timeworn carpets are invariably spread, and then they are termed *mustatas*. From the latter, in which are hooks and nails innumerable, the same everyday staple commodities are invariably displayed, and these usually consist of red shoes, yellow slippers, festoons of onions, and garlic and red chillies, and there is a small show of drapery, in the shape of gaily-coloured handkerchiefs, shawls, sashes, and muslin turbans. Then as regards the interior economy of the shops—when we have seen one, we may say that we have seen the whole; and this is also applicable to the shopkeepers themselves: if we take one man for our standard, we may form a very fair estimate of the others, though of course they differ in circumstances, features, and even disposition and character. These, however, are their private attributes: we have now only to do with them as shopkeepers and men of business; and here they all coincide, all agree, all pull together, and dip their oars to precisely the same time and tune as regards commercial speculations. Some display their whole stock in trade in the small wooden shops before us. They have nothing else in the world to depend upon for their daily bread; and, at a rough calculation, the capital they have embarked in trade does not exceed about 30*l.* sterling. They, however, reckon to gain cent. per cent., and they will do it or perish in the attempt.

Now we will single out that old fellow with the venerable grey beard, who is seated crosslegged on his *mustata* in the shop, just opposite to where we are standing. But before interrupting the soliloquy in which he is indulging, as the white smoke curls over his turbaned head and gushes from his lips and nostrils, as though his brains had taken fire, and were inwardly consuming, we will take a mental survey of himself and shop. He is now smoking his first business pipe; not but that he has smoked several others since he got out of bed, an hour before sunrise, but that those were insipid and tasteless in comparison to this one—a mere matter of usage, as requisite to the old man as his early cup of coffee, and enjoyed in the quiet retirement of his harem, amongst his wives and children, when none of the cares and anxieties of trade were permitted to interfere with the enjoyment of domestic comforts. He has now, however, entered upon the business of the day, and his business pipe collects his stray thoughts, which are now concentrated upon the one all-absorbing theme of how to make most of the vendible commodities he displays for sale. Behind him, resting against the angle of the shop, is a rich velvet cushion, against which he luxuriantly leans; above him, suspended from the shutters, are the goods we have already enumerated;

behind him are two or three half-undone bales, and as many large sacks; the former contain his stock-in-trade of handkerchiefs, &c., samples of which are hung out in display from the top of the shop; the latter are filled with common soap, coffee, pimento, and rice. From a beam in the centre of the shop hangs suspended a large pair of scales, in which he weighs out the coffee, and that he sells by retail. In the further corner there is a huge pile of common brown paper, in which he cheerfully folds such articles as he has had the good luck to dispose of; above these, again, and all round the shop, in boxes and empty fig-drums, are a heterogeneous assortment of goods—camphor, spices, sugar, jewellery in brass and silver, nails, silks, needles, sewing-thread, dried fruits, almonds, walnuts, looking-glasses, empty bottles, and an endless string of varieties, which it would take us a week's time to make an inventory of. This, then, constitutes the shop of the old man who, enveloped in a huge cloth cloak, with fur collar and wristbands, though the thermometer stands at 90° Fahrenheit in the shade, silently sits and smokes and waits patiently with Turkish indifference to see what luck may turn up during the day. If he sells anything, he goes home with a light heart, and tells his family, *Ilhum dal Allah* (God be praised), that the day has been propitious; if, on the contrary, his stock remains *in statu quo*—and this is very often the case during the three hundred and sixty-five days that constitute the year—he by no means gives way to despondency, or suffers such trifles to ruffle his equanimity. This time he exclaims, as he closes the shutters for the night, and turns the key of the ponderous padlock, “*Inshallah, inshuk’rallah*” (please God—God’s will be done). Such is the old Turkish shopkeeper seated before us; such has been his position, such his sentiments, such his everyday routine of life (Fridays excepted) for the last forty years, and such they will continue to the end of the chapter.

There is one lesson that many far more enlightened and in better circumstances than himself might learn from this unlettered old Mahometan—a patient and cheerful endurance under all affliction, and a firm reliance upon the never-failing mercy of Providence. This man is a fair sample of all the other Turkish merchants and shopkeepers in the place. Deal with them, and having previously made up your mind that they are determined to earn cent. per cent. upon the goods, you at least have the satisfaction of knowing that the article furnished is the best of its kind that is procurable in the town at the price; deal with the Greeks, and you will not only have to pay more money, but ten chances to one but what you find yourself cheated in the quality of the article.

We will now approach and enter into conversation with this old man. On perceiving us, his brow lightens up, and he courteously entreats us to be seated on his *mustata*. We ask him the price of such and such an article. But he is not to be caught in this way. Price, indeed! as if anybody ever made a bargain, or entered into business transactions before they had smoked at least half-a-dozen pipes, and partaken of as many cups of sugarless coffee! The first boy that passes is accordingly pressed into the service, and the nearest *caffagee* is summoned forthwith. So we sit and smoke and drink coffee, and the old man first inquires tenderly after our health, and the health of our respective families, and the health of our *padishaw*, the queen, and then he hopes that the English nation at large are in a salubrious state, pausing at each respective answer to stroke his beard, and exclaim, “*Ilhum dal Allah*,” as though

the subject were a matter of the greatest importance to his own personal welfare and happiness; then he descants upon the weather and the crops, and, knowing the ardent passion Englishmen usually evince for sporting matters, tells us that he knows a place where he can knock down partridges by the score with a common stone.

At last, after half-an-hour's time wasted, he condescends to come back to the shop; but even then he keeps us ten minutes' longer, telling us, in reply to the oft-repeated question, "how much?" that it is no use asking him any price, for the only earthly enjoyment he wishes to possess is our favour, "*sissem kathrakuchen*," as the Turks say. However, this formula is at length gone through, and then the real business of the day commences. Perhaps he intends to take fifty piastres for the shawl we are bargaining for; but he invariably commences by asking five hundred; and then he stares gravely in our faces, and we tell him that he is laughing at our beards: hereupon a regular controversy ensues; more pipes and coffee are produced, and the shawl has diminished in value about a hundred piastres. After much squabbling we rise up indignantly, hinting that there are many other shops in the neighbourhood; and, to cut the matter short, we offer him ten piastres more than any native would give him. The old fellow pretends to sigh, as he folds the article up and hands it over. One by one he sounds the pieces of money against the iron lid of his small strong box, repeating verses of the Koran all the time he is thus occupied; and then coolly telling us that he has ruined himself to please us, but that we being the first customers that day, he had taken our money in hopes it might bring him good luck. He insists upon our smoking another pipe; and, before leaving, extorts a promise from us that we will go and spend a day with him some Friday in his gardens in the suburbs of the town; and when we go rely upon it he will receive us like a prince.

We have protracted our stay in the bazaar rather beyond limits—twelve o'clock is being cried from the minarets, and our host is waiting breakfast; so we hurry home, not without keen appetites, though we have been smoking and sipping coffee throughout the whole morning.

We have now been through the utterly-deserted and the best streets of Nicosia, and we have also taken a peep into the bazaars; with the reader's permission we propose to conduct him into the house and gardens of our hospitable host, and then, after breakfast, we may as well stroll through the poorer streets of the city, to see what they are like, how contrived, &c. We pass under a lofty-arched gateway in the principal street, which leads us—not, as we imagined, into the house or courtyard, but into a large, dark, vaulted room, lighted by a single small pigeon-hole window. At the further end, on either side of this room, are antique-looking stone couches, on which are spread mats, rugs, and cushions for the accommodation of the porters, the cawasses, and other servants, one or more of whom are always here, to receive letters or messages, or to report the arrival of visitors or travellers; but, excepting just at meal hours, or when visitors are plentiful, the greater number of servants are usually assembled here, smoking, singing, and playing at cards or backgammon. All the pipes and narghils belonging to the establishment are here kept for convenience sake, as there is a fountain in the extreme corner, under the window, which enables them to wash the timbac used for smoking in the narghils, and to fill the bottles of these latter with fresh water every time they are in demand. By degrees

our unaccustomed eye detects a small door at the further end, to which the porter points and directs our attention. Undoing the latch we pass through it, and then the whole beauty and elegance of the interior economy of a gentleman's house at Nicosia bursts upon our admiring gaze. We are standing under a lofty balcony, supported by beautiful slender stone pillars, which extend the whole length of the spacious courtyard on either side of us. Under foot, is a solid pavement, about three yards wide, composed of square cut stones, polished, so as to shine like mirrors; before us is a wide gravel pathway, and beyond this a stone wall, about a foot high, surmounted with a neatly-painted, open-work railing; behind this railing is a large enclosed plot of ground, on which, under the shade of beautiful orange-trees, lemons, and Seville oranges, rose-bushes grow in wild luxuriance. The borders are all planted with carnations, balsams, and many varieties of geranium, whilst the railing is thickly entwined with convolvulus and white jessamine creepers. Beyond all these, running parallel with the opposite wall, are well-trained grape-vines, and the whole is overtopped by a row of dark cypress-trees and poplars, so thickly planted as to exclude the possibility of one particle of the rough, unsightly brick wall behind all, peeping through the dense foliage of vines and cypresses.

About twenty yards to our left is the fine stone staircase, with solid balustrades, by which we ascend to the upper apartments of the house, which extends from one extremity to the other on the left-hand side of this vast enclosure. This is our temporary home; and here mine host, who is a wealthy Greek gentleman, and a member of the *medglis* to boot, transacts his business, receives visits, and receives and lodges his guests, having always some half-dozen spare rooms ready furnished for their reception. The apartments below are allotted to various purposes: some are the servants' dormitories; some offices, storehouses, and so on. To our right, but a good way off, and only partly visible through the dense foliage of trees, is another house, perfectly distinct and separated from where we lodge, but built upon the same ground as our own, and protected by the same walls. This was, doubtless, originally built as a Turkish harem, and the only means of ingress and egress is through the garden before us.

This is our host's private residence. Here his family reside, and receive their friends, and here he sleeps, and, when alone, takes his meals. As many Turkish ladies visit mine host's wife, this line of distinction is useful and necessary, as they go and come during the day without fear of any man popping in unexpectedly and finding them unveiled.

And now we have finished the outer survey; and the accompanying sketch may convey to the reader some faint conception of the elegance and luxury of a Greek gentleman's house at Nicosia. So we mount up the steps, and, finding our host waiting for us impatiently, soon finish our toilets, and commence a general onslaught on the substantial Cyprus breakfast.

RAMBLES IN THE PYRENEES.—No. IV.

I LIKED St. Sauveur : it was the end of the season, and much that would have annoyed me was over : its pretty walks were quite my own : over the bridge near the Jardin Anglais, I often leaned and thought, and looked on the blue, bright river rushing beneath me ; on the pleasant heights I walked, their wild fair flowers I gathered, and no one ever disturbed me. If it had not been for the little dirty "Temple" that stood in the "English garden," like what one sees in a real English tea-garden, I could scarcely have fancied myself in a place of public resort.

Notwithstanding all this I left it, together with my friends, for the celebrated Baths of Barèges.

On the summit of the hill upon which Barèges stands, Jacques pulled up to allow us to look out at the backward view, which was beautiful, and closed by the mountains of St. Sauveur. Our drive, though I think only four miles and a half in distance, had occupied about two hours, from the hilliness of the road.

But if the backward view was fair, the forward view afforded a striking contrast. Barèges is truly a horrible place. The sentiment that rose in my mind was, that I would rather die in England than try to live in Barèges ; a sentiment, perhaps, as false as wrong. Better is one of deep thankfulness to that merciful Providence, which has prevented the necessity of fleeing to these healing streams so abundantly provided for the relief of human maladies, especially for those arising from rheumatism and from gunshot wounds.

But why Barèges is so wretched in appearance I know not. True it is that its elevated position in the heart of the mountains, causes the inhabitants to forsake it for nearly one-half of the year. They have generally houses at Lux or St. Sauveur, also, and leave Barèges, during winter, to the occupation of the bears, which come famishing from the mountains, to take the benefit of the baths ; at spring they return, dig their houses out of the snow, and prepare for "the season." Yet, notwithstanding all this, the great influx of invalids during the summer, and the high reputation which it has possessed, even from the days of the famed Madame de Maintenon, might surely have rendered it a more improved and comfortable-looking town ; it might be expected to possess the advantages of a good inn, decent-looking houses, and tolerable shops—but no ! Barèges has remained, and seems likely to remain, a dirty, neglected, miserable-looking place.

I had a French guide-book (sometimes most strangely ridiculous things) in my hand, and I opened on the following exquisite passage, literally translated—"Barèges in the centre of the Pyrenées, is inhabitable only for four or five months in the year. When everyone else leaves it, the bears take possession of it. There is Vauxhall twice a-week, and every year the most splendid balls are found there, thanks to the reinforcements which came from St. Sauveur ; to which place the inhabitants of Barèges render the same compliment, by going to dance there by deputation."

And there was I reading of Vauxhall and dances by deputation, surrounded by some of the most appalling specimens of humanity the eye ever beheld.

Ill or well, had I no other cause for distraction,—in the English, not the French acceptance, of the word,—the cracking whips of Barèges, whether

of guides or of, as the French guide-book says, "the joyful caravans of from forty to fifty ladies and gentlemen," habited most grotesquely, who daily pass through it on Pyrenean excursions, would abundantly produce that effect.

I walked down the hill we had ascended in the carriage in order to observe the prospect from it, the only fine sight about Barèges: the sun was now shedding its brightest rays preparatory to bidding, with a smiling countenance, the world good night; and its red and golden light beautifully gilded the snow that lay on the lofty crests, or sides, of the mountains which formed the beauty of the prospect.

The road was covered with military officers, soldiers, and serjeants; and as I ascended the brow of the hill, a figure came trotting on horseback out of the town, which is more indelibly impressed on my memory than anything I saw at Barèges, than anything human I saw in the Pyrenées. It was tall, bony, yet muscular; the bridle was held firmly in both its tawny hands; the feet, armed with spurs, urged the tall, wild-looking animal it bestrode, to a sharp but steady trot; for dress it was accoutred in one of the large horseman-like cloaks, worn by the shepherds of the Pyrenées, made from the brown wool of the sheep; the long conical hood drawn over its head, and standing up in a high point above it, leaving quite displayed in front, a face, the colour of which matched as nearly as possible with that of the tawny-brown of the head-dress; a pair of coal black eyes, and a mouth that in silence spoke terrible things.

The Cromwellians, the Covenanters, and similar comparisons rushed into my mind, as I saw this figure come on, exactly as if charging down the hill. I know not if ideas of a like nature crossed the fancy of the portly serjeant, who stood and gazed after it in like wonderment. I have spoken in the neuter gender, for this fierce and awful-looking being—was a woman!

How invalids can manage at Barèges, English ones at least, is a mystery to me. A succession of pistol-shots would be a relief, instead of the whip-cracking which, as nearly as I could calculate, only ceased for about four hours of the night, that is to say, from about twelve to four o'clock. Yet posted up at the entrance of this and other watering-places, is a notice to the effect that it is forbidden to trot or to gallop in that commune. Why not issue an official edict against whips as well as hoofs?

It was about seven o'clock in the morning, when, escorted by the melancholy Jacques, we set forth to ascend the great Pic du Midi. The air was mild, rather warm, but large masses of vapour hung heavy on the mountains, or moved sluggishly along their sides, and as yet it was hard to foretell their destination; whether they would dissolve into thin air, and leave to us the blue sky and pure atmosphere, rest in the cloud on the mountains, or descend in rain on our heads.

I had read some tourist's account of an ascent of the Pic du Midi, which spoke of a shepherd's hut, or cot, that supplied the party with ice-cream, and of a luncheon being enjoyed at that place, with sherry mixed with the snow of the glaciers. We brought no sherry, but we reckoned on the ice-cream, and foolishly rested in the additional belief that where ice-cream could be got, bread, also, was to be had. Few persons can eat breakfast at four o'clock in the morning, and, with the altogether romantic idea of a repast in a shepherd's cottage, on this great Pyrenean mountain, full before us, we set off satisfied with little more than the

morning cup of coffee. The ride was long enough to give us a good appetite, and before we began the toil of the ascent we were rather eagerly looking out for the place of luncheon.

Where is the shepherd's cottage? we asked. "Là!" was the laconic answer, as Jacques pointed to a rough stone shed for cattle, with a great black quagmire around it, which had been before us, and unnoticed by us. All romance was put to flight; but anxious to get something to eat, and to rest a space within shelter, as the fog still continued, we dismounted, and managed to step from stone to stone, up to the half door which our guide was silently holding open to admit us.

The mansion, built of the unhewn mountain stone, and covered with shingle, was divided into compartments, one at one end for the sheep, the centre and largest for the cows, whose bed had not yet been made up from the night before; and the third, at the other extremity, enclosed by a low, wooden paling, was wholly filled by a sort of platform, raised on beams of felled trees, and covered over with straw, a sack, with some hay in one end, was placed at the top for a pillow, and this, with a brown rough cloak, composed the furniture of the shepherd's bed.

Luxurious dwellers on the same earth, ye have both one origin and one end!

Jacques, with an aspect of real concern, opened the wicket of this compartment, and invited me to place myself on the projecting timber as the only seat the hut offered, assuring us we should require rest and refreshment before ascending the mountain, but expressing his fear that the shepherd's provision was scanty; we sat down in silent thoughtfulness in this human habitation, and Jacques going out put his hand to his mouth, and uttered a halloo which echo repeated a thousandfold, but echo alone replied. It was a strange scene I beheld that day, such as could only be seen among those mighty works of nature, the mountains. The clouds actually filled up the hollows and crevices, giving to the scene, though only for an instant, the aspect of a sea or lake, and then there were the white glaciers visible, and the dark mountains. Tantalising was their constant movement, leading us to expect momentarily that they would flit away, yet their varying forms as they wreathed and draped their dark bulwarks with their shadowy shrouds, produced effects which I would not have exchanged, I think, for an unclouded view.

Sometimes the clouds left such a singular opening, or vista, in their own formation, as just sufficed to show the white glaciers, lying like a nest within them, sometimes they stooped down into the valley, and the glorious peaks towered up bare and bold, canopied by the bright blue sky; and then that pure lovely sky, and its strong gleams of sunshine, were suddenly enveloped in one thick darkness, so that I could scarcely see my companion on the path before me, and the next instant all again was light.

We were disposed to give up the ascent, but Jacques seemed to think the fog would disperse. As we wound along, I was going down into a depth which seemed a fathomless mass of fog, through which I perceived something white, which I supposed lay near the bottom. While I looked the cloud was in motion, it heaved and rolled like billows of vapour, and spreading upwards its gigantic form rose like a dark brooding spirit, slowly and lingeringly, hanging down its long crooked limbs, and labouring, as it were, to leave its lazy bed; but I only turned away my eyes, and lo! when I looked back again, there were the blue waters of the Lac d'Oncet, lying clear and dark, and beautiful, in that bed; and around

its margin lay the ice-zone, whose whiteness I had dimly seen through the cloud—a girdle of snow.

And now we had to cross some small glaciers, hardened into ice which partly sunk beneath our tread; and as we ascended, glimpses of view, but glimpses only, were obtained, yet such as might leave on an imaginative mind impressions which a less mysterious, or more fully revealed scene, might have failed to create. Near to the top a driving mist came up after us, so thick, so dark, so wetting, that I was obliged to have recourse to my umbrella; and I rode along the bare, narrow ledge, said to be dangerous, with an umbrella screening from my sight the precipice that bounds it. In fact, although made under such circumstances, I could not consider the ascent of the Pic du Midi either difficult or dangerous in the least.

It can be made, too, on horseback nearly to the summit, when a rocky and winding passage must be traced on foot, for the top of this mountain is, as its name indicates, almost literally a peak; the little stone turret erected upon it is not large enough to shelter a party from a storm. And when we had got up here, nearly ten thousand feet high, what were we to see? Had the day been clear we were promised a view bounded only by the limit of vision. But the day was not clear, and what we did see was this—a few feet beneath us the clouds working and moving in an apparently fathomless abyss; above us the blue sky shining undimmed by a cloud; below us the rain was falling chill and fast upon the earth; above us the bright sun seemed still rejoicing in its strength. And so on the peak of that rather isolated mountain we stood for a little space, and looked down to the billowy masses working and writhing in the hollows and precipices beneath us: looking up to the pure sky above us, we saw the heads of the tall mountains in the distance tinged with brightness, while their base was enveloped in vapour; and we thought of the description our blessed Lord gave of his disciples, who while in the world are not of the world. And even still when, in the midst of this world's turmoil, sin and strife, yielding to nature's weakness, like one who had no faith—

“ I could lie down like a tired child
And weep away the load of care
Which I have borne and still must bear,”

the picture of these mountains may uprise to rebuke me with thoughts of the Christian's serenity, the Christian's dignity and joy.

We descended the mountain in a thick misty rain. On this, as on many other occasions, we proved that ignorance is sometimes bliss, for it was only after having ascended and descended the Pic du Midi in a fog, that we read in a handbook for travellers these words, “The path is steep, and in many places dangerous, there being scarcely room for a horse to step.”

We were in the midst of the rain when we reached again the hut of the poor shepherd, and gladly did we seek its shelter. Here the great anxiety of our good Jacques was to procure us something to eat or drink, and this time he was more fortunate, for his eye soon fastened on the great pouch which formed the poor man's larder. Was ever that of monk or anchorite more simple? it hung suspended from the rafters to preserve it probably from the wolf or bear, or the almost equally terrible “dog of the mountains,” which is kept to guard the flocks against them. Jacques seized the pouch, and eagerly drew forth its sole contents, half a loaf of black bread and a coarse clasp-knife; he cut a good slice, and gave us as

much as we could dare to taste of it ; and there, sitting on the rude timber, merely felled trees, that composed that mountain shepherd's truly spare bed, we amused ourselves by watching the singular effects produced by the evolutions of the clouds, and at times by the temporary action of the sun.

The billowy masses of vapour filling every cavity, cleft, and hollow, rolling and winding, and turning from the summit to the foot, and from the foot to the summit of the dark, surrounding mountains, might give one an idea of that early time,

“ When at His word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap ;
Confusion heard His voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled.”

But not always thus chaotic, wild, and savage was the view I peeped out at. Sometimes the clouds, heightening, disclosed such beautiful glimpses—a green oasis, or a bare, dark rocky peak ; sometimes hung, capriciously, a mystical wreath just around the clift that contained a glacier, so that its snows were seen through this archway of wavy mist, which let fall its fanciful drapery, like a coy beauty her veil ; raised it to show the snowy *dépôt* it shaded, and when you had fixed your gaze, dropped it down again, as much as to say, you have seen enough.

Jacques shook his head when we asked, as we often did, if there was any prospect of the weather clearing up : and at last informed us that if we meant to cross the pass of the Tourmalêt before night we must set off. We had left Barèges with the design of proceeding by this mountain pass to the village of Grip, halting there for the night, and next day going on to Bagneres de Bigorre. We were now on the base of the great Pic du Midi, in the midst of a storm, and enveloped in mountain mist ; to go back was disagreeable, to go forward required courage ; but our deliberation was short, we asked Jacques if we could go on. His answer was the same he always gave to such questions, “ If the ladies wish it ; ” and I do think if we had asked him if we could travel over the moon he would have just said the same. “ Then we will go on,” we responded, and Jacques, with an assenting wave of the hand, snatched up his *berrêt* and went to lead out the shivering horses. We soon got on the Tourmalêt Pass, and there the storm fairly closed around us.

We were now on the same pass that Madame de Maintenon traversed when she took her little crippled pupil, the Duke de Maine, son of Louis XIV., in the year 1676, to try the waters of Barèges, which she thus brought into celebrity. And as we paced along, with a precipice on one side, in the bottom of which chafed the torrent, the opposite bank bounded by mist-covered mountains, I raised my umbrella to protect my bonnet, and the poor little pony, that had stood the noise of cataracts unmoved, started at the whirling silk, and springing round brought its fore feet over the brink of the precipice. It was well for me that I had been put on a Spanish saddle that day, for I leaped out of it in an instant, and alighted on my feet on the opposite bank, while the sagacious creature brought his own round as quickly almost on the path again. Had it been otherwise I should have gone over his head : Jacques, who was before me, turned round, saw me standing on the bank, and asked why Madame had descended.

I could not help thinking of poor John Gilpin when he was asked a somewhat similar question. We saw mountain torrents streak like a

line of light the dark heights they descended, but we saw these snowy lines through a veil of darkness; we heard the rush of cataracts and the war of streams beneath and around us, but alas! I, for one, was more sensitive to that which descended upon me. The narrow path was broken by its violence, and the horses, that trod safely over ladders of rock, stumbled continually on the wet ground.

With what joy did we behold from the steep zig-zag path, called *Escalette*, which it was difficult enough to descend, the first sight of human habitations that we had seen, the cabins of *Trames Argues*!

As we entered the deserted-looking little hamlet, a cow-house stood nearest at hand, and scarcely thinking what it was, I uttered some expression of delight, in my native tongue, at the prospect of shelter, and rode straight into it. I was seen by one of those industrious, patient, toiling creatures, the women of the *Pyrenées*. Every house was shut up, for the inhabitants of the hamlet were abroad in the mountains with their flocks—she was, I believe, the only person in it. Coming forward, without speaking to me, she drew a key out of her pocket, opened a door, and Jacques invited me to enter it. I gladly did so, in hope of seeing a fire; the place consisted of only one small room, nearly filled with wood, and had I had a torch, I think I should have mechanically ignited it, for there was no fire there, and I sat shivering on the only stool the house afforded.

In a few minutes the kind hostess came back with some blazing straw, kindled an excellent fire, dried my clothes, and made me so comfortable that I would willingly have remained in her charge at least for the next twelve hours. But Jacques *Perigord* looked grave, said something about the darkness, and at last advised me to lose no more time.

When reluctantly departing, to be in a few minutes as wet as ever, I desired him to give what was necessary to the woman of the mansion. I saw her look surprised and pleased at what she received, and when, in addition, I thanked her for her kindness, she answered, smiling, "It is I, *Madame*, who am obliged to you."

"How much," said I to Grip, as we proceeded onward, "how much did you give that good woman for her trouble?" I was almost afraid he had given her more than enough.

"*Cinq sous*," was the reply; that is twopence-halfpenny English.

These little traits of benevolent goodness are pleasing in a world of selfishness, and I am sure the "*bon soir*" and "*bon voyage*" that greeted my departure was quite as sincere and hearty as if the *cinq sous* had been at least quadrupled. We saw the cascades of Grip through a sea of mist; the village lies hidden in the valley, and after the tedious, tortuous approach, it was very delightful to come down suddenly upon it, and enter at once the court of its neat little inn.

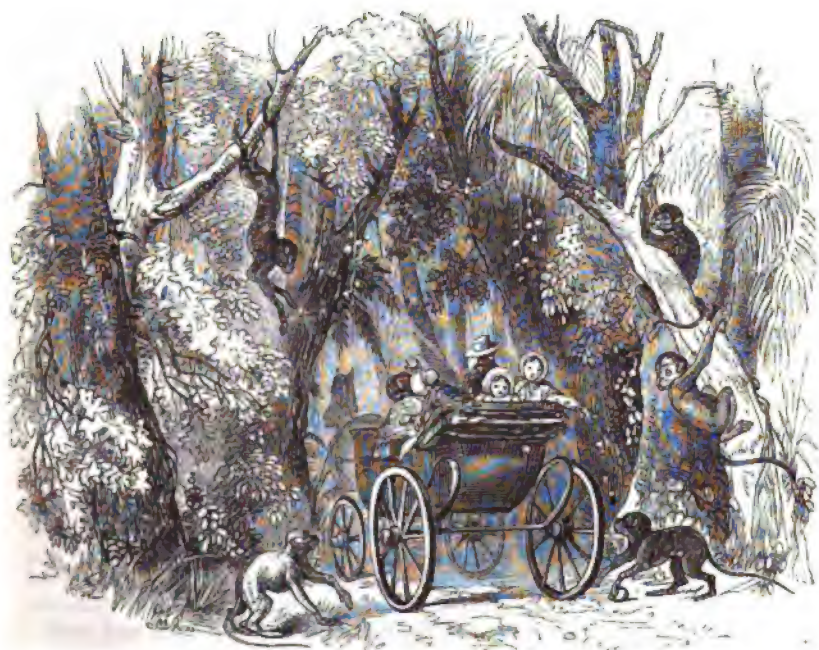
The entrance of a guide, who, to give importance to himself, generally gives more than is needful to those he escorts, had a material influence on our comfort. In a few minutes immense fagots blazed in the ample grate of our excellent and clean apartment, a change of raiment, a dinner of the famous trouts of Grip, and a cup of our own dear English tea, made us almost enjoy the recollection of bygone miseries.

And after a sound night's sleep, such a bright and soft and balmy sun greeted our heavy eyes, as usually looks upon the earth that fog and storm and rain have recently clad in darkness. If aching limbs would render us suitable visitors to the baths of *Barèges*, we should now have returned

thither; but stiff as we were from our really formidable expedition, we contrived to mount our horses, depending solely on the effects of the warm sun; so we rode on through the valley of Grip, saw its pretty cascades, and passing the pleasant and fertile vale of Campan, arrived safely at the capital of Pyrenean watering-places, the much-frequented Bagneres de Giorre.

BRITISH INDIA.—No. IV.

BANGALORE AND THE MONKEY TOPE.



BANGALORE is beyond a doubt the healthiest and most delightful military station under the Madras Presidency, besides being one of the largest cantonments. A Queen's regiment of dragoons, a regiment of native cavalry, horse and foot artillery, some few sappers and miners, and several native infantry corps, are here stationed; in addition to which are a numerous staff of civil, military, and medical officers, and a plentiful supply of invalids from all quarters of the presidency. The extensive level parade-ground, round which the barracks and lines of the different regiments are built, presents a striking spectacle on a military review day. The long and apparently interminable line of soldiery, from the dashing hussar, and not less handsomely-equipped horse-artilleryman, down to

the humbly-clad sepoy of a native infantry corps; the oceans of spectators of every hue and costume, and on every imaginable conveyance, from the gaily-coloured barouche to what we used to term, at school, Shanks's mare; the flying horses of the *aides-de-camp* rapidly executing orders of their grey old chief; the hoarse shouting and screaming of commanding officers; the boom of the loud cannon; the clattering of musketry, and the rush and scramble of the natives to pick up unexploded cartridges—all these combine to lend an enlivening interest to the scene: and we thank our stars to think that all these are peaceable demonstrations, and likely, as far as concerns Bangalore, ever to remain so; for we dislike war, and strongly advocate peace, and prefer a Dutch cheese to a carnon-ball, or a hazelnut to a bullet, any given day in the three hundred and sixty-five, the remaining hours, minutes, and seconds included.

But to return to Bangalore. It is indeed a charming place, possessing a climate rarely equalled in Hindostan. Who can picture the raptures of some unhappy sub, whom the want of that grievously-lacked requisite, money, has exiled, perhaps for ever, from his much-cherished country, and who, during the five or ten years of his service, has been subjected to the unenviable process of being hot-wind dried in such places as Masulipatam, Cuddapah, &c.—we say, what can equal the raptures of this man on arriving at what is to be his home for the next three years, to find in every room of his house—incredible!—yes it is, though!—a fireplace—a thing unheard of in India, and not to be found in any native dictionary—a veritable fireplace, with a chimney and a mantel-piece, and, ha! ha!—capital!—there are actually glass windows to the room, as if India was not hot enough to bake one alive, without the metematically closing in the heat? But his astonishment and ecstasies here expressed are small in comparison to the excitement of his feelings on beholding an apple-tree, and a plum-tree, and a peach-tree, and many other English fruit-trees, such as grew profusely in the orchard of his father the rector, and of which, since his arrival in India, he has more than once thought and dreamt about and longed, and with deep solemn thought prayed to behold once again before he “went forth to return no more.”

Yet such, indeed, is Bangalore. Her early mornings, her evenings, and her nights are European, nay, let us say, English; and her days are Indian days of the mildest sort. Full welcome is the glorious blaze and warmth of the crackling wood-fire, and the pleasant aspect of the closely drawn curtains at nightfall to the shivering new comer, and he enjoys their comforts just as much as he did the rare and delicious raspberry pudding after a regular English dinner of roast beef and bottled stout.

The sun, however, rises punctually to his hour, and his rays, gradually gathering strength, like a newly-born butterfly, spread out and take a wide flight over the expanse of earth and sea; and then about seven o'clock A.M. it would do your heart good, and teach your soul a lesson of thankfulness to saunter forth amidst the freshly-blown flowers, and inhale their rich fragrance and unequalled perfume. Look upon the clustering roses, still wet with morning's dew, the mignonette, the honeysuckle, the passion, and endless other flowers of every variety of beautiful hue and delicious scent, and then ask yourself the question, Who gave these, and why were they given to us? and exclaim with the Psalmist, “The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.” It is, indeed! and if the flowers are beautiful and gratifying to our senses, the fruit-trees are not one

whit behind. Here stands a noble mango, drooping under his weighty load; guavas of a golden hue tempt you to stretch forth the hand and pluck them; so do the apples and the plums, and the luscious laquott (*Mespilus Japonica*). But one must be wary how they indulge in all these luxuries, and bear in mind that abstemiousness in all things is one of the great laws of health. Bangalore has its fevers; and when these are occasioned by an over-indulgence in fruit they oftentimes end fatally.

The sun waxes high and hot, and it is time to return to the house for salutary morning ablutions, and more than salutary prayers; and then we sit down to breakfast. After this refreshing meal every one occupies himself as he best usefully can; and as the hour approaches midday the weather waxes exceeding hot; so much so sometimes that we are glad to have the punkah, that indispensable Indian luxury, in full play. One o'clock brings with it its oftentimes agreeable tiffin or lunch; nice cool fruit, and may be a curry, which is by no means nice and cool, as we may judge from the many wry faces made by you newly-arrived cadet, who is fit to cry from pain, but is so foolish as to be ashamed to acknowledge it.

They drink a great deal of pale ale at Bangalore; tiffins cooled in saltpetre and salt and water; and the effects of this often does away with the salutary effects of the Bangalore climate, and occasions various maladies; foremost amongst which ranks that bane of India the liver complaint; but which in nine cases out of ten is entirely attributable to self.

Tiffin over, the heat of the day increases, and it remains sultry until about half-past three or four P.M. In this interval flies become annoying, and the buzzing of drones incessant; donkeys, with which Bangalore abounds, bray to one another at regular intervals, doubtless complaining of the heat; open-mouthed crows, looking more thievish than ever, gasp for a breath of air under the verandahs of the different houses; and squirrels, in plentiful abundance, are running up the doors and round the ledges of the houses, carrying with them divers fruits that they have stolen (despite all the black gardener's wariness) for the behoof of their expectant young.

This is the fashionable visiting hour at Bangalore, and a dubash (servant) is always stationed in the front verandah to give due warning to the ladies of the house (who are lounging on couches, reading or fanning themselves asleep) of the approach of any visitors. People are usually known by their conveyance. Mr. Stiffwigg, the judge, always visits in his palanquin, attended by a vast number of peons (native constables), carrying silver-headed sticks in their hands. The ladies invariably choose carriages; and the young men and others cab it or ride. It depends upon the estimation in which the approaching visitors are held as to whether they are admitted or not; and the dubash is warned to say, "Not at home," or "At home," as circumstances may require, the ladies consoling themselves for this fashionable falsehood as best they can.

At length five o'clock arrives, and every one prepares for their evening drive or ride—the greatest possible Indian enjoyment. The usual drive at Bangalore is round the parade-ground and the race-course; and in going this round they pass through a thickly-set tope, or forest of wild mango and banian-trees. This tope is called Monkeys' Tope, from the fact of its literally teeming with monkeys in a perfectly wild state. The greatest

amusement and astonishment is here occasioned to the stranger by the singular fact of the monkeys, so sure as the usual hour of the promenade arriving, being regularly assembled, and lining the road on either side, so far as the forest extends, which may be about three hundred yards, regularly demanding and receiving taxes from the passers by. There they sit, of all sizes and ages, from the grey-looking old fellow, who is probably the patriarch of the race, to the timid little mother, who, clutching her young one to her breast for all the world like a human being would, holds forth the vacant hand to receive whatever may be thrown towards her. Carriages carry a good supply of plantains and other fruits, and the young ladies keep showering them on either side as they drive along. The greatest decorum is observed among these civilized monkeys of Bangalore, and they never by any hazard attempt to force themselves upon the carriages; each pounces upon what it can: and so very plentiful is the supply that I imagine rarely any one goes without a share in the booty. In some instances a few of the oldest residents had accustomed themselves to draw up the carriage at a certain spot regularly, and there entice the monkeys to come for their rations; and they had so well succeeded that a regular set of customers became familiarized; and it was no uncommon thing to hear some old lady pettishly exclaiming, "No, no, sir! no more fruit this evening; you've had your usual share," and so drive on, perfectly convinced that the monkey had fully understood her reprimand. Thus Bangalore is never thought of by those who have once been there without many an amusing recollection of the Monkeys' Tope.

NO LIE THRIVES.—No. VIII.

MRS. DAVIS had often, since Frank and Willis had been together at Mr. Sharman's, expressed a wish to renew the slight acquaintance she had had with Mrs. Richmond when the latter first came to reside at Seaforth; but as yet no opportunity had been afforded her. That, however, for which we are on the watch rarely escapes us. Mrs. Davis saw a favourable moment, and at once availed herself of it. A servant offered herself to her who had lately lived in the service of Mrs. Richmond. "There was nothing like making personal inquiries," she said to her daughter; "a written character is very apt to mislead any mistress." Generally speaking, this was what Mrs. Davis required, as Harriet reminded her.

"True, my dear," replied she, "but there is no rule without an exception, and it will be less trouble for us to call on Mrs. Richmond, than for her to write."

They accordingly sallied forth, and arriving at the neat little dwelling of Mrs. Richmond, were immediately admitted. Having explained the occasion of her visit, and ascertained such particulars as she desired, she prolonged the conversation by such inquiries as suggested themselves to her recollection—inquiries which, according to herself, she had almost forgotten to make.

"One thing more only," said she, "and I have done, for I really am shocked at having intruded upon you so long. You assure me that this

Sarah Miller is truthful : that is a very great point with me ; a servant whose word is not to be depended on is worth nothing, let her other qualifications be what they may. The old proverb says, 'It is better to have a thief in your house than a story-teller,' and really I am of that opinion. Some persons don't trouble themselves much about it, but *I* am *very* particular on that head. It is the first and last question I always ask ; but I don't know how it is, servants are naturally deceitful, I think ; they will deceive you if they can. After all the trouble and all the expense that have been lavished on the education of the lower classes, I must say this is very discouraging."

"Granted," replied Mrs. Richmond ; "but may not the fault be, in some degree, our own? Are we so careful as we ought in not setting them an example of deceit? are we quite as open and as exact in this respect as we ought to be?"

"But servants are not to sit in judgment upon us," replied Mrs. Davis ; "nor to copy us in every respect—our situations are different."

"True," said Mrs. Richmond ; "but there is much to say on the subject. We expect a great deal too much, I fear, from our inferiors and dependents, and we are apt to think too little of what is required from us."

"There is no fathoming the bottom of questions like these," replied Mrs. Davis ; "I leave all that for the gentlemen ; what I maintain is, that truth in a servant is a point that no mistress can be too particular about. I never could, and I never shall tolerate a servant that is not straightforward. There can be no reliance on her in any way, and unless you can trust a person, what is she fit for?"

Her attention was here called off by an exclamation of her daughter—

"Do look, mother," said she, "what a pretty drawing ! and Miss Ellen did it herself. Oh ! how I wish I might learn to draw !"

"I did not know that there was a master in the place," returned Mrs. Davis ; "and if I did, I cannot tell whether your father would let you learn. This is really very pretty ; who teaches you, my dear?"

"Herself, principally," replied Mrs. Richmond ; "when I was young I had some little taste this way, which I inherited from my father, who, if he had not died very early, might have gained some eminence as an artist ; and Ellen has profited by what I have been able to teach her. We make it an amusement, for she is not very strong, and is not able to take quite as much exercise as I could wish."

"But your son is very healthy," remarked Mrs. Davis ; "my boy tells me he can bear more fatigue than himself, and carry and lift weights which he cannot."

"He has a willing mind, as well as a good constitution," replied Mrs. Richmond, "and that makes us capable of much that might otherwise seem above our strength."

"Exactly so," returned Mrs. Davis, "my Frank is just such another. The boys are very good friends, and will continue to be such, I hope. But I wonder, Mrs. Richmond, you could part entirely with your son : if I had been circumstanced as you are, I must have had him at home some part of the day with me—your evenings must be so very dull."

"Oh, no ! they are not," replied Mrs. Richmond ; "we are always employed, and occupation is the best thing in the world to drive away heaviness ; besides Mr. Sharman has a dislike to an outdoor apprentice."

"He professes to have an objection to such an arrangement," returned

Mrs. Davis; "but they must be insuperable objections indeed that cannot be made to yield to a little good management"—and she smiled significantly.

"Nothing urged me to make the attempt," said Mrs. Richmond; "it was my wish quite as much as it could be Mr. Sharman's that Willis should reside with him entirely."

"You surprise me," answered she, some doubt crossing her mind as to the sincerity of Mrs. Richmond (or, as she would have said, if she had been sufficiently intimate with her, "the attempt was made, and, perhaps, the grapes were sour"); "may I ask why?"

"Because boys are better governed by men than by women—by mothers, and widowed mothers especially," replied Mrs. Richmond; "we are apt to be too indulgent, and I felt there was nothing like the eye of one who would stand in the light of a father to him, and I wished that he should have one rule, one authority to guide and direct him."

"I don't think that would have had sufficient weight with me," said Mrs. Davis, "to have made me act contrary to my wishes."

"I had other motives, too," returned Mrs. Richmond. "I considered that though for a time no mischief might threaten from his having a few hours in the evening to himself, that would not be very long the case, and I foresaw that much evil might be learnt and done between my house and Mr. Sharman's; that acquaintances might be made which I might not approve of; that much might escape my knowledge, or fail even to excite my suspicion, which would at once be detected by a master. I dreaded also the evil arising from a too early feeling of independence; for I look upon subordination as the very life of society, and that in the lessons and practice of obedience, at a time especially when youth would shake off his trammels, and pants to be his own master, the whole course of future success principally depends."

"Oh, to be sure!" cried Mrs. Davis, "my husband is always at home in the evening, and that was one of the reasons he wished to keep Frank under his own management; but still I cannot but think the loss of your son's society must be a great privation."

"That I do not deny," said Mrs. Richmond, "it could not be otherwise. I was quite aware of the loss I should sustain, but it was a thought that I did not allow to influence me. It is because I am so far lonely, that my husband is no more, and my Willis has no father, that it has become a mother's part to think less of herself and more of her son, in a point of such importance as this."

"But now that we are on the subject of our boys," said Mrs. Davis, "may I ask how you manage about pocket-money—your son has more to spend, seemingly, than mine?"

"I can scarcely think it," replied Mrs. Richmond, quickly. "I have hitherto given him a shilling every first Sunday in the month, presently I shall give him more."

"Well, Frank believes that you supply him very handsomely," said Mrs. Davis, "for he is very seldom without money, and my boy tries to persuade me to increase his allowance. His father is not aware that I make him any allowance at all, for he sees no necessity for it. I did not contradict Mr. Davis when we were talking about it; I knew what I meant to do; and truth, you know, is not to be spoken at all times, especially with one's husband."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Richmond; "I think truth ought to be

spoken always. There are cases when silence is more prudent than words, but if anything is to be said, the truth, and the truth only, in my opinion, ought to be spoken. With a husband, in particular, I must always think that the strictest regard to candour and openness is not only a duty, but the most prudent and the happiest line of conduct that can be pursued."

"I really am ashamed at having taken up so much of your time," cried Mrs. Davis, rising suddenly. "Come, Harriet, you must wish Miss Richmond goodbye. What nice companions they would make for each other!" observed she, turning to Mrs. Richmond. "I hope you will allow them to become better acquainted, and that you will give me the pleasure of showing you and your little girl our garden, which Mr. Davis is very proud of."

Mrs. Richmond politely thanked her, and the mother and daughter then took their leave. For a few minutes after they were gone she continued her work in silence. She was never one of those who, as soon as a person has closed the door, makes a practice of commenting upon every part of her dress, manners, or remarks; her sentiments were confined to her own bosom, as she was far more fearful to give utterance to an uncharitable thought than to gain credit as an accurate observer of character. By the same rule, Ellen was never encouraged to criticise anything she might see or hear in the few who visited her mother. On this occasion, however, she had been so much struck with Mrs. Davis's conversation that she presently broke the silence that reigned.

"Was is not very odd, mother," said she, "that Mrs. Davis should say so much about her servants telling the truth, and yet own that it was not possible always to tell it? Do you think she is to be depended upon in what she says herself?"

"My dear child," replied Mrs. Richmond, "it is hard to pass a judgment upon a stranger, let her words be what they may; few are sufficiently cautious at all times, in their common discourse, not to convey a meaning that they would afterwards be sorry to be thought to entertain; this, however, I may confidently say, there are no rules of moral conduct binding upon one rank of society that does not extend to another. The truth that is all important in the character of a servant is equally so in that of the mistress; if the obligation be stricter on one than the other, it is on the part of the superior, who should enforce a duty more even by example than by a command. One thing is very certain, that if the heads of a family are deficient in this respect, they must not expect, nor will they often find, that the members of it are more regardful of truth than themselves."

There is a natural attraction in young people to others of their own age, exhibited even in earliest childhood, and strengthening with their years, till the busy scenes of life, and the chilly influence of self-interest, warp their affections, impede their development, and finally destroy them. Ellen loved her mother and brother with all the fervency of her feelings; but the society of one of her own sex and equal in years opened a new source of pleasure to her which Mrs. Richmond was unwilling to check. She felt that Ellen was sometimes lonely, and she thought it would be every way good for her to have some one who could relieve the monotony of her life, and call into action feelings which had either lain dormant, or had been lavished on herself.

Between Emma Sharman and Ellen a warm affection had sprung up. Emma was, indeed, a year older than Ellen, but that was no disadvantage

to the latter, and for one happy half-year they had been, as far as possible, inseparable companions. At the end of that time it was deemed advisable by her parents that Emma should go to school. The friends wept sorely at parting, but five months would soon be over, was the reflection by which each endeavoured to give comfort to the other—nor without success. The skilful hand of Hope threw her own brightness into the dim eye of sorrow, and shed lustre over the drops that bedewed the cheeks of both children.

Mrs. Davis had said no more than she really wished in regard to an improved acquaintance between her own daughter and Ellen. She took every opportunity of promoting an intimacy between them. Mrs. Richmond, on the contrary, was rather more passive than active in the matter. She saw there was no comparison between Harriet Davis and Emma Sharman; but as the society of the latter was precluded, and as she knew of no reason to forbid that of the former, she thought it better to let things take their own course. Ellen told her brother that she was quite sure she should never love Harriet as she did Emma; and Willis, though he allowed that Harriet was the prettier girl of the two, and the most lively, fully accorded with his sister in declaring that, in every other respect, Emma was to be preferred; a judgment which, in Ellen's estimation, was conclusive.

Harriet Davis, and sometimes her sister Jane, now occasionally passed an evening at Mrs. Richmond's, and Ellen, in return, drank tea with them, or they all took a walk together. Harriet also, whenever she pleased, took a lesson with Ellen in drawing; and if she made no great progress, the attempt was not without gratification to each party, for, like her brother, she was very goodhumoured, and had always plenty to say for herself. Ellen, however, greatly preferred having Harriet at her house, to visiting at Mr. Davis's: there was so much mystery, so much manœuvring, even in the most trivial matters, that the injunctions she received to say this, or not to notice that, made her feel under constant restraint, and took off the enjoyment she might otherwise have experienced. She would have liked Mr. Davis, for he was very kind to her, had she been left to herself; but, as it was, she conceived a dread of him, which deprived her of all ease in his presence, and often made her visit painful. Why it was she could not tell, but the plate of cake was never offered to her till Mr. Davis seemed to be looking another way, and Mrs. Davis's significant nod not to thank her for any little mark of kindness or indulgence she showed her, in her husband's presence, inspired her with the distressing idea that he was ill-tempered and inhospitable. Neither did she feel inclined to like Frank so well as she expected: he was too familiar and noisy, though ready to do anything for her to suit her taste; and it was not without much surprise that she saw the younger children run to search his pockets when he came home. Sometimes they drew forth a fig, sometimes a few raisins or almonds, sometimes sugarcandy or liquorice; but whenever the treasure was discovered, a motion was made by their mother, if Mr. Davis was present, to be quiet.

One evening, however, Mr. Davis saw what was passing. No sooner did Mrs. Davis perceive that their father was watching the children, than she exclaimed, "What a kind-hearted boy is that Frank! there never was a more generous disposition. I told him that he might take twopence that was over a small bill I owed Mr. Sharman, for which I sent the

money by him this morning, and he has spent them upon his little brothers and sisters."

The girls smiled, and Frank winked at his mother. When they were alone, Ellen mentioned the circumstance to Harriet, and expressed her surprise.

"Oh! there was nothing wonderful in it," said Harriet, lightly; "it was only one of mother's capital come-offs. She knew that father would very likely be angry with him for breaking the rules of the shop; but Frank never *gives* them anything nice, they search in his pocket for what they want. Mother knows this, so she set father, as Frank calls it, on a wrong scent."

Ellen was shocked, and in the sincerity of her heart she told Harriet so; but the latter only carelessly replied there was nothing at all in it. This assurance was so unsatisfactory, that on her return home she told her mother what had occurred, in the presence of her brother, the next day, which was Sunday.

"It was so deceitful," said Ellen, as she concluded, "that I felt quite unhappy—and dishonest, too, wasn't it?"

"Frank ought not to have done it," replied Willis, "and I am sorry about it. We may eat what we like of such things, but our indentures forbid us to take anything out of the shop."

"I told Harriet so," said Ellen warmly; "I told her that I was sure you would never give the slightest trifle away, either in the shop or out of it."

Willis on a sudden coloured deeply. Mrs. Richmond perceived it, and a momentary fear of something to be regretted turned her own cheek pale.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear mother," said Willis promptly. "Ellen has only recalled a circumstance to my mind, which, at the time it happened, gave me so much uneasiness that I was on the point of telling you all about it. It passed over, however. I had learnt a lesson, and I saw no necessity to give you pain for nothing."

"What was it, Willy?" murmured Ellen, slipping her arm through his, and looking anxiously into his face.

"Something very dreadful," said he, smiling affectionately at her; "so prepare yourself to learn that your brother can do wrong as well as others." Pressing Ellen to him, while he looked towards his mother, he said—

"You must know, then, that when I had been some months with Mr. Sharman, I was set to weigh a quantity of tea into pounds, half-pounds, quarters, and two-ounces. I was very busy at my task, and alone; all on a sudden I was startled by a voice behind me, saying, whilst a hand was thrust forward, 'Oh, give me a little! only a handful!' I turned quickly round, and saw it was the housemaid, who had opened the sitting-room door behind me. In an instant, and without thought, I dropped a quantity of tea into her hand. 'Thank you! thank you!' cried she, and disappeared. Almost in the same moment my heart reproached me for what I had done; but before I could frame an idea, the door was again opened, and Susan was by me. 'A little sugar, lump sugar,' cried she in a hurried voice, 'and then what a treat I shall have.' 'No, no,' said I. 'You had better not deny me,' returned she, 'or I will be even with you.' 'As you like,' said I. 'I see Frank Davis coming,' cried she, 'I'll tell him I must have sugar from him to suit

the tea I have had from you—he's no sneak.' The house-bell rang. Susan knew it was one of the family; she was gone directly, and I was thankful to find myself alone."

"I am sure I should have been glad for you," exclaimed Ellen, "if I had known it; but how very wrong it was of her!"

"Yes; and it was wrong in me to act as I did," replied Willis; "I felt very vexed with myself, and lowered in my own opinion."

"Did she make the attempt again?" asked Mrs. Richmond.

"Yes," answered Willis, "but I am happy to say never again with success."

"Do you think she ever tried Frank?" asked Ellen.

"I dare say she did," replied he, "for she told me that they always looked to the apprentices to give them something or other."

"And did she succeed with him?" inquired Ellen.

"That I have no right to tell you," answered Willis, "even if I knew anything about the matter. 'No tales out of school,' is a rule that ought never to be laid aside. Enough for me, whilst I was debating within myself whether I should tell Mr. Sharman, something was wrong in the house, and Susan was sent off directly."

"I am glad of it," said Ellen, warmly.

"And so was I," returned Willis. "I regretted at the time that I had given her the tea, as it was a breach of trust; but after all, I don't know that it was a bad thing for me. I have been on my guard ever since, and though I have often been asked for little presents, I have never given way to such petitions. Oh, mother! if a trifle could give me the pain I really felt, what misery would a more serious fault cause me!"

"May you never know!" replied she fervently; "but take care, Willis; the offence of the unguarded moment is that which we have greater need to dread. One such error paves the way for others, which have no such excuse to plead, and opens an entrance for a train of vices. There would be no enormous and deliberate sin if such minor transgressions of our duty had not prepared the way for more serious faults. As in money matters, we say, 'Take care of the pence, and the shillings will take care of themselves;' so in regard to our conduct we may say, let us avoid trifling errors, and greater ones will avoid us."

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN OLD TRAVELLER.—No. VI.

PLAIN OF BRUSA—IBRAHIM'S FARMHOUSE—CURIOUS ROOKS—SWANS.

OLYMPUS deserves the name of "The Aromatic Mountain." It faced me as I sat writing and musing in the summer saloon of Ibrahim's farmhouse. The air which came in from it at my open window was mild, warm, balmy—perfectly perfumed. We were well advanced in the month of October, but the weather was as warm as a fine July day in England. It was pleasant enough to live and breathe in such an enchanting atmosphere.

At the approach of evening I walked again to the head of the lake, to watch

the fish, and speculate on the easy means of draining the superfluous wold. A prodigious number of rooks, and their attendant starlings, alarmed by our footsteps, took wing from the rushes and bulrushes. I never knew rooks to be so aquatic in their habits. There were no rookeries hereabout. Habit said that they took up their night-quarters on the rocks over the lake.

It appears that few rooks pass the summer months in these parts; they take their departure for a colder climate in May, and return hither about the beginning of November. Next day, when the wind was blowing strongly from the N.W., these sagacious birds rose in such numbers between the lake and the village as to darken the sky. They must have been amazingly reinforced during the night or in the early morning. Some grand consultation, or affair of state, must have been going on among them, for they were very garrulous, and were sending off couriers to Olympus, to the Katerbis, and up and down the plain—south, north, east, and west. They were a wise people, that would look before they leaped, or flew; that would obtain information first, and act afterwards, and not let the information wait upon the action, as some generals in the field seem to be in the fatal habit of doing.

These rooks were not black, but grey, of the colour which is familiarly called "pepper and salt;" and they were much smaller than our English rooks. There were other rooks in the country, that differed neither in size nor colour from our own; but they were not numerous in this district. In that afternoon, when the deliberation seemed over, whole flocks of the little grey people went and came without any noise, on an easy wing.

* * * * *

Later in the season, when we were staying in the same Turkish farmhouse at the head of the plain, we received the visits of immense flights of wild swans, which usually reposed for a night at the little lake close at hand, and took wing in the morning for that magnificent sheet of water, the Lake of Nicæa. On the 29th of October, at night, it was rather cool, and snow fell upon Olympus. The next morning, at an early hour, the swans made their appearance. At first we heard a loud cackling noise over our heads, but could see nothing but a few floating clouds. The noise grew louder, as if coming nearer to us, and in a few seconds we caught sight of an immense flock of swans, who were sailing through the air, arranged in the shape of a wedge—such as the old Turkish cavalry used to form whenever they were about to attempt a charge. It was a neat and perfect wedge, the basis being very broad, and the apex quite sharp, terminating in one single bird. But far ahead of this bird there was another swan, who was keeping a sharp look-out, and frequently wheeling round and returning with a loud noise to his companions. He must have been at once the scout and the adjutant of that winged army. Whenever he came flying back a halt was called, and some deliberation took place. At times he flew slowly along the flanks and the rear of the phalanx, as if to dress the lines and to see that all was right and orderly. Rather a long halt was called when the birds were immediately over Ibrahim's house. The swans were all looking towards the bright blue water of the picturesque little lake. After a few minutes the scout went on alone, flew across the lake, reconnoitred the banks and the groves, ascertained that all was safe and tranquil, plumped into the water, rose again on the wing, and made

a loud clacking noise with his beak. The wedge-shaped phalanx then broke into loose order, or disorder, and every bird flew with the full strength of its wings to the lake, and sank upon its shining bosom. From bank to bank, from one end to the other, the lake was absolutely covered by the populous white plumage of these beautiful birds.

In the same way that ardent sportsman, our friend and companion, Gentleman John, had frequently seen the vast Lake of Nicæa, and the scarcely smaller Lake of Apollonia, suddenly and almost entirely covered with wild swans, wild geese, ducks, coots, and other aquatic fowl.

As we approached the last-named lake, our comrade said, "Come here next month, and you will find it like a down-bed with the ticking taken off."

On the 28th of October not a swan was to be seen in the whole plain. On the 29th we saw nothing but swans. They remained at the little lake until the morning of the 30th, when they again formed into the wedge-shaped column, and, preceded by their cautious scout and indefatigable adjutant, they flew across the mountains, and shaped their course as straight as an arrow for the Nicæan Lake. On the 1st of November, as the morning mist began to clear away from the mountains, another immense flight, or flock, hove in sight. They appeared to have been passing the night on the summit of Mount Olympus, where there are several tarns, or small lakes. On the 2nd of November, as we were riding from the farmhouse towards Brusa, two phalanges of swans passed wildly screaming high over our heads. Winter was come at last. This army was retreating from European to Asiatic Turkey, from cold Thrace to genial Bithynia. When we first saw them they were so very high in the air that they looked like two shreds of clouds sailing on a wind. When they stooped and were nearer, they did not appear to be bigger than larks, but the noise they sent down from that elevation was almost deafening. They stooped still lower, and their screams became louder and louder.

Each phalanx was formed in the shape of a wedge, and had its commanding officer and scout far ahead. This wise swan now and then called a halt, and then flew forward alone to examine the ground. We observed that whenever he fell back to the sharp point of the wedge, the clamorous birds ceased screaming, and a dead silence ensued. As they drew close to the little lake they broke their array, changing their wedged formation into an irregular square, and sending down a good many scouts to the water and the bulrushes and thickets near the banks. Day after day, for more than a week, we saw one, two, or more phalanges winging their way up the plain to the lake. Without counting those we missed seeing, the swans we saw and studied must have formed a grand total of stupendous magnitude. My son and my companion now and then shot a brace of these majestic birds. If kept for a few days, and dressed with a little science, the wild swan is excellent food. They were very plentiful in the Brusa market during the cold weather, and so cheap that six or eight might be purchased for about four shillings of our money.

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BRITISH INDIA.—No. VII.

TELLICHERRY AND DERAMAPATAM, ON THE COAST OF MALABAR.



DERAMAPATAM CROSSING FROM TELLICHERRY.

TELLICHERRY is a pretty little straggling town on the sea-coast of Malabar, between the considerable military cantonment of Cananore and the French settlement Mahe or Mai. It may be said to consist of two divisions or parts; the flat ground constituting Tellicherry Proper, and the high ground, or cliffs, called Deramapatam.

We were on two separate occasions for several months resident at
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Tellicherry, and are consequently familiar with every nook and corner in it.

Tellicherry Proper, or the town of Tellicherry, is built on a low ground, almost on a level with the sea. The town consists of some two hundred irregularly-built European houses; the bazaars; the market-place; a few so-called shops; an immense prison, built on a lofty bastion facing the sea, which prison includes the dens for criminals and the debtors' gaol, comprising also a lunatic asylum; the Zillah Court, and a species of chapel. Besides these, there is a Catholic chapel and a Protestant church, and the burial-grounds of both creeds, situated on a high mound nearly overhanging the sea. Outside of the town itself, and between it and Deramapatam, are a few straggling country-houses, and the court-house of the now no longer existing judges of circuit, who were three in number, besides the registrar. Beyond these, again, runs a rapid and deep stream, over which a couple of ferry-boats are continually plying; and on the other side of the stream rise the lofty cliffs and high table-land which constitutes that portion of Tellicherry styled by the natives Durhamupatnum, consisting of a few scattered villages, occupied almost exclusively by native fishermen, and two immense mansions, more like palaces than private houses, and heretofore the residence of two of the judges stationed at Tellicherry.

We will, if the reader pleases, imagine ourselves on board of the large Bombay China-ship, the 'Lowjee Family,' or if you object to that name, the 'Pestonjee Bomanjee,' just coming to an anchor in the roadstead to land some passengers and a few mess stores for the troops in the immediate interior, and then proceed on her voyage to China.

The morning is bright and cloudless; the water as smooth as a mill-pond, and the fine fresh land-wind that has favoured us all night, fast dying away to give place to the approaching sea-breeze, whose advent is clearly perceptible on the distant blue horizon, now richly spangled with the foaming bubbles of the sportive waves. This is one great blessing to the mariner that navigates the coast of Malabar; he is never at a loss for a favourable wind, either going up or coming down the coast. The land and sea breezes are regular to their time, the space intervening between the departure of the one and the arrival of the other being just sufficient for the requisite alterations in trimming the sails. Captains acquainted with the coast stand off the land about an hour before daybreak, the dawn appearing throughout the year within not many minutes' difference of the usual time, about a quarter to six, and at about ten A.M. they get beyond the influence of the land-wind and into the approaching sea-breeze. Thus they carry with them the whole day; and towards evening again the vessel stands in towards the land to avail itself of the night shore-winds. These are regular, excepting during the two monsoons, at which period vessels rarely approach within sight of the land.

The anchor is gone, the sails are furled, the boat lowered; the jolly, good-natured skipper, with a huge bundle of papers and letters under one arm, an umbrella under the other, and a pocket-book full of bills of lading held firmly between his teeth, slides rapidly over the vessel's side into the boat, takes up his position in the stern-sheets, and away we go, under his skilful steering, safe and sound through the foaming surf, notwithstanding the many "crabs," to use a nautical expression, that the three young apprentices catch while rowing us on shore, sadly

to their own discomfort, and not much to our own convenience, as we get splashed from head to toe with salt water: however, the heat of the sun soon dries us again, and no one allows himself to be put out by such a trifling circumstance, except a dirty-looking old Italian friar, who, as he has confidentially informed us himself more than once upon the voyage, looks upon the silly custom of bathing the body as very deleterious to the health in hot climates; in confirmation of which startling announcement he solemnly affirms that, with the exception of his hands and feet and face, no water has touched any part of him for the last forty years, and that he has enjoyed uninterrupted health during that long period. We are not sorry to get rid of our dirty friend on landing; and so soon as we set foot on shore we are beset with hospitable invitations, and almost hauled by main force into half-a-dozen separate *tonjons*.* There are no such things as hotels at Tellicherry, nor, indeed, at any of the up-country stations; for the English residents are, with a very few exceptions, princes of hospitality, and everybody knows everybody in the Madras Presidency.

The master-attendant's house commands an extensive view of the surrounding ocean. It is a neatly-built edifice, comprising every imaginable comfort, and an extensive and carefully-laid-out garden—all his own property, and has been his own property ever since he was first appointed, which was somewhere about the year 1790—a long period to remain at one place; and if anything argues in favour of the climate, it is the appearance of the old gentleman, who looks as fresh as any of our country squires, and is as hearty and jolly as though he were only just in the prime of life, instead of being an octogenarian; no man better able or more willing to give a stranger every assistance and useful information. From his house we proceed first to the Protestant burial-ground, which is situated immediately on the left-hand side after passing the gates of the master-attendant's compound.† The churchyard also commands an extensive view of the sea. Here are many tombstones of antiquated date, looking as new as the day they were first completed; whilst others, comparatively modern, were utterly neglected and in ruins, the inscriptions being barely legible. The sun shines brightly over the graves of the slumbering multitude, and the sea-breeze sports merrily with the tall rank grass as we quit this solemn place, and proceed to a still more gloomy memento of the wages of sin, even in life—this is the prison before alluded to. The outside looks dingy and wretched enough, and now we pass under the guarded gateway, and mount the apparently interminable stone steps, narrow and dark and damp, and in many parts much worn and slippery. Gradually your eyes get accustomed to the obscure light, and you then discover that these steps have at least one advantage, that of being kept perfectly clean, for they are washed and swept regularly, morning and evening. The heavy clanking of the chains of the criminals now reaches the attentive ear; a sudden turning brings you into the full glow of glorious daylight; you pass another arch with a massive iron door, also strictly guarded, and find yourself in an extensive arena, enclosed on three sides by very lofty buildings, and on the fourth (the side facing the town) a strongly-built, stupendous wall. Passing in regular order through the place, we come first to the court-house of the Zillah judge; but to get to it we must

* A neat and comfortable species of sedan-chair.

† A garden or enclosure.

first mount a broad flight of not less than forty stone steps. Here we find an extensive, airy room, at the head of which, railed off from the plebeian herd of half-caste Portuguese and native writers and clerks, are the desks of the judge, the registrar, the pundit, and other officers of the court. Prisoners in the custody of multifarious peons—their accusers, and the witnesses on both sides—are quietly waiting for the coming of the judge, and beguiling the time by chatting with each other on terms of the greatest familiarity and apparent friendship, the prisoners entering into the gist of the argument with all the *nonchalance* imaginable, though many amongst them are Thugs, those Burkists of India. Their conversation is confined to that one all-absorbing topic amongst the Indians, money.

The court itself is in a delightfully-cool position, having several windows facing the sea, all of which, however, are secured with massive iron bars. Adjoining the court-house is a room, sometimes used as a chapel. We look in *en passant*, and see a few rough, wooden benches, half-a-dozen chairs, and a large accumulation of dust. The chaplain at Cananore occasionally visits Tellicherry, and sometimes one of the judges performs Divine service: on such occasions this room is in requisition, as the church is all crumbling to ruins. Coming down the steps again we proceed on our visit of inspection; and the first thing that attracts attention, from the noisy hilarity going on inside, is the debtors' prison. We peep through the bars of an iron window, and are gratified with a sight of the occupants, who chiefly consist of natives, with perhaps a few lamentably-poor black Portuguese. Most of them are playing at a species of Indian draughts, using, instead of a board, a cloth patchwork, in the shape of a perfect cross, every square of which is of a different colour; the draughtsmen are painted green and red, and they substitute cowry shells for dice. On the whole they are very happy and contented, for they can take exercise in the yard, and are allowed to cook their own victuals; and eating, drinking, and sleeping are just what suit their constitutions to a nicety. They are entirely supported by their wives and families; and in one respect all Orientals surpass Europeans—I mean in a feeling of pity for their poor and distressed connections, whom they never suffer to want so long as they have the wherewithal to support them. Next in order, we visit the dens allotted to criminals; and it requires no physiognomist to interpret the crimes and brutalities of which the greater mass of those here confined have been guilty. Such as have already been adjudged to different terms of imprisonment and hard labour, are working, shackled separately or by couples, on the high roads, or else erecting or repairing public edifices. Those within the walls during the day are such as are awaiting some opportunity to convey them to the penal settlements in the Straits of Malacca, or those that have not yet been tried and sentenced by the Superior Court. In a ward, separated from the men, are the female criminals, also under sentence of transportation, or awaiting their trial. Some amongst these are perhaps guilty of crimes even more atrocious than those committed by the worst of male criminals; for as many women are hung in India for murder as there are men punished in a like manner for a similar offence.

Now let us hurry along from these sad spectacles. Next to the criminals' cell is the lunatic asylum, as you may guess by the bellowing of one unfortunate inmate, who imagines himself a bull. Then there is the hospital, and then the condemned cells; and then we hurry down the

steps again, and are thankful to find ourselves breathing a purer atmosphere—a breeze untainted by crimes and misery.

We enter the street; they are not very famous ones, but still they admit of a carriage or two passing abreast. The houses are mostly one story high, of a great variety of shapes and colours, according with the tastes of the various proprietors; and each house has a small compound attached to it, which is securely walled in all round. In the compound are the outhouses, such as the kitchen, stables, &c., a sprinkling of flowers, a few fruit-trees, a duck-pond, a well, and a *pacottah*, a species of seesaw machine, on which two men balance each other, or both balance themselves against the water, drawn up in a large leathern bag, which, as soon as it reaches the surface of the well, is capsized into a reservoir by an attendant imp, the son of one of the balancers. As soon as the reservoir is filled the men descend, and, taking out the plug from the reservoir, the water is conducted by aqueducts all over the garden, which is watered twice a-day throughout the year, except during the heavy rains. This practice extends all over the Madras Presidency.

Having watched their proceedings for a few minutes, we walk on. The yellow house with the yellow railings and thickly-set marigolds and sunflowers is the property of Mr. José de Silva, whose ancestors were originally white Portuguese, but intermarrying with natives some generations before Mr. José's birth, that gentleman, much to his discomfort, is decidedly black. He is head cashier to the Circuit Court, and his favourite colour is yellow—hence the colour of his house, his railing, and the flowers he most patronises: the two young ladies, his daughters, are also of the same tinge, and so is his palanquin, his *tonjon*, and his *bundy*, or cab; and if such a thing as a bright yellow horse could be had for his money, he would not mind standing a couple of thousand rupees; for the old fellow is quite a *Croesus* for Tellicherry, though he does go to office every week-day in a very faded suit of nankeen, and a wretchedly bad hat—things that you could never believe him guilty of, if you chanced to meet him at chapel of a Sunday, or when he is receiving a select circle at home on feast days.

The red house next to his belongs to another Portuguese, who is something in the revenue department, and who has a thorough contempt of his neighbours in the judicial line, considering the collectorate the only respectable service in India, and so on.

We pass a variety of gaudily-painted houses, all, with very few exceptions, the property of wealthy half-castes and Portuguese, who form a class of society amongst themselves, give dinners and evening parties, balls and social suppers, discuss politics, talk law, hatch scandal, and are painfully addicted to fiddles. You can scarce pass through the streets of a night for the villanous discord that fills the air, resounding from shockingly bad scrapers.

There is a fine esplanade just outside of the town, which juts out like a little promontory into the sea. At the extreme end rises a solitary tree, under the shade of which some benign individual in times past constructed a bench; and this extreme point is designated, in the topography of Tellicherry, Scandal Point. Here, in the cool of the evening, the Tellicherians promenade to and fro, and when fatigued repose.

The English residents at Tellicherry were at all times very few, but of late years their numbers have been grievously diminished by the abolition of the circuit court, and the consequent removal of the three sessions

judges, the registrar, and their families. The few residing at Tellicherry when I was last there were on terms of the greatest intimacy. In the town itself resided the sub-collector, the Zillah judge, the lieutenant commanding the detachment, and the master-attendant; along the sea-shore resided the doctor, and one or two other families; and on the other side of the ferry, in Deramapatam, in the only house then habitable (the other one where I had resided on a former occasion having fallen in), Mr. B., one of the judges of the circuit court, the friend with whom I was staying. We had occasional reunions, which were very agreeable, as the ladies of our society, though few, were very accomplished musicians, and one or two of them sang admirably.

Tellicherry is famous in a commercial view for the vast quantities of pepper that the district yields, most of which is dried for shipment on the spot. Cardamums thrive here also, and the cinnamon-tree exists. Fruits, vegetables, and poultry are abundant and cheap, and the market is perfectly overstocked with fish and shell-fish. Amongst the fruit produced at Tellicherry there is a species, rare even there, and which I never met with in any other part of the world that I have visited—the natives called it the "Jumma Malak." The fruit was as large as a good-sized peach, and very much resembled one in shape; but the great beauty of it consisted in its complexion, if I may use such a term, which was of the most delicate white straw colour, with pale, rose-coloured cheeks. It had, like the peach, a kernel, was almost transparent, and its flavour a something between the mango and the mangostein. A tree which yielded fruit plentifully grew in the garden attached to the sub-collector's house. This tree grows to a considerable height above the ordinary run of mango-trees; and its leaves resemble those of the mango.

Off Deramapatam, near the sea-beach that runs under the cliffs, there are extensive oyster-beds; and many a day have I—bread, pepper, and vinegar in one hand, and an oyster-knife in the other—waded through the waves to these rocks at low-water, and feasted to my heart's content on oysters, fresh from the bed. On one or two occasions I chanced to come across a pearl oyster, but the pearls were small and of little value.

The climate of Tellicherry, especially Deramapatam, is very healthy, and the houses are built so as to exclude damp during the monsoon seasons. The thunder-storms along the whole coast are terrific, though I never heard of a single accident resulting from them.

The native population of Tellicherry consists of the Moplays, Nayars, Malgalams, and the Clings, or Pariahs, from Madras. There are also a few Mahometans and Brahmins, some Malabars of high caste, a few Gentoos, and three or four Parsees. Of these, by far the most fanatical and lawless is the Moplays, who are chiefly merchants, and whose unquenchable hatred to the English has on several occasions displayed itself; on one, especially, about the district of Mangalore, where, not further back than last year, a young officer of the 43rd regiment Madras native infantry was, in endeavouring to quell an insurrection, assassinated by these ruthless people, the Sepoys having ignominiously fled, leaving their officer single-handed to contend against an overwhelming force.

The Nayars are tillers of the ground, and masons. Many of them are in the military service of the Rajah of Travancore. The Nair brigade, stationed at Trevandrem, is commanded by an officer in the company's army, and the other officers are mostly English. Both men and women

are fair-complexioned for the East, and very handsome in figure and face; the men middle-sized and athletic, the women slim and graceful.

The Malgalams are principally fishermen, and all the other classes are tradesmen—such as shopkeepers, boatmen, coolies, domestic servants, &c. The principal shop at Tellicherry was kept by a Parsee, a leper (and I may here remark in parentheses that this fearful disorder seems to be almost exclusively confined to the Parsees both at Bombay and on the Malabar coast). The shop was scantily furnished, and the articles it contained of a very inferior quality, and exorbitantly dear. Occasionally Madras hawkers and travelling Arab merchants visited the coast; the former brought all kinds of odds and ends picked up at public auctions—such as palmerinos, books, muslins, chintzes, lavender-water, soap, &c.; the latter confined themselves to creature comforts, such as dried figs, Arabian dates, and drugs and gums of various descriptions, with an occasional valuable horse or two. But the greatest treat imaginable to us Tellicherians, quite a prize in rainy weather, was the itinerant book-hawkers, who, picking up books at every auction they attend, and being solely guided in their choice by the cheapness or the binding of the volumes, amass, in space of time, a singular collection of odd volumes—annuals, travels, religious tracts, plays, Bibles, novels, periodicals, and music, the very overhauling of which proves a vast source of amusement, and amongst which one occasionally stumbles across a valuable addition to a library.

Watching the vessels passing to and fro half a mile within the cliffs, on which the house of mine hospitable host was situated, was a pastime to the dilettanti at Tellicherry; and a stroll along the fine, sandy beach, which ran for many miles close under the cliffs, was an untiring source of amusement to the “butchas”* of the family, and not less relished by some of the grown-up children. The many gaily-coloured shells which were an inestimable treasure to the baby; the scampering after legions of crabs, which we occasionally captured and more often lost; the not-unfrequent wettings we got by unwarily pursuing the prey beyond the limits of prudence; the terror depicted in little missey’s face, as she fled precipitately from the quick-approaching wave; the merry, clear little laugh of the youngsters to witness the utter despair of some incautious one, ankle deep in the foaming surge; the horrid dizzy sensation as the wave retreated again, causing you to all appearance to be swept back with it into the bosom of the troubled ocean, all these are scenes and recollections fresh and dear to memory, and they are some of the few scenes of past life that one loves to look back upon, and to pause and meditate during the retrospective glance.

From Tellicherry we coast along southward to Alway, near Cochin.

AGE.

LEARN to live well, or fairly make your will;
You’ve play’d, and lov’d, and ate, and drank your fill.
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes tott’ring on, and shoves you from the stage;
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

POPE.

* Hindostani children.

RAMBLES IN THE PYRENEES.—No. V.

BAGNERES DE BIGORRE—RIDE TO ARVEAU—VIELLE—THE
TEMPLARS' CHURCH.

On a nearer approach to Bagneres we were favoured, as the hour was yet early, by meeting several bands of the woodsellers, sketches of whom, as seen in print-shops, are certainly amusing to any one who has seen the original; but then an artistical eye might see things and persons in a way that mine could not. Certainly picturesque subjects for the pencil are easily found among them: seated on their donkeys, with their curious creels for the wood suspended at each side, the red capulet shading their faces, and their hands busily twirling the magic-looking distaff. But then the artist makes them young and pretty and graceful, with beautiful complexions and innocent countenances; and they are in general hard-featured, weather-beaten women, with skins, even if young, turned thick and brown from the effects of labour and exposure to the atmosphere, and the hideous goitre giving to most of them a repulsive aspect. It is strange that this disorder appears to affect the women of the Pyrenées more than the men; and even independently of this frightfully-common distension of the neck, the latter certainly have the advantage in personal appearance, for the life of toil the women lead gives them early the air of matured age, and render any but a brown wrinkled face rather uncommon among the Pyrenéan female peasantry.

In the evening came Jacques Perigord, as I had desired: I was really ill with fatigue and the effects of my Tourmalet saturation, consequently I was as little disposed to speak as he generally was. I had laid his money on the table, and motioning him to take it, complained of being tired and unwell, said I must rest, and bade him the "*bon soir et bonne nuit*," which implied that I did not require his service, nor expect to see him again that evening.

Jacques, I thought, looked at me very oddly; he seemed to wish to speak, and to be just going to speak; but lastly, extending his hand, he snatched up his large five-franc pieces, thrust them into his pocket, gave one little flourish of his hand and cap, and muttering something of which I only distinguished the word "*allons*," though I thought the remainder was some good wish for madame, left the room with an air of chagrin which I did not think much about at the time.

The next morning I could scarcely drag myself across the floor: I was stiff and ill. For the first and only time, I went to try the efficacy of one of those wonderful springs which are so much resorted to.

I got into a bath, which I had requested might be sufficiently warm; and by way of effecting my cure more rapidly, I swallowed previously a glass of the tepid water. In two or three minutes more all my wanderings would have terminated in the bottom of a Pyrenéan bath. I had just power to pull the bell, and the watchful attendant, with a frightened face at the speedy summons, sprung into the room, just in time to save me from fainting, and consequently from drowning, in *Les eaux des Thermes*.

Our excursions were suspended for some days: on my recovery Jacques and his pony were again demanded; but Jacques came not, and the people of the house where we had taken lodgings affirmed that our "*domestic*" had never appeared there after the evening of the day when we arrived.

Surprised at this negligence, we sent to the inn where we had at first stopped, and where we supposed he had taken up his quarters, and our messenger returned to say that he had departed at break of day on the morning after our arrival! Poor Jacques! he thought he had been dismissed when I handed him his five-franc pieces that evening, the money that was barely his due, but which I gave him because, as he was to keep himself on the road, I thought he might want it. Well! I do not know whether ever mother, sister, wife or child may weep for the loss of our good mountain guide, but I do know that when I found our Jacques was lost to us, I was much disposed to weep for him myself. His words were few, but his thoughtful kindness was great; his attention to our comfort and safety, his own self-denial and frugality, his quiet arrangement for our pleasures and gratification, had made him to us like an acquaintance of years—and in the end his unmercenary conduct, his silent acquiescence in what he fancied to be a desire to dismiss him, all this caused me to feel some of the pain which such misapprehensions and undesired disunions too often produce. But it is useless to expatiate on a painful subject.

There are many pleasant excursions to be made from Bagnères de Bigorre. The baths, called *Le Salût*, form the morning rendezvous of both the sick and well visitors; for the one it may be useful, for the other agreeable, to repair thither; in all cases an early walk, of about a mile there and the same back, is very likely to do good, and the advantage of an early gossip is perhaps sometimes as great an inducement as that of a bath.

Warm saline springs are here so abundant that the water is easily found on boring the earth sufficiently deep for the purpose. The most fashionable of the baths is *Le Salût*; the waters smell of sulphur, and are said to blacken silver; the water at the Public Bathing Establishment is so hot that it is first drawn into open tanks, and there cooled before use. The "spectacle," to us at least, which the baths of Bagnères present, is by no means so singular, varied, or interesting as that of Cauteretz, where the Spanish element mixes more largely. But Bagnères is precisely a fashionable watering-place, with a grand hotel, with concert, ball, and billiard-rooms.

When I lost myself one day and could not find out the house wherein we were lodged, I was asked what the people of the house were?—what was their business or avocation. To this I answered "They knit," and in reply I was told all the world knits. This was true, so far as the world of Bagnères de Bigorre is concerned—all the world, the native female world, knits, and never was such knitting seen. The fine wool of the Pyrenées is naturally that of Spain, only taken from the sheep fed on the French side of these mountains. Here all female fingers are at work; fain therefore would we hope that female tongues are at rest; every sort of thing that can be made of knitted wool is made here, together with the delicate shawls, scarfs, and veils, which are, in fact, worsted lace.

Our hostess was the very ideal of all that word signified in the old times; she often spoke of the *Palombière*, and at last prevailed on us to take donkeys and go to that place.

It was a pleasant day, and the *Palombière* is itself a pleasant spot, provided one can put all ideas of treachery, cruelty, and death out of one's mind; for of all these is the pleasant *Palombière* the daily scene, being designed for the purpose of terrifying, ensnaring, and killing whole troops of pigeons.

On the summit of a lofty hill, which affords a splendid view of mountains and vale, there is a straight row of very tall trees, which, just as you are thinking of passing between them, you see are connected by equally tall nets, hung from one to another.

My donkey had no idea of being arrested in her magnificent progress by such an obstruction, and had got her nose against one, in utter defiance of all the strength my arms could use, when such a din arose from the opposite side as utterly appalled both steed and rider, and saved the nets. It came from the watchers, and looking up I saw one of the most extraordinary sights, of a human nature, I ever beheld. If it had been in that very olden time which Milton describes, when

"Uprose the victor angels, and to arms
The native trumpet sung,"

I might reasonably have conjectured that what I looked upon were the outposts of that aerial army. How beams of wood so slight and fragile-looking could be spliced together to such a vast height, and in a way to give security to human life, I cannot imagine.

But on the other side of these nets, on the green, level summit of the hill, commanding an immensely-extended prospect of the vale below, were erected, opposite to each other at some distance, two enormously-high poles, framed of various lengths spliced together, with small rests projecting from their sides as footsteps for the climbers; and on the top these poles held, exactly like a bell-shaped flower on a tall stalk, a round wicker basket widening a little to the top, and containing each a man, who sat there with a little stick in his hand, his head as high as perhaps any Babel builder might have wished, and his eyes fastened on the wide-spread plain, watching for the dusky speck on the horizon that would announce the approach of a flock of pigeons. Then these sticks were ready, with others of the kind, to throw over the threatened army, who, like wiser creatures, fearing where no fear is, stoop to the danger, and dreaming of the hawk, the vulture, or the eagle, descend to shelter themselves in the fern at the foot of the trees, whose nets, loosened by other concealed watchers, fall over and take them. The barbarous captors then put the poor birds' heads in their mouths, and thus savagely terminate their existence by suffocation.

The day was bright and beautiful, the blue sky was unchequered by a cloud, the view was pleasant, and an eye that might be satiated by more glorious scenery did not look cold on me for admiring it. The Vale de Campan, with its splendid mountains, the stern Pic du Midi, and the Peune de Hyéris before us; and beneath in the valley, Bagnères, with its white houses and bluish windows, looking much prettier than when we were in it, under the dark woods of Mont Olivét, and the dark Mont Bédat and the Adour, famed in the annals of Wellington, though rather insignificant at Bagnères, winding away in its silvery light, through the peaceful-looking vale.

We sat on a little mossy bank under some hazel-trees, and we had some talk that was rather graver than the earth around and the skies above us. Yet perhaps we did not enjoy our rambles less because they tended to lead the thoughts and hopes that had been vexed and blighted by the former above—far above—the latter.

And so we come into the village of Aste, and there on a cottage wall we read an inscription stating that the famous botanist Tournefort lodged

in that humble house, or reposed there at night after the fatigues of the day while he wove the crown of Flora.

"Pitton de Tournesfort dans cet humble réduit
Des fatigues du jour se reposait la nuit ;
Guard explorant nos monts qu'on ignorait encore,
Ce grand homme tressait la couronne de Flora."

There are many pleasant excursions to be made about Bagneres, but what I found almost pleasanter, from their novelty, to me, were the little reunions that took place almost every evening in the small apartment of my simple and good-humoured landlady.

It was an apartment that opened directly upon the street, and therefore was unceremoniously entered, not only by all her lodgers, who dropped in to enjoy the benefit of the fire they had not above stairs (for though the season was too early for fires generally, the evenings were cold enough to render them particularly agreeable), but also by many variously-conditioned beings, who, however unwelcome elsewhere, seemed sure of a welcome to the wide hearth of the amiable Madame Parado.

Here I sometimes saw the shivering, half-starved Spanish Abbé, who, being driven from his own land, houseless, friendless, moneyless, allowed the cathedral priests some hours' longer repose by rising at the "point of day," when its bell sounded to tell all sleepers it was time to pray; and there, too, was the stouter French priest, with his bland smile and courteous manner; the military commandant, with stories of bombast and wonder; the sturdy veteran of the "Empire," who could prove that Napoleon never lost a battle; the voluble, vulgar Frenchwoman, whose voice was worse than the military din that sometimes roared in my ears; and the pretty wife of the French colonel who occupied the first suite of our apartments. Among these, we, being strangers and foreigners, were always well and politely received; our presence generally turning the theme of discourse on England and the English, and bringing out opinions or descriptions which one would think they must conclude we were either deaf to or quite unacquainted with. Thus a good woman who had been intimate with one of her countrymen, whose hard lot it once was to be prisoner of war in England, described to us the manner of eating in our own country, which made us laugh until our tears seemed to flow at the memory of all the good things we had left there, and certainly had no chance of finding in any civilized land. She undertook to relate the whole process of making our famous plumpudding, which, as she described it, boiled in a caldron with both spirits and oil, and eaten with cutlets formed of whole ribs of beef scarcely cooked, must have formed a meal as astonishing to the natives of England as its description was to her French auditors. Yet did we spend some pleasant evening hours around that wide hearth, and its memory travelled with us when we left the pleasant Bagneres de Bigorre.

One morning the rising sun broke in on our opening eyes with a splendour that was perfectly dazzling. It was just a morning to bid us continue our rambles in the Pyrenees.

So two hours afterwards we had left the baths and bathers behind us, and were mounted once more, and moving slowly enough towards the mountains, through part of the pleasant Val de Campan. Leaving that valley, we crossed the river Adour—a name familiar to English ears—and came into pretty and fertile scenery. Houses more comfortable, neat and whiter than those generally seen, stood scattered in the rich and dazzlingly-

verdant pasturage; and Pailliolle, a little group of scattered cottages, seemed shut up at the further extremity by towering mountains of dark wood, through which our now invisible path lay.

We had hitherto had an excellent carriage-road, but one that had been sufficiently long to make the prospect of our halting and breakfasting place very agreeable. We were long kept looking out rather anxiously for the appearance of the auberge, where our guide from the Hôtel des France assured us we should find all we wished. But if we there found all we could wish, our wishes were happily limited.

We alighted at the door of something like the house of a very small farmer in Ireland. A dirty, miserable room, or kitchen, was occupied by hardy, banditti-looking men, in fishing and hunting dresses, eating and drinking at the long table. A peep within was sufficient for me: but I wanted shade as well as food, for the sun was scorching; the former I found at the shady side of a haystack, and the latter was given to me in the only sort of provision the house afforded—an egg, and a little of the most horrible *vin ordinaire*: not a morsel of eatable bread was to be obtained, but the kind hostess brought me out a chair to replace the stone on which I sat.

"Poor lady," she said, pityingly, "there is nothing here for you;" and told me they had recently suffered a severe loss by fire; "but God is good."

"This is a pretty place," I said, looking round with pleasure on the green fields, the pretty slopes, the dark, splendid, mountain forests.

"Oh! yes; but when one is poor—in summer, yes; but in winter—" a sort of shiver closed the sentence.

"Have you much snow?"

"Everything is buried in snow."

At the time I was experiencing two climates—scorched in sunshine, and in the shade of the haystack obliged to send for a cloak.

The beautiful marble employed in the works of M. Gernset, at Bagneres, is found partly in this neighbourhood. The quarries of Espiadet, where he employs a number of workmen, contributed to adorn the Trianon at Versailles.

There was nothing, I must say, at Bagneres de Bigorre that interested and delighted me so much as these works. Some beautiful specimens of this manufactory have, I believe, been purchased for, and sent to Chatsworth, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Devonshire.

I am much obliged to the kindness of M. Gernset in exhibiting to me the entire of that most interesting process, from the rough slab raised from its native bed, until it appears in every form and variety of polished beauty, from the splendid altar and elegant chimneypiece, down to the prettiest little ornaments imaginable.

A stalactite mantelpiece which I saw there, I see now as clearly as at the moment, so distinct are the impressions of what we admire or like; and a little specimen of that green marble, which is the most esteemed and curious, I remember, because when the ingenious proprietor was showing me the figure of a little red bird, veined in the stone, plumage and all complete, an English gentleman, who seemed greatly afraid to trust his own voice, drew timidly over, and looking at the curiously-traced figure, which was about half an inch in size, demanded hesitatingly, if it were a real bird imbedded there?

We left this poor house and went on, up the mountain called the

Hourquette, or Col d'Aspin; but as we gained the summit of the pass, the trees grew thinner and thinner, and the curving slopes of the top of the Col appeared covered with soft green turf.

Pleasant as had been the grateful shade, we were not sorry to get out of it, in the hope of again coming into sight of my beloved mountains; but on emerging on that broad terrace, an exclamation of delight and wonder burst from our lips as we looked forward, which was re-echoed by a cry of rapture as, in obedience to the signal of our guide's hand, we turned our heads backward.

Before us lay a billowy and undulating extent of mountain and glacier, of every variety of form and aspect, from the Giant Maladetta, or Accursed, with its everlasting snows, on the Spanish side of the Pyrenées; the also evil-named Mont Maudits, or cursed mounts, rising like its lesser offspring; and then down and down, as you drew back your eye from the mountain-touched horizon, over peak and serrated ridge, and sparkling snow-beds,—down, down still, till it rested on green, glittering vales, running one into another, contracting almost into a defile, and expanding into a basin, with their gleaming and winding streams, or nestis, flowing on, on, till in the sunny haze they shine in the distance as a line of silver lace.

This was the forward view.

We turned backward, and there uprose the bare, rocky Pic d'Arbizon, looking over the solemn fir woods; and loftier, more majestically and curious, towered up the grand Pic du Midi, on which we had stood in storm and vapour.

Now its bold, bare peak, rose dark and undisguised against the clear, bright-blue sky; and the base of the peak or crest was most fantastically encircled with a light, white cloud-wreath, out of which it looked just like one of the heads of our grim ancestors, which we have wondered at in the halls of our sweet childhood, rising stately above the enormous ruffs that in former days enclosed the necks of men.

Glorious, mind-exalting scene! how clearly is it now sketched on my memory!

The road to the romantically-situated village of Tramesaigues lies through the country of the Templars, those wondrous men of old, with relics of whom it yet abounds.

An archway, beneath which was a curious church in a gloomy recess, and a stronghold of that ancient order, made more impression on my memory than the other relics of these priestly warriors. It was strange to stand within that old Templar church and feel its antiquity; and to look at the miserable vulgar prints, which the poor people have affixed to its walls, more suited to a country cabin.

It was an interesting spot to rest in, that quiet old graveyard; and thoughts more than must find their way to paper, might find their way to the heart, while the bright evening sun gilded the tops of the Pic d'Arbizon and Aset, fell over the old Templars' church, and showed—in a light that might remind one of the hoary head, which is a crown of glory when found in the way of righteousness—the picturesque ruins that hung on the neighbouring height, and which a good-natured gendarme, who seemed glad to get any one to speak to, assured me was the remains of a castle built by the English, when they held possession of all this district.

What a wonderful island is ours! an atom of the world that spreads its trophies over it.

The village of Tramesaigues is a most romantic one, and there are hot springs in it that may one day, in the strange revolutions of fashion, become fashionable, if the English make them out. At present there is nothing to be had for going there but the beauties of Nature, and these, until at least there is a tolerable hotel, will draw few visitors.

The guide informed us we must make speed back to Arveau, lest night should overtake us; but we did not get back with all our speed before the moon rose: it was up in its beauty, walking in brightness, and bathing valley, mountain, stream, and human habitation in its pale, pure light; and how beautiful is moonlight in the Pyrenées!

[To be continued.]

NO LIE THRIVES.—No. IX.



MORE than two years had now elapsed since the two boys had been apprenticed to Mr. Sharman. During this time no remarkable event had occurred worthy of particular record. There is nothing on earth, however, "that continues in one stay;" silently but surely all submit to the great law of change, whether of infancy through its stages to manhood, or of maturity to decay. Both Willis and Frank were tall of their age, and promised to be fine young men. Mr. Sharman had expressed himself well satisfied with the former, nor had the latter given him any serious cause of complaint. On each anniversary the indentures of their apprenticeship had been read to them, and heard by Willis with pleasure, and by Frank

without pain: true, the last was too careless to attach importance to many things that the other would have considered as reprehensible, but then he had been guilty of no offence that had called forth any severe reproof from Mr. Sharman. Ellen and Emma had only met to love each other better, while between Harriet and herself a friendship more apparent than real—at least on the part of the former—existed. Mrs. Davis continued to pursue the same system in her family which she observed when first introduced to the reader. Nor could an alteration be expected: the Ethiopian can as easily change his skin or the leopard his spots, as those who have accustomed themselves to walk in the devious path of insincerity can retrace their steps into the plain, simple road of truth.

At the corner of the same street in which Mr. Sharman's shop was situated, lived a person of the name of Cartwright. He, too, was a grocer and draper, though not in so extensive a way as the former. It could not be said that between this man and Mr. Sharman hatred subsisted, for the latter harboured no ill will against any one; all inimical feeling (and this almost amounted to aversion) was entirely on the side of Cartwright. The offence given, in which this feeling originated, was trifling, but quite sufficient in a malevolent mind for all the animosity that had ensued.

Cartwright had enlarged his shop, and in so doing had encroached on the public way, by which means the turn from the road into the street had become both inconvenient and dangerous. The parish authorities took up the matter, and insisted that the pathway should be restored to its former state. Cartwright obstinately resisted their power; he maintained that the right of road had originally belonged to his premises, and had been unjustly taken from him. Witnesses were examined, and, among others, Mr. Sharman, in whose family the property had, for many years, remained: he produced a document which at once settled the point against Cartwright, who was obliged, in consequence, to take down his shop front, and confine himself to the just limit. Mr. Sharman had acted only as he was bound to do; but Cartwright declared it was a deed of spite, and from that moment he conceived the bitterest rancour against him: unsuspected, however, by the first, who, measuring others by himself, would have found it difficult to believe that an act of public justice could be construed into an unpardonable private affront.

The prejudice of Cartwright against Mr. Sharman was still more increased, by the latter having been appointed treasurer to a local association of some importance, in preference to himself. He ascribed the success of his opponent to an unfair advantage that had been taken of him, whereas Mr. Sharman had been elected without any solicitation on his part, and as a mark of confidential esteem from the members. They had served the office of churchwarden together, and, lately, Cartwright had been appointed one of the Board of Guardians, of which Mr. Sharman was a member of long standing. They were, therefore, frequently in the habit of meeting—never, however, to the satisfaction of Cartwright, who made a point of opposing, as far as he was able, or ventured to attack, any measure that received the sanction of the other, or was proposed by him.

The ill will entertained by the master, who, in his own family, was at no pains to conceal his feeling, communicated itself to his dependants and assistants. It was quite enough that a person was connected with Mr. Sharman to warrant any coolness, or even rudeness, to him from the journeymen or apprentices of the Golden Fleece, as Cartwright's shop was called.

On one occasion, Cartwright's unfriendly sentiments were put to a severe test by the display of a very different feeling on the part of his rival. Mr. Sharman had received a private intimation from a quarter on which he could place reliance, that a firm, with whom both Cartwright and himself, the latter in particular, were connected, was threatened with insolvency. He knew, too, that Cartwright was in the habit of giving bills, and he apprehended that if such was the case in the present instance, he might be put to some serious inconvenience. He, therefore, without hesitation, took an opportunity of speaking to him, and so managed to place him on his guard that he escaped the consequences which would otherwise have certainly fallen on him.

Mr. Sharman did even more: prefacing his offer by expressing his experience that a tradesman could not always command sufficient to answer a sudden demand, he delicately intimated that he was quite ready, and should feel happy, to render him any assistance in his power. Confounded and surprised, Cartwright thanked him awkwardly; the kindness that heaped coals of fire on his head did not so much melt his heart as pain it. In the first moment, indeed, he viewed the offer as it deserved, but in the next, the unworthy suspicion that Mr. Sharman had a motive for such apparent generosity, that he probably wished to get him into his power, suggested itself: so true it is, that favours ill bestowed too often have a contrary effect to that intended, and serve rather to harden the unfruitful soil than to break the heavy clouds that cover its surface. The good deed, however, lost none of its recompense to him who performed it. He had fulfilled the golden rule of having done by his neighbour as he would have wished another to do by him, and he returned to his own home with a countenance reflecting the brightness that glowed within his bosom. Sad to say, the recollection of this kindness was as gall to Cartwright: he was too worldly wise not to have profited by the information he had received, but his ill will to him who had given that information was augmented rather than lessened.

Cartwright had an apprentice who had been with him two years when Willis and Frank were bound to Mr. Sharman. This youth, whose name was Edward Fountain, professed to hold the two boys in utter contempt, and never lost an opportunity of showing some paltry act of incivility to them. Willis's pride prevented him from appearing to notice this, though his old infirmity of temper was sometimes severely tested, and he was glad when a circumstance occurred which freed him from the annoyance. As he was one day walking down the street, he saw Ned (for so he was always called) coming towards him, carrying a large parcel in his hand. Willis saw at once his intention, and endeavoured to frustrate it. If Willis swerved towards one side of the pavement, Ned instantly did the same; if the first walked near the houses, the other immediately followed his example. It was evident that he meant to make Willis come in collision with the parcel he was swinging in his hand. His aim was effected, and Willis received a blow on his knee. In an instant he grasped the arm of Ned, and his eye shot lightning. Happily, however, he had not lost his self-command, or, perhaps, it would be more proper to say, the cowardly expression that at once overspread the countenance of Ned checked instantly all further exhibition of rising fury.

"You may think yourself well off," said Willis, "that I don't now give you proof that I am not to be lightly insulted, but remember"—and he grasped the arm he still held till Ned winced with the pain—"that if ever

you act in this way again you shall feel that I can, and will, resent it as you deserve;" and so saying, he spurned him from his side. As he did this he caught sight of Mr. Sharman, who had come out of a shop close behind him. The blood again rushed into his cheeks, and he stood silent, and apprehensive of the reproof he believed awaited him.

"Come on," said Mr. Sharman kindly. Willis bounded to his side. "You are afraid that I am angry," said the good man. "No; in this instance I commend you. It is not the just exercise of self protection that I condemn, or such a degree of manly resentment towards a mean offender that shall prevent a repetition of his offence, but the frightful exhibition of a feeling which may 'rise in the breast of a wise man, but which can rest only in the bosom of a fool.' He that cannot properly defend himself invites affronts and insolence, and is not fit to defend social order. Peace and good will are the true offspring of courage and humanity, qualities which in no one shone so brightly as in Him who yet was no stranger to the feeling of anger, nor once cowed under the insults of his proudest enemies. No, Willis, the God who made us in his own image has implanted in us no feeling that, in its proper exercise, is hurtful either to ourselves, or to others. 'Be ye angry and sin not,' commands the Apostle, and to his injunction I reverently add my own—'let not the sun go down upon your wrath.' If you meet Ned, let it be as if nothing had occurred between you."

Willis loved his master: fortunately for him his mother had laid those principles in his own mind, which enabled him to comprehend and appreciate still higher ones in another, who was his superior in age and station. Each succeeding proof of worth in the character of Mr. Sharman, whether it was displayed in correction or in encouragement of himself, added to his respect and affection, and insured his own happiness. From this day forward, however, Willis had little occasion to recall Mr. Sharman's admonition as regarded Ned, for the latter henceforth either avoided him, or passed by him without taking the slightest notice.

Mr. Cartwright's views in respect to apprentices differed very materially from those of Mr. Sharman. He had no wish, he openly avowed, to be plagued with other people's boys more than he could help; it was enough for him to have to look after them, and put up with their ways in business hours; it was no concern of his what they did when they left his shop—that was their friends' look-out, not his. Why was he to saddle himself, when he could avoid it, with a responsibility that most persons, as well as himself, desired to shake off? Ned, therefore, was an outdoor apprentice, and, unhappily for him, he had not friends who were so situated as to be able to render his liberty safe. He had almost as little good feeling as good principle to boast of. He was inclined to the love of pleasure, and unscrupulous as to the kind proposed to him.

A few doors beyond the corner of High Street (where his master lived) was a second-rate public-house, much frequented by the more disorderly young men of the town. Here, in the evening, a large party was always mustered to smoke, sing, and drink, or to game; for Harker, the master of the "Plough," kept a bagatelle-board, which was even more attractive than his ale or spirits to the younger part of his customers. Ned was a frequent visitor here; he was an expert and successful player. He did not dare, indeed, to boast of his good luck, but as he was never questioned by any one as to the manner in which he became possessed of the money he could always produce, he quietly continued to follow the bent of his inclinations.

For a time Frank was, as Willis, subject to the rudeness of Ned, but, by degrees, this wore off, and a better understanding was established between them: they went to their respective shops at the same hour, and joined each other as they returned: an intimate acquaintance at length was the result. Ned, one evening as they drew near the "Plough," invited Frank to go in with him, describing the enjoyments to be found there in animated terms. It was not want of inclination, but fear of his father that made him refuse, for curiosity alone prompted him to see what it was like, and he told Ned so.

"But how is he to know anything about it, if you don't tell him?" asked Ned.

"If I am at home later than usual, he will be sure to inquire where I have been," answered Frank; "besides," added he, drawing back, for they were now standing before the door, "if Mr. Sharman was to hear of it, a pretty row there would be—the indentures to wit."

"Nonsense!" cried Ned, "have more spirit, and act for yourself. How is any one to know where you have been; the whole town do not concern themselves about you, depend upon it. Come! a peep at us you shall have; afterwards, you may please yourself whether you like to be one of our party or not."

As he spoke, he slipped his arm through Frank's, and, with a sudden jerk, drew him into the passage, from whence he led him quickly into a back room, where several young men were assembled. Frank felt abashed; and he heartily wished himself away, but this was not easily to be effected, even if he had made the attempt. Ned's friends were immediately his friends: they were glad to see him, they said, among them, and they made no doubt that he would soon find an hour or two at the "Plough" an agreeable recreation, as they did. The smell of the tobacco was powerful and unpleasant to him, and he refused every invitation to drink. The bagatelle-board, however, delighted him. He watched the game with interest, and admired excessively the skill that Ned displayed. The latter was evidently the best player in the room; and when Frank saw him shake the stake in his hand triumphantly, before he deposited it in his pocket, a wish sprang up in his mind, not that he was winner of the money, but that he could have shown the skill that Ned had done.

Frank was now in turn invited to try his hand at a game. He would have had no objection to the proposal, had there been but few to observe him; but the fear of awkwardness in his attempt, and a dread lest his father should make inquiries as to his absence, which might be difficult to evade, made him persist in his refusal. He took leave of Ned, who was in no haste to depart, and hurried home as fast as he could. Happily for him, as he thought, he found a lady and gentleman spending the evening with his parents. Not a word, therefore, was said to him. Once only he felt some degree of alarm. One of his little sisters, after snuffing at his coat, said, "Dear me! Frank, what does your coat smell of?"

"Hush! don't let Mr. Wilmot hear you," whispered her mother, who, knowing that their visitor was a professed smoker, concluded that the child had caught the scent from his clothes, as Frank was sitting not far from him. Frank readily availed himself of the advantage. "Mr. Wilmot is very fond of cigars," said he to the little girl, holding his cheek close to her. He thought it safer, however, to send her away, and even to go out of the room, and put on his best clothes. His mother's look, when he returned, testified that she was satisfied with what he had done;

while Frank, stealing behind her, said, in a low voice, "I did not know that anybody was here, or I should have dressed myself before I came in." It was a capital "come off," he thought, and he congratulated himself on the readiness with which he had effected it.

From this evening, Frank was a frequent visitor at the "Plough;" and he and Ned were now bound in ties of the closest intimacy, much every way to his disadvantage. He soon learnt to play at bagatelle, and became very fond of it. He could smoke a cigar, and drain his glass of ale or spirits as readily as any one. The only drawback to his enjoyment was the short space of time he could venture to stay in such agreeable society: in one instance, or two at most, his visits had scarcely exceeded an hour. This restriction became more and more irksome, as he found more pleasure in the company of his present associates; but how to overcome the difficulties that obstructed his wishes he knew not. He found, however, in Ned all the assistance he required.

"Why can't you come to us," said he, "when they are all gone to bed at your house? it is often twelve o'clock before we think of separating.

Ned looked surprised; and Ned laughed.

"You wonder how we manage it," said he, "and no wonder. I'll tell you. I let myself out of the door before it is locked for the night, when they fancy I am gone up-stairs, and as my bedchamber window is rather low, I contrive to climb up to it, and so get in without much trouble; can't you do the same?"

Frank saw that this scheme would be impracticable; but his ingenuity received a spur, and he soon hit upon a plan for the furtherance of his design. Mr. Davis kept a gig and pony, the care of which was committed to a youth about a year older than Frank. Before the latter had become a visitor at the "Plough," he had no idea but that Betts was as steady as he appeared to be. They had encountered each other, however, in this inn; though Betts was in the kitchen, and Frank among his companions in the back parlour. Being thus in the power of one another, all distance was overlooked, and whilst before the family there was nothing in their behaviour to create a suspicion of familiarity between them, they were in reality confederates. Betts continued to let himself out by way of the kitchen, and then with the aid of the garden steps which he set beneath Frank's window he enabled the latter to descend. This done, they both scaled the wall, and hastened to the place of rendezvous. To avoid suspicion, Frank now made it a rule to go home straight from the shop, and never on any possible occasion to be seen speaking to Betts.

In the meantime, Willis perceived a marked difference in the manner and appearance of Frank. Instead of being at the shop punctually at the right hour in the morning, he was often half-an-hour, and sometimes more beyond time; and it would occasionally happen that Willis was obliged to open shop for him during his week. He remonstrated with him on this omission, and even threatened to inform Mr. Sharman, if it was persisted in; but all to no purpose. Sometimes Frank would appear heavy and stupid, perfectly unlike his former self, and often, which was still more remarkable, he was very irritable. Willis also perceived a difference in his behaviour towards himself. It cannot be said that there ever existed any degree of attachment between them (not because their dispositions were dissimilar, but because the want of principle on

the one side, and the constant adherence to principle on the other, rendered any close intimacy almost impossible), although they agreed well together: but Willis soon saw and felt with regret, that Frank was far less sociable with him than he had been from their first acquaintance. He seemed to view Willis with suspicion; and he had desired him more than once not to watch him, though the latter was perfectly unconscious of any such intention of his own. Willis was uncomfortable about him; but he trusted it was nothing more than some passing change in his sentiments towards him which would again disappear, and he preserved a steady and kind demeanour to him. Frank was, in fact, no longer the youth, in many respects, that he had been; the alteration did not escape the notice of Mr. Sharman; but still there was nothing in his conduct to call forth a reprimand, and much less to raise a suspicion of what was really going on.

[*To be continued.*]

A VISIT TO CYPRUS.—No. VII.

NICOSIA—*continued.*

THE quarter inhabited by the poorer class of inhabitants at Nicosia is wretched in the extreme: the streets are narrow and filthy; the exhalations pestiferous; and the houses, which are mostly flat-roofed and only one story high, in a deplorably-dilapidated condition; the very stone walls are old and crumbling to decay, and give palpable and distressing evidence of forlorn and wretched poverty. But if the outer aspect be unprepossessing, the interior of these hovels beggars description. Every house has a courtyard attached to it, and every court-yard boasts of one or more grape-vines, a fig-tree or two, and maybe a pomegranate or an apricot tree, but the fruit of these have been never suffered to arrive at maturity. The hungry inmates too eagerly hail the first appearance of blossoms and the young set fruit, to curb their impatient yearnings for something in the way of a relish, which may in some measure vary the monotony of their everyday routine of cuisine.

The green apricots are stewed down with onions and seasoned with pepper and salt, and this, in addition to a handful of boryhol, is to them a relish, after vegetating upon dry bread and drier cheese and olives for the last two months and more. The young grapes are barely big enough even to be pungent, before their services are in requisition for imparting a slightly acid flavour to the glutinous and nourishing, but tasteless bamia (the bandecoy of the West Indies). And even the hard, tough, spongy, unripe fig, tasteless and full of blistering milk, is fried with oil and garlic, and rendered palatable from dire necessity and hunger.

The picture of one of these abodes of abject misery may serve as a truthful representation of the whole; the court-yards are rank with weeds, rubbish, dustheaps, and rags; suspended from ropes which traverse from wall to wall, fluttering in the wind, are indescribable odds and ends of clothing, patched up till but little of the original matter that constituted the jacket or the sherwal remains; how they ever survive the process of being washed is a perfect marvel. In this small wilderness a meagre-looking cock and a few half-starved hens are anxiously grubbing for worms, and a solitary pig roots up weed after weed in search of the where-withal to satisfy its cravings.

Under the archway of the gate that leads into the filthy street is a still filthier old man, wholly absorbed with a time-worn pipe, from which at intervals he inhales, with evident gusto, the fumes of his much-cherished tobacco, and to obtain a scanty supply of which he has sacrificed the wants of his half-starving family, and sold the best fowl, upon the proceeds of which they might have lived in an almost luxuriant style for a couple of days to come.

If ever there was a type of abominable apathy and slothful indolence that old fellow is the man: he never loved work, even in his haldest and best of days, but having amassed a few piastres he married a steady and industrious girl, and from that hour up to this moment she has been the drudge and the slave of his laziness: gambling, drinking, and smoking, these have been his hobbies, and the result is premature decrepitude and utter destitution. Look at his glassy eyes—amaurosis has long since fixed its direful fangs there; and the sunshine he now revels in will soon be no sunshine to him, for if his iron constitution even resists the inroads of other diseases, he is a doomed man, as far as blindness is concerned; and yet, though the pain darts fearfully through his head at intervals, the last thing he muses on is any such calamity. Still he indulges in the daydream of his youth, still he perseveres in clinging to the cobwebs of hope, unaware that the meshes of despair have been too firmly woven round his pathway in life ever to admit even one solitary gleam of the sunshine of such hope as he basks in to penetrate to and enliven his heart. In the dusk of evening he gropes mysteriously about, searching for treasure, gold and silver ready coined, and only hid in the bowels of the earth to turn up and gratify him some fine day: he is confident such will yet happen, for a wizard foretold it in his youthful days, and rare instances have happened of men meeting with such windfalls in Cyprus. His presentiment is so strong that he has even speculated in a spade, and digs mightily of a silent midnight when no moon shines, and the wretched inmates of his household are wrapt in blissful slumber, and happily unconscious of the wants and sufferings of to-morrow. Like a ghoul digging its own grave he shovels up the earth, spadeful after spadeful, and the night-owl screeches with delight at his lost and vain labour.

But whilst he is smoking and building castles in the air, not quite so staple as the smoke that issues from his pipe, what has become of his wife, the partner of his sufferings, the partaker of none of his enjoyments, the slave upon whose toil he has shamelessly existed for the last quarter of a century? We look through one of the shutterless windows of the one-roomed hovel they inhabit, and there, lying upon a mat stretched upon the bare mud floor, trembling and livid with ague, a bundle of rags for a pillow, and a wretchedly-worn counterpane her only covering, lies the hapless woman; two or three half-naked hungry children are nestling in the hope of imparting some little warmth to the corpse-like being whom they most cherish upon earth. Were it not for sickness she would be abroad and stirring, washing for one wealthy man, stitching for another, or else up to her eyes in dust, sifting grain that merchants are getting ready for shipment. She has long since relinquished all hopes of any amendment in her worthless husband, and dire necessity has compelled her to practise deceit with the spendthrift: had he for a moment an inkling of where her little hoard was safely hid, then, indeed, in times of necessity like the present, she might starve and all her children with her, and the old man might bury himself in one of the many pits he had dug for his fictitious

treasures. Even the youngest child knows the secret, and is in terror of being surprised by its vagabond father as she goes now at her mother's bidding, and, raking up the ashes in the many weeks' disused fireplace, draws forth a small dirty-looking parcel, which, after fifty rag envelopes, displays the laid-by treasures of the thrifty mother, fully ten piastres-worth of copper paras! which are half as thin as a small wafer, and not quite so large. Stealthily the eldest girl but one steals forth on an errand for a few paras' worth of bread and cheese, or a handful of olives; and when she returns, then a fair portion is allotted to the father, and he never asks where or how it was obtained, but rarely refrains from grumbling at the badness of the fare.

The eldest daughter is out following her mother's occupations: two months hence and she will marry a young mendicant, and then her trials in life, which have long since been pretty severe, will be redoubled, if not trebled.

This is no overdrawn picture: such are their abodes of misery, such their inmates, only that in addition to this they too often become the abodes of immorality and vice, especially in cases where the men are left widowers, and the children have no mothers to watch over and guard them with the jealous eye of parental love. In two things the poor of Cyprus are happier than the poor of our own cold and dear country—these are the great mildness of the winter and the excessive cheapness of living; with a little proper energy and industry, beggars would be princes, as far as the necessities and even some of the luxuries of life are concerned.

But we bid adieu to this loathsome and wretched quarter, with a sigh for the miserable tenants, and a hope that better days in every sense may yet dawn upon them. We are now in an open quarter of the town, and we draw a long breath, no longer fearing that the atmosphere is impregnated with noxious vapours. The sun shines hot and brightly, but the sea-breeze has set in cool and pleasantly for the evening, so we accept the proffered seat under a shady wall, where the officious coffeehouse-keeper has placed a couple of chairs, and ordering a glass of sherbet with snow, we watch the restless activity of merchants and others who are busily occupied in the everyday vocations of commerce.

Most of the merchants established at Nicosia are natives of the island, Turks or Greeks; but they are either in partnership with the Franks at Larnacca, or else act as their agents and factors. Of late they have had ample occupation in buying up the grain crops of the interior for shipment to European ports. Before us, heaped up in piles in an open space which serves as the Corn Exchange, are specimens of this year's crops of barley, wheat, maize, linseed, and sessame; the latter is in great demand, as we may guess from the number of shipmasters and merchants, who are alternately testing its qualities and screaming out their bids with stentorian lungs. But the fortunate proprietor, who happens to be a sagacious Turk, only smokes his pipe and smiles contemptuously at the absurd prices they have the impudence to offer, fully aware that before sunset they will come up to the valuation he has already settled in his own mind. Franks, with slouching straw hats and indescribable costumes—many of them travelling clerks of merchants established in the distant cities of Stamboul and Smyrna, and some from Beyrout and other towns in Syria,—are here congregated, discussing in small knots the news of the day. How much game one bagged yesterday, who won the last donkey race, when the next evening party is to come off; in short anything and everything but the

immediate cause of their assemblage here. They know that it would be worse than time lost, and fatigue and annoyance, to attempt to make any offers in the present stage of affairs; the bargains must be made with Oriental procrastination, and when they hear a sum bid which in their own estimation approaches the value of the goods offered for sale, then they prick up their ears and are all attention, the desultory conversation flags in interest, business is now uppermost in each one's breast, and being limited to a certain sum by their employers, their task is an easy one; they know how far to go and when to stop; and finally the grain is sold and the company disperse, to meet again next day in the same spot at the same hour.

But it sometimes happens that in the midst of one of these Babel auctions all the Turks and Jews of the assembled multitude, buyers as well as sellers, take to their heels suddenly, and are dispersed in all directions; some seek refuge in the shops, some in the coffeehouses, some climb up trees, and some few, driven to desperation, vainly endeavour to scale perpendicular garden walls. All this panic is occasioned by the sudden appearance of a family of domestic pigs, who, doubtless enticed by the agreeable odour of the sesame seed to which they are amazingly attached, have managed to escape the vigilance of their keepers, and so come charging down the street at full trot, snorting forth their delight and contentment to the dismay and terror of Jews and other pig-haters. This ludicrous scene terminates by the discomfit of the unconscious porkers, which are driven home again amidst the unrestrained mirth of the Christians, and then the business of the day is resumed.

Larnacca consumes a very moderate quantity of Manchester manufactures, but French and Italian cloths, satins, and manufactured silks find a ready and profitable market: amongst the other goods imported by these two latter nations we may reckon earthen and glass ware, paper, empty bottles, sugar, coffee, pimento and spices, and a small quantity of cochineal and indigo, with a trifling supply of drugs. Its exports are various qualities of grain, raw silk, and a little terra-ombra and oil; whilst to Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor it annually ships large quantities of salt and a rough glazed earthenware, much in use among the natives; in addition to this, as a matter of course, wine and aqua vitæ, or rakia.

Perhaps no town in the world, its population considered, presents to the stranger so many lamentable spectacles as do the mendicants and others that throng the most crowded thoroughfares of Nicosia, morning and evening, throughout the year; hideous specimens of what the human form divine can be reduced to by loathsome disease, abuses, and indolence and filth. Every tenth man we encounter is more or less blind; indeed, all the catalogue of fearful diseases of the eye are here to be met with—staphy-toma, amaurosis, glaucoma, pterothalmia, eutropium, ectropium—in short every imaginable infirmity down to simple nebule in the eyes; and the only causes to which these can be attributable are the filth and laziness in which the lower classes love to revel, and this in a town abounding with excellent water and replete with the good things of the world.

What the citizens of Nicosia most pride themselves on are their hummums, or vapour baths; and before bidding adieu to this fair but unfortunate town, we would do well to avail ourselves of their vicinity to purify us from the accumulated dust of travelling and corn-markets, and to renovate our strength and brace up our nerves to encounter fresh hardships on the morrow's journey. We patronize the hummum next to

the pasha's serrai; is it not a magnificent strong building?—one evidently built with an eye to luxury, and a forethought for earthquakes, which sometimes shake the island from one end to the other? The first room we enter is a large domed apartment, something like the centre of the Fama-goeta gate, only not quite so high, but having a similar aperture to admit the light: in the centre is a fountain of exquisite marble, with a jet-d'eau continually playing; all around are raised stone benches, upon which luxuriant mattresses and cushions are spread for the accommodation of visitors of distinction. Here everything wears a cool and pleasant appearance; and the bright rays of the sun, reflected from the numerous small mirrors that hang round the room, form beautiful artificial rainbows round the cool water in the basin of the fountain. We are barely seated on one of these comfortable couches, before the ogre of the place presents himself—this is the hummungee, or head bathman; he is a wonderful hale old fellow, who has spent fifty years of his life in the smoke, vapour, hot water, and turmoil of the bath, and, though exposed to continual vicissitudes of climate, never has complained of even so much as a headache. His hands are armed with rough horsehair bags: he stands before us longing for us to become the victims of his scrubbing propensities; but we are not to be hurried on in this un-Oriental fashion. First of all we will enjoy our keif, a nargheli, and a glass of sherbet; then from the numberless palumpore and snowy sheets that are hanging from ropes stretched round the place, we pick out our bath vestments, and, being enveloped in these, we bespeak a friendly shoulder to lean against for support, else most assuredly would we slip and break our necks, unaccustomed as we are to walk in the awkward high cupcups, or pattens, which we are compelled to use to protect our bare feet from being scorched by the fiery hot bricks which line the passage, and under which is conducted the perpetual stream of scalding-hot water that heats the bath and supplies the reservoirs. Now the heavy doors of the first apartment closes with a loud bang upon its hinges, finding a hundred echoes in the vaulted rooms within. Here the atmosphere begins perceptibly to grow warmer, another room and still greater heat, whilst the clamorous exclamations and shouts of those within sound like mysterious echoes from the deep caverns of the earth; occasionally a ghastly-looking figure, who has with Oriental scrupulosity completed his ablutions, flits by us all sheets and turban, and faint under the process. At length we are ushered into the room of rooms: at first we can discern nothing from the dense vapour that rises up from the floor, then by degrees the room develops itself, there are fountains and reservoirs on all sides, hot and cold water, soap-suds, and splashing sounds. The heat is almost intolerable: we are just meditating a precipitate escape, and the better to effect this have kicked off our pattens, when the iron grasp of the ruthless hummungee lays us resistlessly on the scorching floor, and then the least evil we undergo is to be temporarily blinded with soapsuds, choked with hot water, scrubbed into a fever, chilled with cold water into an ague, scalded nigh unto death with frightfully hot water, our joints are all cracked, neck twisted into all shapes, fingers all disjointed, ears go off like crackers, and the operation is completed; and swaddled up again with clean dry sheets, we are escorted back to the mattresses in the first room, and there lounging forget all the perils we have passed through, and the luxuriant sense of renovated strength and health that follows all our sufferings is a very ample recompense for what we have undergone.

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A VISIT TO CYPRUS.—No. VIII.



WE made our exit from Nicosia by another subterranean gate—an ordinary tunnel of modern construction, which had nothing of taste or elegance to recommend it to the stranger's attention. Our mode of travelling, however, was vastly superior, and much more agreeable to that we had adopted on the route from Famagosta, for the pasha had obligingly placed a carriage and four at our disposal; and, preceded by outriders and other paraphernalia of Oriental pomp, we drove through the streets, to the astonishment of the Christians and the indignation of the Turks.

who had no idea of Franks and Giaours being thus distinguished by their governor.

The sun shone brightly and warm, but the hood of the phaeton protected us from heat, and the morning was cool, so that, upon the whole, we enjoyed the novelty and luxury of such mode of travelling amazingly. For the first few miles the level country around us gave indications of partial cultivation; gradually, however, these diminished, and at last we were surrounded by an utter desolation. Not a tree, not a tuft, not a blade of grass was to be seen in any direction; the horizon was bound by undulating, small, clayey hills, baked hard and dry by the summer sun; and when we reached these, there was the same expanse of country again before us, and the same interminable boundaries. The glare from the ground was intense, and clouds of dust rose from beneath the horses' feet and the carriage-wheels. This, however, was carried far behind us by the sea-breeze, little to the comfort of such of the escort as followed in our train.

About eleven the prospect before us changed, as if by magic. The arid plain was girt around the horizon with a bright-green emerald belt; tops of trees, far and wide apart, peeped up for a minute or two, and then disappeared again, only to reappear with larger proportions, as the wheels of the carriage spun merrily round, and we dashed down one small ravine, and mounted up the summit of another. Half-an-hour more, and we had distanced the horrid wilderness of sand and hard clay; grass grew on all sides; donkeys were browsing; goats were sheltered from the midday heat under occasional shady trees. We reached the embankments of a small, half-dried-up rivulet, and a few minutes afterwards drove furiously into the miserable village, which is now supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Idalia. Here we bid adieu to the comforts and luxuries of carriage-travelling; and, having dismissed the pasha's people with an appropriate buckishish, which, by the way, was paying rather dearly for the journey, we demanded, and took possession of the hovel that had been prepared for our reception, and which claimed an advantage over the rest of the village, inasmuch as it boasted of a larger and more airy apartment, and had been freshly washed out and swept for the occasion.

Here we were compelled to abide till close upon nightfall, as the horses we had expected to meet had only just arrived from Larnacca, and the heat was too intense to permit of pursuing our journey with impunity. The poor peasants, anxious to display their hospitality, inundated us with presents of fowls, fruits, and vegetables; and it would have done a Londoner's heart good to have seen the delicious cucumbers and melons that were scattered about the room, and were absolutely going a-begging for mouths to eat them. As may be conceived, we did not want for a plentiful and capital dinner that day; but the presents we had to give the peasants before leaving amounted to a sum total rather startling in those cheap countries—a fact which strongly reminded us of the capital anecdote related by Hook of the gentleman who had unintentionally purchased a pair of boots originally intended for the Prince of Wales, but which, from some cause or other, had never graced the royal foot, and were the unwitting cause of subjecting the wearer to the exorbitant charges of a seaport-town landlord, who fondly imagined that he was entertaining, in the gentleman incognito, no less a personage than the Prince Regent himself—Boots having discovered, while engaged

in his vocation, that they were internally decorated with the well-known royal plumes. In our instance, the pasha's carriage had evidently wrought marvellously upon the affections and hospitalities and expectations of the peasants.

This village can scarcely boast of twenty houses: the position, however, though hot, is salubrious, and the neighbouring rivulet supplies abundance of water. Of the ancient Idalia not a vestige was to be found, though we hunted in the direction indicated as its site for two long hours, in the fruitless search of even a few crumbling foundations, upon which we might fondly raise the stateliest imaginary edifices that ever a Dutch burgomaster built over an afternoon pipe. Our visit, however, was not wholly uninteresting; for, from the supposed site of ancient Idalia, our guide, who was a well-instructed man for the island, pointed out to our tantalised gaze a distant range of rocky mountains, one of which he declared contained the ruins of the once celebrated Palace of the Queen. Our chagrin was great that we had not, whilst at Nicosia, devoted a day to researches amongst these interesting fragments, portions of which, even at this distance, were distinctly visible through the magnifying medium of our portable Delfland.

It was now too late to retrace our steps to Nicosia, for the steamer was expected the next morning at Larnacca; and if we missed this opportunity, it was quite uncertain when or how we could manage to get over to the mainland, for gales would shortly be of frequent occurrence, and ships would avoid the port for many months to come. Under these circumstances we mounted our steady backs, and, turning from the site of ancient Idalia, we galloped over a pleasant country, and, passing through a second and still more miserable village, reached the confines of the extensive plains that line the eastern coast of Syria just as the sun disappeared behind us in the west. Had time permitted, we had fully intended to visit the ancient Salamis; but this was now out of the question: so that night, after blessing the Almighty's name for the protection afforded us throughout our toilsome, and, in some instances, perilous, journeyings through part of the island of Cyprus, we laid our heads to rest on the old pillows we had slumbered upon during our former stay at Larnacca. Next morning the steamer, true to time, came in, and anchored off the town; and the next time her paddlewheels revolved upon their axle we were reckoned amongst the passengers that had bid adieu to Cyprus.

And now, before bringing these brief sketches to a close, we feel it incumbent upon us to make a resumé of the island, its climate and soil, its inhabitants, towns, seaports, commerce, antiquities, and capabilities; only regretting that the many obstacles thrown in the way of travellers, partly through the jealous watchfulness of the local authorities, partly through want of proper conveyance and accommodation, and in a great measure arising from the paucity of travellers, and the want of energy and perseverance, very little is comparatively known of a great portion of the interior of this beautiful island. First, then, with regard to climate, it may safely be stated that, with very few exceptions, the whole island may boast of salubrity; and even those places, such as Larnacca for instance, where fevers are of frequent occurrence, these are mostly attributable to local nuisances, to the bad construction of the streets and houses, or to the filth accumulated and permitted to decay in the very heart of populous towns; whereas at comparatively small expense, and with a small display

of energy, these might be speedily remedied, especially as there exist no natural impediments, such as the lofty mountains which immediately surround the poisonous marshes of Scanderoon in Syria, and prevent the free passage of the sea-breeze, which, accumulating in massive banks upon the summits of those mountains, entirely debar the land-winds at night, producing such sultry heats as are alone all sufficient, from the perpetual want of sleep, to ruin and annihilate the constitutions of the hapless people inhabiting that wretched valley of death and disease. These drawbacks, as I have before stated, do not exist in every part of Cyprus, where ague and typhus fever are common during the summer months. As regards the soil, few countries of the world contain within so small a limit so great a variety of earths, apparently adapted for the cultivation of all the vegetable productions of the four quarters of the globe; whilst towards the north-east both climate and soil are well adapted for the culture of European grains upon the level grounds, mulberry plantations and orchards on the higher ground, and the mountain sides might easily be adapted to the nutmeg, the gutta-percha, and other trees peculiar to the Eastern Archipelago. The south-eastern extremity affords a great variety of country and climate, where we are fully persuaded that rice and sugar-cane might thrive luxuriantly, at the same time that the banana, the mango, the guana, and many delicious Indian fruits would thrive well under the lee of the lofty barriers which exclude the cold north-eastern breezes of winter, in summer refract intense heat, and in winter are only subjected to the mild westerly and south-westerly winds, at the same time that water, and that in abundant supply, is at no season of the year wanting.

The whole central portion of the island has produced cotton: it will do so to an infinitely greater extent, if well cared for, and indigo with caution might be found congenial to the climate and soil. In its present condition not one-fifth part of the island can be said to be cultivated.

In Turkey it is always a difficult matter to obtain anything like correct statistics, and it is hard to guess rightly at the population of Cyprus; but taking into consideration the many villages in the interior, we may, I think, safely estimate the number of inhabitants at from seventy-five to eighty thousand.

The capital, as has been already stated, is Nicosia. The three most important seaport towns are Larnacca, Famagosta, and Baffa, or Paffa; besides these are Salamis, Episcopi, Latunsko, Mayatos, and about fifty other villages and towns, the very names of which are barely known to the oldest European inhabitants of Cyprus.

The commerce of the whole island has been already alluded to, and its antiquities are to be sought for at Salamis and in the neighbourhood of Paphos and Nicosia. Some old travellers seem to have surmised, from the fact of the site of the two temples dedicated to Venus being situated at a considerable distance from each other, that there must have existed two separate queens, who received profane homage from the idolatrous inhabitants at distinct eras in history. We do not see, however, that the distance is any proof of their assertions: roads long since forgotten, and conveyances many ages crumbled into dust, may have existed, as they might again exist, which would considerably shorten the distance between the site of the celebrated garden and the site of the palace that we had the misfortune to miss visiting; and besides all this we are rather of opinion that the one may have served a summer seaside retreat, and the other as winter quarters for the profane and voluptuous queen. And we are the

more strengthened in this opinion after viewing the ruins of Cesarea: the obstacles that now there exist to taking up our carriages and going to Jerusalem, as Paul and his companions did, are infinitely greater than can be found on the route between Paphos and Nicosia; and there is very little doubt that at some long-forgotten period carriage-roads and chariots were as plentiful all over the sunny isle of Cyprus as hot days and agues are plentiful now-a-days at Larnacca: and with this impression we bid adieu to the reader and to Cyprus, a land where the harvest, indeed, might be plentiful, but the labourers are—none.

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NO LIE THRIVES.—No. X.

It was now Christmas; at which time Mr. and Mrs. Davis gave an annual party. Among the guests on the present occasion were Mrs. Richmond with Willis and Ellen; Mr. and Mrs. Sharman and Emma; and the vicar of the parish, Mr. Merton, who was also a magistrate. In the course of the evening, one of the gentlemen, addressing Mr. Merton, said, "What a pity it is that something is not done to put a stop to the nuisance of that house, the Plough! If I were a magistrate, I would take away the licence, not only of that inn, but of every other in the town where such practices are pursued, as are in it."

"I do not know to what you allude," replied Mr. Merton.

"I am glad of it," returned the other, "for there is a hope that on your being made acquainted with them, you may be able to put them down effectually. What think you then of young men, boys, and apprentices, congregating there to drink and smoke, and above all, to play at bagatelle?"

"You cannot mean it!" exclaimed Mr. Davis; "bagatelle!"

"I do mean it," returned he; "and can prove what I say. I have positively seen young men both going in and coming out of that house, of all ages; and it needs no very profound sagacity to foretell what must be the consequence to many, or most of them."

"I am very sorry to say that the magistrates have no power whatever to interfere in regard to the bagatelle-board," said Mr. Merton; "the law does not take cognizance of it."

"And yet gaming is manifestly encouraged by it," exclaimed the other; "youths are ruined, masters robbed—for it is a natural consequence—and parents made wretched! Where is the difference between the billiard-table and the bagatelle-board? In the eye of common sense and reason, this only—that vice is encouraged by the first in the higher circles, and every possible evil generated and nurtured by the latter in the lower grades of society. I have no son; and so far I am thankful that I am spared the chance of seeing him ruined in this abominable manner."

"But I am a father," said Mr. Davis.

"And I a master," exclaimed Mr. Sharman; "and what you have said has given me great uneasiness."

"No doubt," replied Mr. Davis, "it is calculated to give us all uneasiness; however, I am thankful that no son of mine has seen the inside of the Plough; the very thought of such a thing would make me miserable."

"And I," said Mr. Sharman, "that no apprentice or journeyman of mine, to the best of my belief and knowledge, has formed one of a party in that house."

At the commencement of this conversation Frank, who was sitting near Willis, and at a little distance from his father, felt in no small perturbation. Fearful that any change in his countenance might betray him, he drew his chair further into the shade, and pretended to be playing with one of the younger children. His manner, however, did not escape the quick eye of his mother, nor of Willis, in whose mind a vague suspicion flashed that Frank's altered behaviour and these proceedings at the Plough had some connection. Mrs. Davis had marked with a painful misgiving the sudden flush that covered his cheek in the first instance, and she continued to watch him for a few minutes after he had withdrawn from the circle; but there was nothing new to give her alarm, and she was glad to dismiss the idea that he was at all affected by the discourse as mere fancy.

Frank's confusion had been partially observed also by his father, and it had awakened a most painful sense of apprehension. As soon as they were alone, he anxiously inquired of his wife whether she had noticed Frank's manner, and whether she entertained any fears on the subject. Poor Mrs. Davis could not, as usual, follow the simple path of truth. She assured her husband that she had observed nothing that could not be accounted for, the fire was blazing fiercely at the time, it having been just stirred, as she remembered, and Frank sat in a direction to feel the full heat. Oh no! she had no fears whatever about him, he was always at home at a proper hour as his father was well aware, and if there had been anything wrong in him she could not fail to have detected it. Mr. Davis gave her full credit for her vigilance and her penetration; but his feelings, always upright and honourable, had taken the alarm, and he acknowledged himself to be so uncomfortable that he should take an immediate opportunity of speaking to Frank on the subject.

This was exactly what Mrs. Davis wished to prevent, and she accordingly begged of her husband to let her see what she could make out: Frank was naturally more afraid of him than of her, and she was sure he would disguise nothing from his mother. Mr. Davis, persuaded though not convinced, with his usual blind confidence in her better management, consented to put the matter into her hands, on the promise that she would communicate unreservedly the result to him.

There was living in the family a very trustworthy, amiable woman, who had had the care of the nursery from the birth of the eldest child, Frank.

The pernicious habit of deceit, which had so long and now so universally prevailed, could not but be known to Jane, and it had long caused her sincere regret. She was sincerely attached to her mistress, who was ever kind and indulgent, and had her interest in every respect truly at heart. As far as her own influence extended she endeavoured to check the practice or to counteract its evil effects, though she had rarely any other reward than the conviction that she had endeavoured to do her duty to the utmost of her power.

Mrs. Davis placed great confidence in Jane, and would frequently impart to her any little source of uneasiness that might have arisen in the family; she was certain of sympathy, and very often of sound and respectful counsel. On the present occasion she applied herself to the faithful creature as soon as she had an opportunity.

"Jane," said she, by way of preface, "have you heard any reports about the goings on at the Plough?"

"I have heard many things to the discredit of the house, Ma'am," replied she.

"You are not uneasy about any one in this house?" said Mrs. Davis, making as usual a circuit to the point she desired to attain.

"Not now," answered Jane: "I was told some weeks ago that Betts was seen going much oftener than he ought into the tap-room, and I spoke to him about it; since that time I have no reason to think that he has been there once."

Mrs. Davis might not at any time have asked a straightforward question, but at this moment the anxious feelings of the mother might well plead her excuse for the indirect manner in which she was now endeavouring to learn what she yet dreaded to hear.

"Frank is very punctual to his hours," said she.

"In the evening I know he is," answered Jane.

"And he is in the morning, too, is he not?" asked Mrs. Davis.

"He is not so punctual as he was," replied she; "I have called him more than once before he would get out of bed."

"He was always a heavy sleeper," answered Mrs. Davis, with a stifled sigh. "He grows very fast; I declare I can hardly think it possible that he may be called a young man."

"I wish Mr. Frank had not learnt to smoke," said Jane, after a short pause.

"Learnt to smoke?" repeated Mrs. Davis, rather quickly: "nonsense, who could have told you such a thing? It was but the other evening that your master, fancying that his clothes smelt of cigars, taxed him with the very thing, at the same time reminding him how exceedingly he disapproved of the habit."

"And what did Mr. Frank say?" asked Jane.

"He denied it at once," replied Mrs. Davis, "as I was sure he would."

"But Mr. Frank does smoke," said Jane, firmly; "I have not only detected the smell on his clothes, but I have found a case and pieces of cigars, too, in his pockets."

Mrs. Davis turned pale. "Well, don't say anything about it," said she; "all youths smoke now-a-days I believe; and if that be the worst thing he does, there won't be much to complain of."

The same evening when Frank returned he found his mother alone. "Don't go," cried she, seeing that he was about to retrace his steps, "I wish to speak to you; I have something to ask of you."

"Well, mother," returned he, coolly, "what is it?"

"Come here and I will tell you."

Frank seated himself by her.

"What a sad thing this is that was said about the goings on at the Plough, isn't it?" said she; "I hope Willis Richmond is not one who was aimed at; have you any idea that he ever goes there?"

"How should I?" replied Frank, too well versed in the art of deceit to be thrown off his guard.

"I thought you might have heard of it, if he does," said she, "or have seen him there."

"I must have been there myself to have done that," replied he, boldly; "and you don't think that very likely, to be sure?"

"Oh! certainly not," answered she; "what opportunity have you, even if you wished it? none, that I am aware of."

"But I don't wish it," replied he; "if I did, I could certainly find an opportunity, for I pass the door most evenings."

There was a silence for a few instants; again Mrs. Davis returned to the attack.

"It is not a very large house, is it?" said she, abruptly; "nor the company that frequents it very select, I should suppose?"

"You know as much as I do, mother," replied Frank; "I see many go in and many come out—that is their business, not mine. I don't stay to watch them, nor to count how many there are. I am tired, and too glad to get home for anything of that sort. But do you suspect that I am one of the parties frequenting the Plough?" and he looked her boldly in the face.

"Oh dear! no," replied she; "what makes you suppose such a thing? I am sure you would not deceive me any more than I would deceive you, and you know I would not do that."

Frank knew the contrary, but he was able to meet her on her own ground. Strange, however, to say, whilst each perceived the art used by the other, neither suspected that the art practised in return was surmised. What more might have passed is uncertain, some other members of the family entered, and the conversation became general.

Mrs. Davis had neither gained her point nor was satisfied with the result of her endeavours; and was still less so when Jane informed her a few mornings afterwards that Frank had declared his intention of locking his door for the future, as he particularly disliked, he said, her coming into his room, and awakening him as abruptly as she did. He desired her to rap at his door when it was time to get up, or he would trust to himself.

"Oh, ma'am!" said she, in conclusion, "my mind very much misgives me that all is not right. For my own part, I wish Betts was out of the house. You don't see it, but I do, and am sure that there is more familiarity between Mr. Frank and him than is proper, or can be good for either. Mr. Frank may like to see the pony cleaned and littered down for the night, but there is no occasion for his staying so long in the stable, nor for Betts, too. You think, and so does master, that he is in the back parlour, studying."

"And is he not?" asked Mrs. Davis, in an earnest and anxious voice.

"I had rather that you would prove it yourself," replied Jane; "it has only happened these last three or four evenings."

The fact was that Frank had taken some alarm; and imparting his fears to Betts that he was suspected, it was agreed that instead of going out at night, they should steal away for a short time only whilst the family were yet stirring.

The next evening, when Frank was leaving the room, his father asked him where he was going.

"There is such a noise here," said he, "that it confuses me. I shall never succeed in working the problem you have set me unless I am alone."

No more was said; Mr. Davis took a book, and after a little while offered to read aloud, "for," as he observed, "there was more talking than was agreeable, and he did not wonder that Frank could do nothing in the room amidst so many voices." Mrs. Davis, however, was too anxious to be able to listen, and in a very short time she arose, left the room, and proceeded at once to the back parlour. There, indeed, lay the

paper that Frank had held in his hand, but there was no chair by the table in proof that he had been seated. She returned to the passage, looked on the stand for his hat, and found it was missing. She called Jane, and inquired whether Betts was in the kitchen, and was answered in the negative.

"Where is he?" cried she.

"Not come in from the stable," replied Jane.

"Are you sure he is there?" said Mrs. Davis; "I cannot rest till I know the truth. Make some excuse to go to the stables, and see if they are there; tell Frank, or tell Betts, that I, that your master, wants to speak to them,—anything that comes into your head. I will wait here till you come back."

Jane did as she was desired, and soon returned with the unpleasant intelligence that there was no light in the stable, and that the door was locked.

"Then let me know when Betts comes in," said Mrs. Davis, "you need not say anything; bring me Fauny's cap. I shall know what it means; and mind whether he and Frank come in together."

Mrs. Davis returned to the sitting-room.

"I am glad you are come," said Mr. Davis, "we have been wishing for you. This is a most interesting work, and will amuse you."

Mrs. Davis professed to listen, but her thoughts were too much occupied to admit of her paying any attention to what her husband was reading, and his sensible observations therefore were of no benefit to her, whatever they might have been to his children. At length Frank made his appearance.

"You have been a long time," said Mr. Davis; "you have lost much that would have entertained you."

"So much the worse," returned he, "for after all, I have not been able to do anything with this problem."

"What! fairly conquered?" said his father, smiling. "But why didn't you come to me? it was not my wish to keep you away from us all the evening."

"I am sure of that," replied Frank; "but I knew you were engaged, and I did not like to interrupt you."

"I went to look for you," said one of his brothers, in a low voice to him; "I thought you would be so sorry to miss what we were reading; but I could not find you—where were you gone?"

The question took him by surprise, and at the same moment Mrs. Davis caught his eye. He saw that she was a good deal agitated, and his own countenance betrayed the consciousness of detected disobedience.

"Oh, Frank! what a rosy cheek you have got!" cried his little sister; "how you have burnt your face by the fire."

"There was no fire," said her brother, "it was gone out."

"Yes, and the colour is now gone, too," returned the child. "Poor Frank, you are so cold, come in between us two, and we will warm you."

Frank assured her that he was very comfortable, and it being soon after time for all but himself and his eldest sister to go to bed, the party was broken up. Instead of going to her own room when they retired for the night, Mrs. Davis stepped into that of her son's. Frank instantly devised the cause of her visit, and resolved at once to try what impudence and adroitness might do for him.

"I know what you are going to say, mother," cried he, boldly; "I have been out; but don't ask me where I have been, for I shall not tell you, it



does not concern myself alone. You need not make yourself unhappy about it." (Mrs. Davis was unhappy, and her countenance showed that she was.) "I had business, private business; mistakes will happen in the best-regulated shops, as you often say of the best-regulated families, only that it does not do to talk about them. One thing, however, I must entreat of you, not to speak a word to my father about it in any way."

"That I will promise you," replied she, "provided you will tell me where you have been."

"That I cannot do," returned he.

"Why not?" asked his mother.

"Where would be the use of my telling you?" answered Frank; "you could do no good, let me tell you what I might; as I said before, I am not the only party concerned."

"Has Mr. Sharman anything to do with it?" demanded she.

"Mr. Sharman!" repeated he. "What would my father say to that question? What he is constantly saying, if only half a word escapes before him,—'Stop! you are bound by your indentures not to divulge any secret of your master.' So good night, and make yourself quite easy;" and so saying he led her to the door, which he closed after her.

Mrs. Davis was puzzled, but not satisfied. In the impulse of the moment she resolved on immediately acquainting her husband with all that had passed, and to communicate her suspicions to him. Reflection, however, that generally benefits others, had a contrary effect upon her. There were many objections she perceived against such openness, and she convinced herself that it would be better to suppress the whole. When, therefore, Mrs. Davis inquired whether she had complied with his wishes in regard to Frank, she assured him that she had, and that there was no cause, as far as she could ascertain, for any uneasiness on his father's part. She should keep a watch upon him, however,—that he might depend upon; but though he was like all other young men,—for he was past the age of boyhood, they must recollect,—she had no fear that in the end he would prove all they wished.

There was a degree of ambiguity in this answer that awoke some feeling of alarm in the breast of Mr. Davis. "Then you are not entirely satisfied?" said he, earnestly.

"Oh yes! I am," returned she; "when I really am not, I will tell you. If you were to be tormented with every little grievance that springs up in the family, you would never be able to go through the fatigue and anxiety of a profession like yours; it would be cruel to worry you about trifles."

"Certainly," replied he, "I want no addition to my burden; but sometimes, I must own, my mind misgives me that I do too much for my employers, and too little for my family. If I had not you, Harriet, to rely upon, I know not what would be the consequence. Everything in the Bank depends upon me. I am in reality a slave to my duty, anxious as I am to justify the high opinion entertained by all parties of my integrity and usefulness. It is you who have the bringing up of our children; the trouble is, and ever has been yours, and I can only hope that the recompense of their good conduct will be granted to you in its fullest extent. If anything should go wrong, if one of the boys were to turn out ill," he sighed deeply, "the misery would of right belong to me, and it would be misery indeed. A good name is the chief inheritance I shall have to bequeath to our children; it is an inheritance above all others

that I should desire them to preserve. There is no evil that I can contemplate which would so severely wound me, as the loss of an honourable character to them or to me."

Mrs. Davis felt her husband's words forcibly, for she knew that every word he uttered was sincere. Again she was on the point of opening her mind, and, in this instance, requesting his advice and assistance, and again the habit of long-standing prevailed. No, no, truth was not to be spoken at all times. She had always said so, and she had never had any cause to alter her opinion. Convinced as she was of the propriety of her silence, and ashamed, perhaps, of the prevarication she had used, her lips were sealed at a moment when a full disclosure of her anxieties was most important, and might have proved most beneficial in the result.

But was Mr. Davis himself justified in thus committing the almost entire management of his family to his wife? Decidedly not. He had, indeed, a heavy burden of responsibility and care resting upon him from the nature of his employment; but he had opportunities, if he had availed himself of them, of exerting the power of a parent, and of directing the machinery of his own house, though without either taking an active or subordinate part in its workings. He was deceived every day of his life; but though his confidence was misplaced, not so much from any desire of his wife to do wrong, as from ignorance of her duty, and he was in some respects greatly to be pitied, his conduct was yet open to censure. As a man and a father, as a husband and a master, the absence of all vigilance on his part, and the entire resignation of his authority to her who was, in her best estate, but a help-meet for him, was highly reprehensible. Had he but exercised, in a slight degree only, that circumspection and wariness which never deserted him in the Bank, and that strict attention that he paid to the conduct and character of the young men under him, towards his own children, the pernicious system that prevailed in his own house could never have obtained the ascendancy it had now acquired, and every member of it would have been far more estimable, and the clouds that threatened the welfare and happiness of all, might have remained harmless in the horizon of their existence.

## RAMBLES IN THE PYRENEES.—No. VI.

### A SABBATH IN THE MOUNTAINS—A NIGHT AT LAC OO.

It was a morning such as is not often given to us—the beau-ideal of a Sabbath morn; one that seemed to bring heaven nearer our senses as well as to our minds. The air was clear and mild, the sun at the same time resplendent, but not yet hot enough to dry up the dewy freshness and cool of night.

We were on our way to Bagnères de Luchon, which place we had been very erroneously told we could reach in time for divine service at the English church. After ascending a steep, rugged lane, we wound along a lofty path overlooking the Val de Louron, with its *neste*—which we found here was the generic term for the mountain rivers, as Gave had been in other places—flowing clear and calm through its green enclosure, and the dark, stern ruins of feudal ages, perched on the summit of bristling rocks, looking down on vales and pasturages, whose serenity seemed like the conquest of Peace over barbaric power and lawless tyranny, when contrasting with these stern vestiges of days that were.

We passed Bodères, one of those feudal castles which were once the stronghold of the Counts of Armagnac, celebrated for the Burgundian contests during the reign of the imbecile Charles VI., and the era of the Maid of Orleans. Here, looking back, we saw the curious road we had descended the day before, with its almost circular windings down the hill, doubling and doubling, yet reaching the foot at last. In the centre of the Valley d'Aure, which joins that of Lauron, lay the small town of Arreau—a place much pleasanter for the traveller to look forward to, or backward upon, than to remain in.

But it was after passing the village of Avejan that I began really to enjoy myself, or perhaps to enjoy what was around me; for though that delightful day has left such pleasant—yes, and holy—remembrances on my mind, I often am forced to think how largely its best feelings and pleasures were contributed to by the adventitious circumstances of a delicious sky.

The road crossed here to the opposite bank, and we began a pleasant gradual ascent along a lane neither rough nor toilsome, having on one side fields of the brightest green, on the other trees, through which we saw the lovely vale, with its silver stream and boundary of mountains; and midway on the slopes of the bank, several small villages, with their respective churches—to every contiguous hamlet a church—and all lying as if wrapt in repose. No sound came on the air; we met no living thing; and it was rarely that even the tinkling of a sheep-bell, or the distant sight of little shepherds, who watch their flocks on the mountain-side, gave us notice that this peaceful valley was tenanted by any but ourselves.

As we advanced, however, there ascended sweetly on the stilly air the gentle toll of the church-going bells, sounding through these valleys and rocks, but softly and pleasingly, a summons to the house of prayer. Fancy never framed such scenes and such combining circumstances. There was something religious in the very feel of the air, the repose of earth and sky.

Thus, in silence, and behind the others, for company and voices would have spoiled the charm, I reached Loudervielle, and from the fairest scenes, the sweetest sensations, experienced a sudden disagreeable transition on entering the rude, filthy habitation wherein mankind had a dwelling-place, while all external nature was so lovely and so radiant. At a distance this village had seemed emblematical of peace, content, and all that is delightful in cottage life. Certainly the Pyrenean towns and hamlets are much more romantic at a distance than when you enter them. They form a pretty picture, but are a most disagreeable abode.

A more repulsive spot could hardly be imagined in any above-ground dwelling than the “best chamber” into which I was shown. To make the best of misery, I philosophically sat down, drew out my Prayer-book, and began to read. But the attempt at devotion was very often interrupted by intercepting ideas, suggested by a figure that placed itself before me. It was that of a tall, dirty, bare-legged and bare-footed girl, with the most extraordinary large, dark, staring eyes I ever saw, and these eyes so full of strange, admiring wonderment. She spoke only a sort of Spanish *patois*, and I could not by any means make her comprehend—that most incomprehensible point to a French imagination—that I would rather be alone.

There—by way, I suppose, of doing me honour—she stood, with those

great, staring, wondering, I might, without much vanity, say admiring eyes, fastened upon me with an expression that haunts me yet. I could not read my Prayer-book in peace while she stood staring upon me; and the taps I gave my book, and the various signs I made of wishing to be alone, only seemed to excite her wonder and admiration the more; so I started up and went out of the room, and asked how long we must stay there to rest the horses. "An hour at least," was the answer, "for there is no other house on the road."

I escaped quite out of Loudervielle, and taking a mountainous path, down the centre of which rapidly ran a little, brawling streamlet. I passed through a wooden gate into a beautiful, bright-green meadow, of pure Pyrenean verdure, and roaming at my own sweet will, soon contrived to seat myself on the top of a rough stone wall.

At one side I saw the two old feudal towers, that guarded the vale, nearly *vis-à-vis* to each other; and my eye could wander down that vale in its far-spreading loveliness, and drink in the spirit of its soft repose, without one sight or sound that drew the mind to a sense of human misery, bitterness, or toil. The pleasure might not be connected with practical utility, but it was one of deep mental, personal enjoyment. I would not enjoy such selfish luxuries for ever, but they are very pleasant sometimes. Before me rose up a lofty mountain, covered with glaciers, which rested unbroken, undissolved in its rocky clefts, though the sun at my back was shining with a fervency that was almost too great. The vale that parted me from that snowy mountain was so narrow that, hidden as it was by the hill upon which I sat, I could have fancied the aid of a pole would allow me to touch its glaciers. Not a cloud was in the pure blue sky; the atmosphere shed over the landscape that peculiarly Pyrenean colouring seen in the pictures of Claude Lorraine. I was now alone, and nature was solitary around me.

Here, then, I drew out my pocketed English Prayer-book, and here, with nature for my pulpit and preacher, I was obliged to be my own minister, and performed myself that beautiful and truly dignified service, which, long and much as I have observed it, never seemed to me so grand and so expressive as when repeated thus in the solitude of the Pyrenees.

It is true that former associations and kindred affections would draw back the thoughts and heart to happy England and its happy churches, and other voices seemed to repeat the splendid words of the invitation, "O! come let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker;" and the very feeling that I could not "enter His courts with thanksgiving, and His gates with praise," rendered them more dear.

Leaving Loudervielle, we commenced at one the rugged, disagreeable ascent of the Col de Peyresourdes—a mountain ridge, about four thousand five hundred feet in elevation, which divides the valleys of Louron and Arboust.

Up nearly to the tops of the mountains, on the side of the latter, were fields, divided and well cultivated; but the woods that once gave it its name are thinned away. It is a rich, fertile vale.

The summit of the Col afforded a fine view of the surrounding mountains and valleys, with their several *nestes*;\* but the descent we made was, I believe, quite out of the usual way. The guide chose to strike out

\* Mountain streams.

a shorter path down the face of the rugged mountain, where there was not even a sheep-track to mark the way; I dismounted from my horse, but I found that the path of the mountain was rather more tedious and fatiguing than I wished.

On reaching the meadow beneath it, we found our guide very picturesquely seated beneath a hawthorn at the side of a stream, our horses grazing near him; the fountain that fed the streamlet tumbling down at the further side of the tree.

I was very glad to mix some of its limpid waters with the lumps of sugar I was sufficiently Frenchified to carry, and found this *sau sucré* a most refreshing beverage.

Arrived on a level, just to descend again into a hollow, we found, at the junction of some little mountain lanes, a lonely church, beside which stood up the naked pine destined to illumine the vale of St. John. Our guide gave us a full account of the ceremonies, which very nearly resembled, at least so far as the young people are concerned, those practised in poor Ireland.

Here we made the full discovery of what we before had suspected—namely, that our guide knew rather less of the road than ourselves; and having provided himself with a list of the inns and halting-places that might be as convenient to him as to us, depended on the disguise of the patois for being able to make out his road, without our knowledge, from the chance passengers we met.

We descended into the little village of Oo, a curious little name, with its old picturesque castles; and had we been wise, or better informed, we should not have thought of ascending from it again. But we had set out with the intention of reaching Bagnères de Luchon that evening, and visiting Lac Oo on our way. Now, had our guide known the road, he would have told us here that this was impracticable, and that we must either stop for the night in the village of Oo, making the ascent next morning, or else get on to Luchon, and return thence to the lake. The latter, though of course a more expensive, would have been a better plan, because we then might have got a guide and horses that understood the locality, which is the very greatest object in all mountain excursions. It is surprising with what ease, comparatively, you make the most difficult ascent when your horse is accustomed to it.

On, however, straight through Oo the guide went, without even halting to ask a question; across a little bridge over a stream of that name, and of two roads on its bank taking the wrong one, brought us on to some distance, until we met a party of villagers, who sent us back again, and round to the other side.

We went along the Val de Lasto, which is only a member of the Val d'Arboust, and entered the pretty lane by which the difficult ascent to the lake commences; like the treacherous promise of opening life, inviting us to a course that soon turns to one of difficulty or danger. This lane, at first only sufficiently shaded to render its shade tantalising, soon became a pleasant avenue, bordered by trees, through the foliage of which we saw the Oo dashing along from its wild, rocky cradle, far above us, and then this pleasant shade yielded to green, open fields, and then succeeded the toils and difficulties of our road.

On a very narrow ledge—so narrow that there was only room for the horse's feet—the poor animal, who was evidently frightened at the difficulties of a path he knew no more than myself, refused to go on: a

contest in such a spot was by no means agreeable, but there was no room to dismount.

It was after this alarm had passed that our friends began to look grave and suspicious: the very natural doubt was occurring as to whether it would be possible for us to get down again before nightfall, and certainly even a moonlight descent, sublime as it might be, could not be recommended.

The guide, it was evident, knew not how much further we had to go, though he pretended he did; but as he would not assert positively that we could *not* get back, while he tried to speak equivocally of the contrary fact, I held out for an onward progress, believing that if I once turned back it would be a final farewell to a sight of Lac Oo.

Forward, then, we went; and after toiling up one of the most difficult, and, indeed, dangerous, of the zigzag ascents, my poor horse, when another rose up before him, wheeled round abruptly, and carried me to the very brink of the precipice, where he fell, plunging and pulling, as if resolved at last to resist his oppressors.

Right glad was I when the last of our curious curvings was circumnavigated, and the last pine-covered rock rounded, and we rode out on the mountain-scooped basin, which contains the Lac Oo and its beautiful cascade.

"We never can get down to-night," said one of the party to our guide, as we reached it.

"That is very certain," the other coolly answered.

The words startled me, but they could not wholly detach me from the effect and enjoyment of the scene.

"The setting sun's reflected hue  
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;"

or, rather, gave a rich, glowing tinge to the green colouring cast over the waters of this most beautiful tarn by the shadow of the lofty rocks, which rose up at its edge directly before us, slightly covered with vegetation, from which cause proceeded the greenness of their shadow, now brightening into gold and emerald beneath the beauty of a declining sun.

Down the centre of a nearly central rock fell, from a height of, I think, eight hundred feet, the clear, white cascade, its pleasing roar alone breaking the stillness, and its image most beautifully reflected in a long, shiny line of white, nearly across the dark bosom of the lake, sparkling and quivering in silveriness, distinct and unshadowed, amid the golden, green, and purple hues, cast by sunbeam and shadow over the waters, its original, overhead, ceaselessly supplied.

It was an exquisite sight, a moment of sudden enjoyment, as the scene at once opened upon us, not to be forgotten; and, although our prospects for the night were rather perplexing, not to be regretted.

I do not envy those who have arrived at Lac Oo in the midst of day's garish sunbeams, dined merrily under the shade of the wooden booth on its bank, made the rock-encircled basin resound with pleasantries, and descended again its toilsome path. And surely when I record the position in which we found ourselves, it must be confessed that the absence of envy, in this particular, is most magnanimous.

But the proof of this I must refer to the continuation of my account of a night at Lac Oo.

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN OLD  
TRAVELLER.—No. VII.

## MEERSCHAUM.

**KUTAYAH.**—Achmet Pasha, who commanded the troops at this decaying city, treated us with much civility. He had received his military education at Vienna, and had travelled a good deal on the Continent of Europe.

I know not whether others partake of my ignorance, but I certainly never knew where the meerschaum bowls of the German pipes came from, what the material was, or which the country that produced it; yet I have often asked German officers, German students, and other profound smokers. I remember that in Italy it was universally believed to be a marine production, as its name would imply. Achmet Pasha enlightened my ignorance. The material is nothing but a very peculiar and very fine clay, or earth, and the place of its production is Eski Shehr, at the distance of one long day's journey from Kutayah. The Pasha had often been there. The people make an infinitude of lulès, or Turkish pipe-bowls, which are exported to Constantinople, and are exceedingly light and pretty. This, in fact, is the one great manufacturing industry of Eski Shehr. They also export a great deal of the clay, or earth: in Turkish it is called the earth of Eski Shehr, and some of it annually finds its way into Germany through Trieste, or some of the ports on the Danube.

But the Germans give their bowls a baking, which the Eski Shehr people do not. This baking, and perhaps some other preparation, imparts to the German bowls a strength, adhesiveness, and durability, which the Turkish bowls do not possess. The pretty Eski Shehr lulès are brittle and frangible—a slight tap will shiver them. I have seen, and been familiar with, a meerschaum which, in the pocket of an Austrian veteran, had gone through the wear and risks of the last general war, and which was better than ever, for, in German estimation, the value of these pipe-bowls grows with their years.

At Eski Shehr the material is excavated out of deep pits or mines. These are very numerous round that old town; and as the purely-white clay comes in many places near to the surface of the soil, and glitters in the sun, Eski Shehr, at all seasons of the year, and in the hottest days of summer, always looks as if it had been recently visited by a snow-storm. I think that I discovered deposits of the material on the lower slopes of the mountains behind Kutayah. My very good friend, Dr. Lawrence Smith, discovered a very rich mine of it near a village of Asiatic Turkey, situated only a few miles from the Dardanelles.

Achmet Pasha, who had seen the process at Vienna, said that the Germans employed a good deal of oil in preparing the materials for their pipe-bowls. Two of the bowls made at Eski Shehr which he gave us were exceedingly beautiful in form, and carved with much taste and spirit, but they could not stand the jolting over rough roads in our port-manteaus. Both were broken to pieces.

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## BRITISH INDIA.—No. VIII.

## CHITTOOR, IN THE DISTRICT OF ARCOT.



CHITTOOR is a considerable civil station, distant about ninety miles from Madras, the seat of a collectorate, and formerly containing a Court of Sessions and Appeal similar to those at Tellicherry, Massulipatam, and Trichinopoly, as also a Zillah court, and two companies of a native infantry regiment detached from the military cantonment at Vellore. The ordinary route followed by travellers coming to and returning from Chittoor to Madras is through Arcot, the nearest cavalry station to Madras, and formerly a town of no mean repute when the seat of the once-famed nabobs. Between Arcot and Madras there is but one intermediate station where travellers repose during the heat of the day, and this was a bungalow called Balchitty's choultry, out of respect to a rich native of that name, who had here erected a large choultry, or resting-house, for poor native travellers, and built a fountain close to it to supply man and beast with water, two of the greatest charities that can be bestowed in the East, and which may be said to date from the days of the patriarch Abraham downwards.

We left Madras at ten o'clock at night, with a complete set of duly-warranted bearers, furnished by the police office, and soon after quitting the noise of the Indian city fell into a profound sleep, and never opened eye again till bright Aurora made her appearance; and half an hour before sunrise we reached our halting-place for that day. It was vastly agreeable



thus to escape being exposed to the heat of the day, and have a nice comfortable cosy breakfast—fresh milk, fresh eggs, and unexceptionable coffee. The old man in charge of the bungalow was all attention, and undertook, with great glee, the task of procuring from the neighbouring village a fine sheep for the palkee-bearers. Whenever we had a chance in India of getting some of their own curry for dinner, we always availed ourselves of it; it was infinitely superior to what one could get made by any professional cook, and it is the usage in India to give the bearers a whole sheep for their dinner after a good night's run: between thirteen of them they generally manage to pick the bones clean, in addition to no small quantity of boiled rice and ghee. We have all heard the story about the devout Brahmins, who consider themselves in duty bound to tie a straw lightly round them before sitting down to meals, and never leave off eating till the straw bursts: now, though we never witnessed this feat ourselves, we have seen palkee boys eat such a prodigious quantity, that it has been quite a mystery to us to understand how they could ever rise up off the ground again before the lapse of a few hours, much less undertake to run a score or two of miles with a heavy weight upon their shoulders.

Upon the occasion referred to we made the head-bearer our cook, and, though we confessed with tears in our eyes, that the mixture was uncommonly hot, we never in our whole experience, before or after, remember to have tasted anything so deliciously savoury as this sheep's-head curry proved to be.

In the evening we resumed our journey, and next morning saw us comfortably domiciliated with two officers of the eighth cavalry, then stationed at Arcot. Poor fellows! we little thought of parting from them that we were destined to meet no more on this side of the grave. The weather was extremely sultry, and our hosts (both bachelors occupying the same house) were in that fine and easy costume so characteristic of Indian life. Cusscuss blinds were hanging at the doors and windows of their sitting-room, which was not overburdened with furniture: there was a camp-table in the centre, and camp-couches, which, on a squeeze, served as beds; on either side half-a-dozen chairs, a picture of a race-horse, another of a cock-fight, two portraits of ladies, a cavalry saddle astraddle in one window, and a monkey, full of mischief, chained to another. The two sons of Mars were stretched at full length on their respective sofas, cigar in mouth, and both were or pretended to be reading; our entrance caused the books to be shied into a corner, and much to the delight of Jacko, within reach of his paws, and diligently did he set about their destruction, for we were all three too much occupied in conversation to pay any attention to the monkey. The servant was the first to discover the mischief; the two books had hardly a page left, and what made the matter worse, was that they belonged to the mess library. We thought they would have shot the monkey at the first outburst of their anger; but he was too great a source of amusement to them to be easily parted with, so they resolved on bringing him to a general court-martial, and he was sentenced to be fed on scalding-hot potatoes for a week; the severest punishment that could be inflicted on Jacko, who was half an hour before he could get one sufficiently cool by rubbing it over and over with his paws, and they doled them out to him one at a time from a pot of boiling water. It was quite a banishment to these officers being stationed at Arcot, and right glad were they of a chance of getting leave for a few weeks to rush off to Madras or Chittoor; or even Vellore.

At the time of the great Vellore mutiny a regiment of Queen's dragoons was stationed at Arcot, and to their great activity and exertion alone were the Government indebted for the quelling of the riot and utter extermination of the mutineers; this regiment traversed the distance between Arcot and Vellore in an almost incredibly short space of time, but in this short interval almost every European had been massacred by the insurgents.

We left Arcot and our two indolent friends about sunset, and reached Chittoor long before daybreak the next morning.

Few up-country stations can boast of so many commodious dwelling-houses as Chittoor contains, and but very few can rival its gardens. The Arcot mango is known to be the largest in the world, but as to flavour nothing can compete with the Chittoor raspberry mango; some of the houses were inconveniently large, and consisted of three wings, each separate wing being sufficient in itself to accommodate an ordinary family, and many of them were extremely ancient. One of these, which was occupied by the Zillah judge's family, had an immense organ set up in one of the upstairs-rooms of a deserted and ruinous wing: how long it had been there, or how many years had elapsed since it had played its last tune, none of the oldest inhabitants could divine; the cylinders appeared to be in pretty good condition, though perfectly smothered with dust; but vainly have we pumped away at the bellows till our arms were fit to drop, in the hopes of eliciting some faint note of music: the only sound it ever made was when a strong breeze of wind got into the many cracks and crevices in the woodwork, and then it would groan away gloomily like some huge Æolian harp dismally out of tune.

But in India, where everyone keeps a dozen servants, besides one or two sets of palanquin-bearers,—and in addition to this the civilians have a posse of peons or policemen—too much room in a house is seldom the complaint; the greatest fault to be found with the Chittoor houses was the distance placed between them and the outhouses, the kitchen being so far off that the dinner nearly got cold before it was placed on the table. In rainy weather the soup would make its appearance borne in the hands of the dubash, or head servant, and carefully escorted by a couple of peons, holding extensive Indian chutteries, or umbrellas, over it; to keep off the heavy showers of rain.

Every house in Chittoor is surrounded by a large compound full of fruit trees, so thickly set as to afford a pleasant shade during all hours of the day, and affording shelter to legions of noisy squirrels and screaming parrots, both declared enemies of the gardener, and destroying bushels of fruit, despite every precaution in the shape of scarecrows, traps, &c. Every compound has a space of ground allotted to the cultivation of vegetables, and some of these kitchen-gardens produce abundant supplies. Flowers flourish luxuriantly, and a great number of exotics succeed perfectly when tended with care and attention. There is no lack of water, every compound boasting three or four tanks, each tank being furnished with a paccotah for irrigating the ground.

In the garden attached to the house that we inhabited there grew two peach trees, a great rarity in India, but though they blossomed and the young fruit set, they never came to maturity.

The climate of Chittoor is considered very healthy, and it is almost entirely free of those hot land winds so relaxing to the constitution, and so prevalent in India. This wind is excluded by the high hills in the neighbourhood; and though the days are often very sultry, the sea-breeze gene-

rally sets in in the afternoon, and the nights are seldom oppressively hot. The drives and rides in the neighbourhood are numerous and agreeable, and the roads kept in excellent condition by the native criminals, who are daily set to work on some public improvement. The longest and most picturesque drive at Chittoor is the one that conducts you right round a long range of high hills in the very centre of the town, called the Chetah hills, from the fact of chetahs being continually shot or ensnared in that neighbourhood.

We often saw these beautiful, but savage, creatures in our afternoon's drive, high up above us on the craggy points of the hills, jumping from ledge to ledge with kitten-like nimbleness, either sporting with their young ones or tormenting some terrified victim. Young chetahs were occasionally hawked about by the natives for sale, and eagerly purchased by young civilians and officers; but though they grow very tame, and follow one about like a dog, they are never to be trusted, and invariably turn out savage in the longrun.

Dumelgundies, or the laughing hyena, are very plentiful in the neighbourhood of Chittoor: we have sometimes, when returning home late at night from a friend's house, encountered a couple of these ugly customers creeping along the hedges in search of a stray goat or a calf, or something of a convenient size to carry off; but though nearly the size of a donkey, they are the greatest cowards in existence, and run away at the slightest noise. We were often surprised to find that the horses evinced no fear of these creatures: we had a pony that had such a dislike to them that it was all we could do to prevent him from rushing after them open-mouthed, with all imaginable malice displayed in his viciously-turned-back ears. On one occasion, it was only just getting dusk when we came up with a pair of dumelgundies, slinking stealthily along from bush to bush: as they must have passed us to get up the hill, or else take to a wide open plain, we endeavoured and succeeded in cutting off their retreat, and gave chase with a good strong hunting-whip—our only arms. Away we went helter-skelter, nothing stopped the way: the pony as evidence of uncontrollable delight, kicking his hinder legs up in the air, rather too frequently to be pleasant to the rider. At last driven to desperation, the brutes came to a dead stop, and facing round, gave utterance to one of those doleful, hysterical cries called their laugh. What they would have done there is no saying had we closed with them: the pony, however, never stopped to consider, but, wheeling round with such amazing rapidity that we all but lost our seat, he got the bit in his mouth and ran away with us, terror lending fresh speed to his swiftness, and never stopped till he pulled up of his own accord at the door of our house; whether the dumelgundies gave us chase or not we are unable to say, as we had enough to do to keep our seat without venturing to look behind us.

We occasionally heard of the havoc committed by these brutes in the surrounding villages, where, besides carrying off goats and sheep, they sometimes made away with an infant.

Poultry had a great many enemies to contend with at Chittoor, wengles,\* bandicoots, and snakes were the most formidable amongst these: the partiality of snakes for eggs is very remarkable. We had a great many turkeys at Chittoor, and in the laying seasons the hens were wont to stray in all directions, as they always do, to deposit their eggs. One hen we

\* A large species of rat.

had traced to her secret haunt, and not wishing to frighten her from it, as she would inevitably find out some other retreat if disturbed, we contented ourselves with watching her till she quitted the nest of her own accord, and had got some distance away. Thinking that we should find at least a round dozen of eggs ready to set under a fowl—the method we always adopted in hatching turkeys—we took the precaution of getting ready a basket, and pressed a hen into the service that was ready to set, before handling the eggs. Our dismay was great, however, on arriving at the nest to find it empty, while the ground all about was strewn with egg-shells. Quite at a loss to account for this we watched the turkey narrowly the next day, and no sooner had she deposited her egg and was gone, than a great snake emerged from a hole close by, and deliberately coiled itself round the egg. A friend ran for his gun, and fetching it, we waited to see how the cobra managed: it had no sooner coiled itself than it began to uncoil again, and there was the egg completely crushed; the snake then sucked the contents clean out, and then quietly shoved the shell out of the nest by pushing against it! This was wonderful instinct, and seemed to indicate a fear that the bird might not return to its nest if it found its eggs in such a sad state. We shot the thief just as he was wriggling back to his hole, and so put an end to his thievish propensities.

At Chittoor we also witnessed a fight between a snake and a rat, and witnessed it rather too near to be comfortable. We went one day into a large outhouse, where we used to keep all kinds of provisions and stores, and were busily engaged hunting for what we were in search of, when something fell heavily to the ground close behind us: turning to see what it was, we discovered to our horror a large cobra, or as the natives call it “nulla pambo,” that is, the good snake, because its sting causes almost instantaneous death, and the victim goes off in a deep sleep, from which he never wakes again; whereas other snakes, though equally direful as to the result of their stings, cause the victim to suffer excruciating tortures before death ensues.

The cobra, however, took no notice of us, all his fury being concentrated on a large rat which had fallen at the same time with himself, and which now stood up on its hind paws ready to evade the serpent's spring, and avail itself of any opportunity for self-defence. We had no other means of getting to the door but by jumping over the combatants' heads, a feat that we accomplished with amazing agility, and fortunately without any harm ensuing. On reaching the outside of the door we ventured to look back, and perceived, to our indescribable satisfaction, that neither of the combatants had taken the slightest notice of our proceedings: there stood the cobra, with head erect in the air, its expanded crest waving to and fro, before making a deadly stroke at the rat, who, for its part, never took its little bright eyes for an instant off the snake. At length the snake struck fiercely at the rat, and such was the rapidity of the movement, that though the latter almost instantaneously leapt aside, the fangs of the deadly serpent made a sharp incision in its side: then the wounded little creature, as though fully aware of the uselessness of all further precaution, and with all the fury of revenge, sprang at the expanded throat of the cobra, and fixing its sharp teeth firmly there, clung with all the desperation of a dying avenger, despite the furious lashings and efforts of the snake to disentangle itself, till both exhausted fell flat along the ground, the rat perfectly dead, with its now motionless jaws firmly set, and its teeth meeting in the lacerated throat of the destroyer. The snake gradually disenclosed

itself, and in a few seconds lay stiff and stretched out as utterly void of life as the victim of its wrath. We afterwards discovered a nest of young rats in the roof, to save whose lives the mother had evidently sacrificed her own, uselessly as the result proved, for the young vermin only escaped being swallowed by the snake to fall under our equally merciless cat, who bore the young rats away in triumph to her kittens.

A great amusement, as well as a healthy exercise, was afforded to the gentlemen at Chittoor by the public racket-court, which was kept up by subscription, and where hardly a week-day passed without some match coming off between the aspirants for laurels in that particular game.

Pony and donkey races were also much indulged in; and once an unhappy monkey, that was hourly subjected to the pleasantries of the many-headed youngsters, was securely strapped to a Pegu pony and raced against some half-dozen sporting characters, beating the whole posse by a good quarter of a mile.

Amongst other pastimes, that of witnessing the wonderful feats of itinerant jugglers was a favourite one at Chittoor. Some of these Indian pilewauks had tricks there was no possibility of solving; even the famous Mons. Robin sinks into insignificance in comparison with them. Amongst the many extraordinary tricks that we witnessed there was one that set all our precautions and watchfulness at defiance; it was almost supernatural, and was done in the presence of multitudes in any room of any house we chose to fix upon. The trick was as follows:—A handsome young girl, covered with ornaments—

“Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,”

and dressed as a bride, is brought into the room by the conjuror, who is usually a fine young man with enormous muscular strength; the room is then cleared of all the juggler's tribe, and the spectators form a compact circle round the actors in the supposed tragedy: an open wickerwork basket, in size and shape resembling much a beehive, and which is used in India to cover newly-hatched chickens, is then produced; the girl sits down on the floor in the centre of the room, and salaaming to all the company first, is then covered over by the basket. Over this the husband flings a couple of sheets, so as to exclude her entirely from view; a conversation then ensues between the juggler and the woman under the basket, in which the latter accuses her of unfaithfulness, a reproach to which the girl at first replies indignantly; gradually the man gets more and more excited, and holds forth threats, at which the frightened girl begins to remonstrate, and finally supplicates for mercy. The conjuror is, however, by this time, to all appearances, wound up to a pitch of fury, and suddenly, to the horror of the uninitiated portion of his spectators, unsheathes his sword, and runs it through and through the basket in every direction; shrieks of alarm and pain, which gradually grow fainter and fainter, ensue; the basket absolutely writhes, as though moved by the quivering touch of the murdered girl; blood streams out from under the basket, the sword is bathed in gore, and a faint suffocating groan proclaimed to the spectators that

“The deed is done.”

The bloodstained murderer then coolly wipes the sword and returns it to its scabbard, and salaaming to the spectators tell them that he has been well avenged on his wife for her infidelity, and hopes that the burra sahibs will reward him with a good buckshish; he then deliberately removes one sheet at a time, and, shaking them well, folds them up;

this done he kicks over the basket and exposes to view the— floor of the room! Nor woman, nor child, nor blood, nor any trace of the late occupant of the basket is to be found! The juggler, who pretends to be as much astonished as any one else at the marvellous disappearance of his wife, calls imploringly on her to return. Lutchmee, for so is the girl usually named, answers to the call, and the astounded spectators turn simultaneously towards the door, where the assembled servants, who have been peeping in with silent awe, are seen speedily clearing a passage for some one, who they have not the slightest doubt must be a daughter of a pishash, and the pretty little Lutchmee comes running into the room, all smiles and salaams, scathless as any of the party present, and apparently much amused at the surprise depicted in every one's countenance.

How they managed it between them was more than any one then present could even hazard an opinion about; all, however, agreed that it was the most complete deception ever practised, and willing donors showered pieces of money upon the fair and not unwilling gatherer of their donations.

The European society at Chittoor used then to consist of, firstly, the three circuit judges and the registrar of their court, the collector, the sub-collector, head and second assistants, and two or three additional young assistants, studying the language, and getting initiated in the duties of the revenue department; then come the Zillah judge and his registrar, the doctor, and the two officers on detachment duty stationed at the fort. As a rare instance in Indian society the number of ladies predominated at Chittoor, and amongst these there were no less than seven unmarried ones, but soon these found partners, and flitted away to their respective stations.

Chittoor is a missionary station, and supports a mission school: on Sundays, Divine service used to be performed in the chapel according to the rites of the Church of England.

The fort is a miserable ruinous-looking place, about three miles distant from the other houses; the quarters of the officers are wretched edifices, exposed to great heats, and not unoften to the sickly miasma rising up from the rain water stagnating in the ditches.

During our stay at Chittoor several of the native convicts confined in the gaol effected their escape, but were recaptured after a desperate struggle and resistance. Taking advantage of the stony nature of the mountains in the vicinity of Chittoor, over which they were employed to cut a new road for conveyances coming to and fro between Madras and Chittoor, they employed the leisure hour allotted to them at mid-day for repose and meals (and when their guards were occupied about their own creature comforts) in loosening the rivets of their chains, which they did by aid of hard sharp-pointed stones, and, at a given signal, overpowering their unwary guards, they possessed themselves of their arms, and made good their escape to the mountains.

The troops and mounted police tracked them from village to village, and finally a fierce encounter took place, in which, after many casualties on both sides, the convicts were vanquished, but not until they were hacked and cut almost literally to pieces; few living to cross again the threshold of the prison hospital, to which they were conveyed in a most appalling condition.

From its vicinity to the presidency, and its healthy climate, Chittoor may be esteemed the most desirable up-country station within the jurisdiction of the Madras government.

## ISAAC ASHFORD.

NEXT to these ladies, but in nought allied,  
 A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died ;  
 Noble he was, contemning all things mean,  
 His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene :  
 Of no man's question Isaac felt afraid ;  
 At no man's presence Isaac look'd dismay'd ;  
 Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;  
 Truth, simple truth, was written on his face ;  
 Yet, while the serious thought his soul approved,  
 Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved :  
 To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,  
 And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind.  
 Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,  
 And gave allowance where he needed none ;  
 Good he refused with future ill to buy,  
 Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh.  
 A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast  
 No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd :  
 (Bane of the poor ! it wounds their weaker mind,  
 To miss one favour, which their neighbours find) :  
 Yet far was he from stoic pride removed ;  
 He felt humanely, and he warmly loved.  
 I mark'd his action, when his infant died,  
 And his old neighbour for offence was tried :  
 The still tears, stealing down that furrow'd cheek,  
 Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.  
 If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,  
 Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;  
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew  
 None his superiors, and his equals few :  
 But, if that spirit in his soul had place,  
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;  
 A pride in honest fame by virtue gain'd ;  
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labour train'd ;  
 Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,  
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;  
 Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied—  
 In fact, a noble passion, misnamed Pride.  
 In times severe, when many a sturdy swain  
 Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain,  
 Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,  
 And feel in that his comfort and his pride.  
 True to his church he came, no Sunday shower  
 Kept him at home in that important hour.  
 I feel his absence in the house of prayer,  
 And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there.  
 I see no more those white locks, thinly spread  
 Round the bald polish of that honour'd head ;  
 No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,  
 Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there.—  
 But he is blest, and I lament no more  
 A wise good man, contented to be poor.

CRAEEL.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

**A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

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NO LIE THRIVES.—No. XI.



IN the meantime the conduct of Willis had continued such as to secure the approbation and confidence of Mr. Sharman, and to rejoice his mother. He was clever in his business, and he took a delight in it. Respectful where respect was due, and civil and obliging to all, he was a favourite with the customers. These were as much pleased with Frank's manners as with his, and some even gave the preference to the former, for he had more to say, and was more lively; but all depended most upon the word of Willis, to whom constant appeals from Frank's assertions were made, especially if an article was deemed dearer than was expected.



Mr. Sharman's behaviour was also very gratifying to him: there was not the slightest partiality shown him, but there was a quiet reliance placed upon him that his own heart was prompt to appreciate and gratefully to acknowledge.

But, Sunday! oh the comfort, the happiness of that day! The sky might lour, the wind blow, the storm threaten—no matter, these would present no obstruction to the meeting of son and mother, with sister and brother, and not a smile beamed less bright on the features of either. It was truly a day of enjoyment and of improvement. The manners of Willis were softened and corrected by the gentle influence of unrestrained female society, while he, in return, was of much service both to Mrs. Richmond and Ellen. The first could now consult him on little points that were of some consequence to herself, and the latter derived instruction and amusement from his conversation and more advanced understanding. These stated meetings had also another advantage—they acted as a check to Willis's natural impetuosity. He had been in earnest when he declared his intention to counteract, if possible, the infirmity of his temper; and the timely thought of the confessions he should compel himself to make to his mother or sister, perhaps to both, had frequently a salutary effect upon him.

Could Mrs. Richmond have divested herself of one great source of anxiety, few mothers, few widowed mothers especially, could have laid claim to a greater share of happiness. Ellen was all she could desire in disposition and understanding, but it was impossible not to perceive that her constitution was the very reverse of robust. She was now fourteen, too tall for her age, and too thin to give unmixed pleasure to the beholder. Her appearance, in fact, made the more indifferent observer wish she might "do well," while it awoke the painful misgiving of those to whom she was dear, that long life would not be allotted her. Mrs. Richmond carefully avoided all outward signs that she was attentively watched; both she and Willis always endeavoured to be as cheerful as possible before her, and neither of them, by constant inquiries after her, intimated to her that they had any fears respecting her health. Mrs. Richmond had consulted a physician living in the place, and was so far contented by his assurance that he could detect nothing of moment about her; at the same time he recommended that she should be subjected to as little excitement as possible, and avoid unnecessary exercise and exposure to the damp.

The event to which Ellen looked forward with the greatest anxiety and most pleasurable anticipations was the return, for good, of Emma Sharman. Years had strengthened the affection between them, while they gradually developed the sweetness of disposition that belonged to each. Emma was a year older than Ellen, and this was an advantage to the latter. She had strong sense, but was very mild and unobtrusive in her manner, simple as veracious in conversation, and far more anxious to make herself useful than to win applause. She loved Ellen with all the warmth of early affection, more delighted to be the object of attachment to one so amiable as she, and to be noticed by such a woman as Mrs. Richmond, than conscious that her own friendship, and tender and respectful attention, were estimable in themselves, and to be prized by others.

It was the Easter holidays, and the friends were now as happy as the springtide of the year and of existence could make them. Harriet

Davis, though not a particular favourite with either, was frequently their companion. She also was very fond of Ellen, and when Emma was at school, her society afforded a change that Mrs. Richmond was glad to avail herself of. Harriet was very good-humoured and lively, very obliging, and often very amusing; but the same want of truth which distinguished some of the other members of her family existed in her. She had a quick eye for the ridiculous, and had always a stock of anecdotes on hand, which, though ever so frequently related, had always an appearance of originality. The fact was, that all Harriet's stories were retouched and embellished in proportion as they were well received; indeed, these passed through so many editions, and with such copious emendations, that she herself, not unfrequently the inventor as well as commentator of the tale, would have found it difficult to trace the original conception in its expanded form.

Harriet sometimes shared the Sunday walk with Ellen and Willis, when, fully aware of her propensity, both would, as occasion presented itself, gently check her; but, though reproved, she was never corrected. She saw no harm in such deviations from truth: the first conviction of its importance had long been destroyed; and the imputation on her assertions, which would have been considered as disgraceful by most, was passed off with a laugh by her.

Ellen had just been lamenting that she was deprived of Emma's company that evening to tea, when Harriet, with her sister Anna and a cousin, came in.

"Oh, Ellen!" cried she, as she entered, "this is such a lovely afternoon for a walk, that we have got mother's leave to go to Kingsdale—will you go with us? It is not more than three-quarters of a mile at the most, and that's nothing—is it, Mrs. Richmond?"

Ellen looked at her mother.

"I have no objection, my dear," said Mrs. Richmond.

"Oh, thank you, mother!" cried she. "Wait, then, for me, Harriet, and I will put my things on as quickly as possible."

As soon as they were alone, Mrs. Richmond impressed upon Harriet her hope that they would neither walk further nor faster than Ellen was accustomed to do.

"I will give you my word," returned Harriet, "that we will only go to Kingsdale, and will walk just such a pace as if you were with us, and you know that is not very fast. We shall call on an old servant of ours there, and can rest ourselves as long as we please."

"There will be no occasion for that," said Mrs. Richmond; "Ellen takes longer walks with me than to Kingsdale, and I have no wish to make her think it is going too far."

At this moment Ellen appeared at the door. Harriet started up to meet her. "I have just promised your mother," said she, "that—"

Mrs. Richmond instantly interrupted her. "Say nothing about it. Good-bye! I hope you will have a pleasant walk."

The party set off in high spirits: could Emma Sharman but have been with them, nothing would have been more agreeable, but as her absence was unavoidable, it was useless to lament it. When they had gone a little way, Harriet suddenly recollected that she knew a field where quantities of cowslips were growing, and other beautiful wild flowers also, some of which she recollected, she said, Ellen was desirous of obtaining—and, besides, it was by far the prettiest way to Kingsdale.

Ellen inquired whether the field was near, as she did not wish to lengthen the distance.

"Quite near," replied she; "you may almost see it now, and by crossing the meadow next it, we shall get to the village as soon as if we had kept on the direct road."

"No, that we shan't," said Anna, in a half-whisper, "it must be further; recollect what Mrs. Richmond said."

"And what does it signify if it is a little longer?" replied Harriet; "Mrs. Richmond is not particular to a few yards. Only say nothing about it, and Ellen will not find out the difference."

The party accordingly left the road, and took the direction of the meadows. Harriet had said no more in praise of the beauty of the walk than it deserved; but long before they had reached the field where the cowslips were to be found, Ellen began to be sensible of its length. The loveliness of the scenery, however, the freshness of the air, the merry notes of the birds, and the lively conversation of her companions, so far diverted her mind that she was not fully sensible how much she was fatigued till they had arrived at the desired spot.

"Now sit down on this tree," said Harriet to her, for she had seen that Ellen was looking paler than usual, "and we will bring you a lapful of cowslips in a very short time, and Anna shall get any flower you wish for besides, and by that time you will be as fresh again as a daisy."

She soon made good her promise as to the cowslips and flowers; but it was not possible for her to persuade Ellen that the rest she had been enjoying had restored her to as much vigour as when they had started. Too gentle, however, to express any feeling but that of pleasure for the gratification she felt assured her companions intended to give her, she suppressed the slightest hint of her weariness. She was very thankful, however, when she found herself in Mrs. Bradley's cottage. Here they were all regaled with new milk, and the most delightful fresh-churned butter and bread that each declared she had ever tasted. Harriet remarked the improvement in Ellen's appearance with no small degree of satisfaction; for, in spite of her repeated assertions that it was not possible she could feel fatigued at such a little difference in the distance, as she now admitted the way by the meadows had made, she had begun to be very uneasy as the thought of Mrs. Richmond's displeasure crossed her mind.

"I am sure you are not tired now, Ellen," said she; "you look as lively as any one of us. When you like to go back we are ready, but don't go till you feel yourself quite rested."

The fact was they had consumed so much more time than had been at first anticipated by taking the more lengthened distance, that she feared their longer absence would cause inquiries which she would rather avoid being made.

"Indeed, miss," said Mrs. Bradley, "you must pardon my saying that the sooner you are gone the better, for I think the sky threatens a shower, if not something worse—it looks very black against the wind."

In a moment all were in motion; one umbrella, the wealth of the cottage, was offered and accepted. Many thanks for the good woman's hospitality were expressed, a hasty adieu was interchanged, and the party set off with as much speed as they could command. This would have been nothing to her young friends, but it soon tried the strength of Ellen, who declared herself incapable of continuing to walk so fast. She begged

them, however, to make the best of their way home and leave her with the umbrella. This arrangement was, of course, rejected, and they pursued the path together. Large drops now gave warning of what was approaching; their pace for a few minutes was amended, but in vain. Suddenly, the rain came down in torrents—they all took shelter under some thick bushes, the umbrella sufficiently defending Ellen from the violence of the shower.

In a short time the rain abated—the sun again shone forth—and all might have been well, if the pathway had not been so completely saturated with water as it was.

"Oh, Ellen! pray, pray don't tell your mother how far we have been," cried Harriet, in the greatest consternation, "pray don't say you are tired—but you are not very tired, are you? I am sure you can't be. Oh, pray don't let her see you are wet in the feet. I wonder you don't have thicker shoes—of what use are things like these? When we get home, stay at the gate, perhaps I can contrive to see your servant; or, what will be a much better plan, go home with us; you shall have dry shoes and stockings. Anna's will fit you exactly, and then neither your mother nor any one need know anything about it. Do, Ellen, pray say you will. You are nearer our house than your own, and it will save your mother so much anxiety, for you know how particular she is about you; and I am sure you would not wish her to be angry with me—and she will—indeed she will"—and Harriet began to weep.

It is not every one like Harriet who is sufficiently skilful to reserve the most prevailing arguments to the last; nor could it be said that that art was the result of premeditation; her words gained force as her fears grew stronger, and they had all the effect she desired on the tender and gentle heart of Ellen. She had been unmoved by all Harriet's entreaties, till the idea of giving any sort of distress to her mother was suggested. For a few minutes she was silent; then, turning her ingenuous face to the agitated girl beside her, she said—

"I will do as you propose, and go home with you; and if my mother asks no questions, I will not tell her what has happened; but if she makes any inquiry I must and will acquaint her with the whole truth."

Harriet urged her no further. It was a great deal thus far to have gained her point, and they took the road to her own home. Jane instantly took off Ellen's wet shoes and stockings, and Mrs. Davis rubbed her feet with brandy, insisting at the same time that she should have a little sal volatile and water to ward off the cold. Ellen thanked her very gratefully for her kindness, and as she expressed an earnest wish to go home as quickly as possible, and was encouraged to lose no further time, she and Harriet left for the purpose.

As Ellen was bidding Mrs. Davis good evening, the latter again inquired if she felt chilly, and being assured that she was very comfortable, "Then take my advice, my dear," said she, "keep it all to yourself; you can easily account in some way or other for your being out longer than your mother expected. This will be very harmless deceit, if it can be called deceit at all; and it is done for the best of purposes. Don't return Anna's stockings, one of us will come for them, and bring back your own."

Mrs. Richmond was looking anxiously for them. "My dear girls," said she, as soon as she saw them, "how glad I am that you are come back!—what has made you so late?"

"We have been, you know, to see Mrs. Bradley," returned Harriet, quickly, "and she, you may believe, was in no hurry to part with us."

"But the rain?" said Mrs. Richmond.

"Oh we managed capitally about that," replied she, "we scarcely got a drop upon us. Then we called in at our house for a minute or two, so that we have not been quite so long as you might think, and the streets are now as dry as if there had not been any rain at all."

No suspicion of the truth of course crossed the mind of Mrs. Richmond. Relieved of any remaining anxiety, she thanked Harriet for the pleasure she had given Ellen, and affectionately returned her good night. It so happened, that to beguile away the time of Ellen's absence, she had taken up her account-book; having detected a former mistake, and being desirous of ascertaining when it had originated, she resumed her occupation as soon as Harriet was gone. By this means, her attention was so diverted from Ellen, that the pallid countenance of the latter never once struck her; and engrossed by her own thoughts, she asked no questions when they went to bed, as to the length of the walk or any other particulars respecting it.

Ellen felt very weary the next morning, and unwilling to rise. She said nothing, however, but arose at the usual time, and executed the little household affairs that devolved on her. Mrs. Richmond observed, as they sat at breakfast, that she was looking paler than usual, and that she had not eaten so much as she was accustomed. She made no remark to her, however, on the subject, but she sighed to herself as she thought how little fatigue it was evident her daughter was able to bear.

It was yet very early when Mrs. Davis presented herself.

"You see I am standing on no ceremony, Mrs. Richmond," said she; "I suppose that you, like me, have not very long had your breakfast. I walked to the Bank with Mr. Davis this morning, as I had several errands to do in the town, and I promised my girls to call here to inquire after Ellen, and to execute a commission that Harriet has intrusted to me. This little parcel contains something belonging to you, my dear, and now if you have anything to return I shall be happy to be the bearer of it."

She had taken a seat behind Mrs. Richmond, and opposite to Ellen, as she spoke, so that the sundry significant signs she made to the latter by way of learning whether she had taken cold, could not be perceived by her mother. Ellen felt greatly distressed. She took the parcel in silence.

"Have you nothing to send back?" asked Mrs. Davis, with a smile. "Stand on no form with me, I beg; but if you have anything to return, let me have it, there's a dear girl, directly."

Ellen rose, went up stairs, and enclosing the stockings and shoes in the paper from which she had taken her own, she brought the parcel to Mrs. Davis.

"So I may report that you are very well," said she, as she took the packet; "they will be so glad to hear it. Now, be careful of yourself, for my girls are planning another party shortly."

The manœuvring that had been displayed in this action, the artfulness shown in every word that Mrs. Davis had uttered, perfectly intelligible to Ellen, though unsuspected by Mrs. Richmond, so shocked the ingenuous girl, that the door was scarcely closed when she approached her mother, and laying her head on her bosom burst into tears. Naturally as

much alarmed as surprised, Mrs. Richmond inquired into the cause of her agitation.

"Oh, mother!" at length sobbed Ellen, "I have done wrong; I have entangled myself in a promise to Harriet. I want you to know everything, but how can I break my word?"

"My dear child," replied Mrs. Richmond tenderly, but in a grave tone, "every promise at your age must be conditional; the authority of a parent cancels all obligations to secrecy on your part, and as a mother, I demand to know whatever you may have to tell me. Do not be afraid;" for Ellen raised her eyes with a distressful expression to her mother—"it is but a fancied duty that attempts to seal your lips; but it is a real, and compulsory duty, that commands you to open them."

Thus reassured, Ellen repeated everything that had occurred the evening before. Mrs. Richmond heard her with pain, and with secret apprehension for the consequences of an exposure to the wet, which she had been so strictly recommended to guard against. She said but little, however, on the subject, and endeavoured by her cheerful manner to make light of all but the disingenuous conduct both of Mrs. Davis and Harriet. Ellen felt greatly relieved. It was the first time in her life that there had existed a shadow of disguise between herself and her mother; and the dispersion of the cloud was a renewal of the bright beam of happiness that was the charm of her life.

The mother and daughter now sat at their work; but as Ellen was not inclined to talk, Mrs. Richmond offered to read aloud a book Willis had recommended and brought to them. Scarcely however had she begun, when the voice of Emma Sharman was heard, and in the next moment she entered with a face glowing with pleasure. Saluting both affectionately, she exclaimed—

"Oh, Ellen, I have such good news to tell you! I am to leave school at Midsummer, and then, will we be separated as we have been? Oh no, no! It is true, indeed it is true; my father told me so himself only a few minutes ago."

Her information had been received so differently from what she had expected, that for the instant she was not less astonished than disappointed. Emma's feelings, however, took another turn when Ellen suddenly burst into tears; nor could the caresses or entreaties of either her friend or her mother stay them.

"I shall be better soon," said she at length; "I am so sorry to give you all this pain and trouble. See, I am not going to cry any more. I am only too happy," and her bright eye shone through the fast-falling tears, as the sun that gives birth to the glory of the shower.

"Ellen has taken a little too much exercise," said Mrs. Richmond, "and her nerves are shaken. We will talk of something else for the present. Compose yourself, my dear child, and Emma, if you are well enough in the evening, shall drink tea with us, if she pleases."

The arrangement was made; Emma glided out of the apartment with a heart far less joyous than when she had entered it, and Mrs. Richmond taking up the book again, read aloud in the hope of provoking sleep, or at least of restoring the excited girl to composure. She cast an anxious eye towards her from time to time, till perceiving at last that she was really in a tranquil slumber, she raised her hands to heaven, and prayed, whilst her tears fell fast and bitterly, that the blow she dreaded might yet in mercy and wisdom be spared her.

[To be continued.]

## VOLCANOES.

VOLCANOES are amongst the most remarkable of the natural curiosities of the globe. Their origin is uncertain; but they may be supposed to be caused by the outbreak of subterranean fire, or of inflammable matter, which is roused to unusual activity from time to time. But for these natural safety-valves, the forces which exhaust themselves in volcanic discharges would probably be much more destructive than they now are. It is believed that volcanoes send forth certain substances which are essential to the existence of plants and animals, but which cannot be preserved on the surface of the earth. In this arrangement we have a striking example of the mode in which God brings good out of evil, and of the interweaving of mercy with judgment, which is so constantly seen in His works both of Nature and Providence.

We will now describe some of the most famous volcanoes in the world. Iceland is highly volcanic. Mount Hecla, in the south of this island, is nearly four thousand feet high, and has had upwards of twenty eruptions in about eight centuries. Some of these have continued for six years. A vitrified wall of lava extends round the base of the mountain. The country around is sterile now, but is said to have been fertile and beautiful formerly. Mount Krabla was visited in 1814 by the traveller to whom we are indebted for our information. He reached a deep gully at whose bottom lay a pool of black matter. From this pool a huge column of the black liquid was ejected, but its height was hidden by the smoke in which it was enveloped. By further observation it was ascertained that these eruptions occurred every five minutes, and continued about two minutes and a half. The jets, when at the highest, attained an elevation of more than thirty feet. The same traveller describes another striking scene of volcanic activity in this island; at the depth of more than six hundred feet from the brink where he stood lay twelve large caldrons of boiling mud, which were roaring and splashing, and emitting vast columns of vapour. The scene was terrific. Vesuvius and Etna have been so often described that we shall say but little concerning them. Vesuvius is a conical mountain standing alone in the plain of Naples. It is impossible to describe the crater of this mountain, because its form and dimensions vary. In 1822 an eruption reduced the height of the mountain from about four thousand two hundred to three thousand four hundred feet. What its exact altitude now is we cannot tell. According to a recent traveller, the depth of the crater is not much above one hundred and fifty feet.

Etna is about ten thousand eight hundred and seventy feet in height, and its circumference at the base is computed to be eighty-seven miles. The highest part of the mountain is desert, and its climate is an icy one; a woody tract succeeds this, and then follows a fertile one, the seat of towns, villages, and monasteries, enriched with the fruits of the vine and the olive. Sir C. Lyell found the crevices in the great crater of this volcano incrustated with thick ice, and heated vapours were escaping between masses of ice and the steep sides of the crater. A curious feature in this volcano is the great number of cones formed by lateral eruptions—one of the largest is more than seven hundred feet in height.

In 1831 a volcanic island emerged from the deep off the western coast of Sicily, and disappeared some months afterwards by the wearing action of the sea. The columns of steam; the hot cinders and dust

falling into the sea ; the thunder and lightnings ; and the curiously-shaped waterspouts witnessed by an observer, are said to have formed a sublime spectacle. Stromboli, another volcanic island off the Sicilian coast, is merely a rock jutting from the sea. The molten matter which flows down its sides runs into the water and kills and parboils the fish, which are then sometimes eaten by the fishermen who dwell at the base of the mountain. This volcano is never at rest.

Asia offers no remarkable volcano to our notice, so far as we are aware ; and the same must be said of Africa. In Kamtschatka—the southern extremity of—there are seven active volcanoes, and Japan has some volcanic outlets. Java is a very focus of volcanic mountains, some of which still send forth vapours and smoke.

We must now cross the Pacific, and give a brief account of the volcanoes of America. The cone of Jorullo—whose history is so curious—rises from the high table land of Mexico, at a distance of thirty-six leagues from the coast. The site of this volcano was a fertile plain until the year 1759, when appalling subterranean noises and frequent earthquakes, disturbed the tranquillity of the scene. This state of things continued for nearly sixty days, and then a brief respite intervened. But the subterranean peals soon returned, and a tract of ground four square miles in area, swelled up like a huge bladder-shaped bubble to a height of five hundred feet. The Indians fled to the neighbouring mountains of Aguasarco ; and Humboldt was informed by eye-witnesses that flames issued from an area of more than half a square league, and that vast fragments of burning rocks were hurled to a stupendous height. The earth, too, rose and fell like a stormy sea, and thousands of small cones puffed up from the surface of the ground. Six large hills also arose, of which Jorullo is the most lofty ; but when the place was visited in 1827, the smaller cones had either entirely disappeared or otherwise a great change had passed over them. The rivers of Cintimba and San Pedro disappeared in the chasms made by this astounding convulsion ; but at a distance of six thousand five hundred and sixty feet from the place, two streams burst forth, which bear the same names as the rivers which were so strangely engulfed. In several parts of the tract of volcanically-uplifted ground, great masses of water are heard to run from east to west. Humboldt conjectures that there is a chasm at a great depth in the earth, and one hundred and thirty seven leagues in length.

Central America probably contains more volcanoes than any other tract of country of equal size. They are estimated at thirty-five or thirty-eight ; and of these twenty-eight are considered to be active. In South America volcanoes are both numerous and on a colossal scale. Cotopaxi, Tunguragua, Antisana, and Pichincha, are in the high land of Quito, and all belong to one volcanic centre. Fire issues sometimes from one and sometimes from another of these mountains. The inhabitants of Quito fear that an earthquake is at hand when smoke is not visible at the summits of Tunguragua and Cotopaxi. Six or eight active volcanoes are met with in the Bolivian Andes. Others also are situated amidst the Andes in this part of South America ; as Chacani, which is eighteen thousand three hundred feet in height. Its deep crater is constantly emitting ashes and vapour. Twenty-four volcanoes are enumerated between the parallels 30' and 46°. Antuco is at least sixteen thousand feet in height, and sends forth steam and vapour from its crater, and lava from the base of its central cone, which is girt by steep escarpments of rock.



In the island of Hawaii or Owhyhee, the scene of Captain Cook's death, is the volcano of Biracoea, of which the following is a description, from a visit made in 1838. The situation of this volcano is very peculiar. It does not rear itself aloft above the surrounding country, and is invisible until an elevated plain near the foot of the mountain Mouna Roa is crossed, when the traveller suddenly comes to a precipice, from which he gazes down upon the terrific scene. The crater was eight miles in circumference; and huge masses of fire were rolling like billows, whilst lava continually burst from volcanic cones, and dense clouds of smoke and steam ascended from the fiery abyss. The descent to the floor of the crater was effected, and several of the volcanic cones were mounted by the travellers, who dipped out the liquid fire from one of them with canes. Twenty-six of these cones were seen, varying from twenty to sixty feet in height; but only eight were in action. Large masses of scorise tossed into one of them were immediately propelled high into the air. There were six lakes of molten lava, one of which was much the largest; and standing by its sides, huge billows of fire were seen dashing against the rocky shore more than three hundred feet below. Columns of lava sixty or seventy feet in height were projected into the air, which they rendered too hot to be borne. Then the surface of the lake changed to a mass of black matter; but the crust suddenly began to crack and to heave like pieces of ice on the ocean surf. An island near the centre was never overflowed with lava, but it rocked like a raft on a stormy sea.

They crossed the black and rugged floor of the crater which was cleft by huge fissures, and descended a ridge of lava to a level plain. Here the fire was seen through numerous cracks almost close to the surface, so that they could pierce through to it nearly everywhere with their walkingsticks. In the night, this plain appeared as if cables of molten lava were stretched across it, and, on a sudden, it became a lake of fire.

The Mariana or Ladrone islands form a kind of chain of active volcanoes; and La Perouse has stated, that there are seven between these islands and Japan. There is a volcano in the Friendly Isles which appears to be in constant action; and Tanna and Ahrim, in the New Hebrides, offer very active examples of volcanic phenomena.

In 1841 Sir James Ross discovered the antarctic continent named Victoria Land, where an energetic volcano is situated. Its height was more than twelve thousand feet, and it was emitting flame and smoke profusely.

We will now mention a few remarkable instances of the effects which are wrought by volcanoes.

The eruption of Skaptar Jokul in Iceland, in 1783, was one of the most terrible on record. The lava came from more than twenty openings: the Skaptar branch was fifty miles long, and its breadth in the low districts was from twelve to fourteen miles at its widest part. The Hoerfisliot branch was forty miles long, and in the level country its width reached seven miles. These currents were generally one hundred feet high; but in some situations the lava attained a height of six hundred feet. Twenty villages were destroyed, and nine thousand persons perished from the privations caused by this eruption. This was more than a sixth of the population of the whole island. It was computed that twenty-eight thousand horses perished, with more than eleven thousand head of cattle, and one hundred and ninety thousand sheep.

In the year 79 A.D., Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; the former by showers of cinders and

ashes, and the latter by melted lava which poured upon it. It is thought that much of the matter which covers Pompeii was deposited in a liquid state, drenched by torrents of rain.

In the year 1538, the hill of Monte Nuovo near Naples, was formed in one week; but whether it was produced by the upheaval of the ground or by the accumulation of ejected volcanic matter, is still doubtful. Its height is four hundred and forty feet, and its circumference a mile and a half.

It has been conjectured that the number of persons who have perished in the known eruptions of Mount Vesuvius does not exceed twenty thousand, but this may be greatly below the real number.

A remarkable eruption of Mount Etna occurred in 1669. It was preceded by an earthquake, which demolished all the houses in Nicolosi, a town about twenty miles from the summit of the mountain. A fissure, six feet broad and of unknown depth, burst open with a loud crash in the plain of S. Lio, and ran somewhat tortuously for twelve miles, to a point within a mile of the summit of Etna. A brilliant light proceeded from it, and five other fissures opened, emitting smoke and bellowings which were heard forty miles off. The stream of lava overflowed fourteen towns and villages, and dammed against the walls of Catania until it overtopped them and fell over in a fiery cascade. Long afterwards the rock was excavated, and the solid lava may still be seen curling over the rampart. The stream sometimes travelled fifteen thousand feet in an hour, and sometimes it was several days in passing over a few yards.

An eruption of Mount Etna took place in 1842, which was attended by a strange and melancholy accident. The lava flowed into a small lake, and the first idea of the assembled multitude was to retreat from the expected consequences of this meeting of the lava with water. But no explosion occurred; and a number of the spectators drew towards the spot, when, suddenly, the event which they had feared took place, and a great number of those who had ventured near were killed by fragments of the exploded lava.

On the 3rd of December, 1760, an eruption took place from Peteroa in South America. A neighbouring mountain was rent for several miles, and the part broken off fell into the Lontuc, filled its channel, and formed a lake, by blocking up the river.

In 1541, the Volcano de Agua, near the city of Old Guatemala, poured forth a torrent of water, which destroyed the original city of Guatemala, and buried many of its inhabitants in its ruins. In the year 1664, the first-mentioned city was illuminated at night with midday lightness, during an eruption of the Volcano de Picaya, seven leagues distant.

At the time of the discovery of America, the volcano of Masaya was in activity; and a story is related of a man, who fancied that the lava was molten gold, and who descended the crater with an iron ladle to obtain some of the precious fluid. The ladle is said to have melted, and the man to have escaped with difficulty.

A great eruption of Cosiguina which is also in Central America, occurred in 1835. Sand from this volcano fell over an area one thousand five hundred miles in diameter; and at Belire, which is eight hundred miles distant, troops were mustered, under the idea that the noise of the eruption was caused by a naval fight in the harbour. Wild beasts crouched into the dwellings of men, and were harmless. Many believed that the Day of Doom had come, and, in the intervals between the

explosions, the voices of the priests might be heard in the churches in solemn prayer. A vessel, which sailed along the coast a few days after, passed for a whole day through floating strata of pumice, which presented but here and there a sight of the water underneath.

The Papandayang on the south-western part of Java, was once one of its largest volcanoes; but, in 1772, the greatest portion of the mountain actually sank into the earth. This catastrophe was accompanied by volcanic discharges. Forty villages were destroyed, and two thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven persons perished.

A terrible eruption took place in the island of Sumbawa, in 1815. The ground was shaken over an area one thousand miles in circumference, and the explosions were heard in Sumatra, at the distance of more than one thousand miles; and at Ternate, which is also eight hundred miles in the contrary direction. Only twenty-six persons escaped out of a population of twelve thousand. Ashes were carried to Java in such abundance that the darkness in the daytime was greater than that of the blackest night. They floated in the ocean to the west of Sumatra, which is more than a thousand miles distant, in a mass two feet in thickness.

It now only remains for us to notice the causes which have been supposed to produce volcanoes. One theory which has been put forth is, that they originate from the combustion of inflammable matter, such as coal, situated near the surface of the ground. This theory was illustrated by the following experiment. A quantity of clean iron filings and a larger quantity of sulphur were mixed together, and made into a paste with water. The mixture was then wrapped in a cloth and buried, with the soil pressed firmly upon it: the ground swelled and emitted sulphurous vapours. Sometimes flames appear, but explosions seldom take place in this experiment.

Electricity has also been assigned as the cause of volcanic action. The two next theories are those which are held by the most eminent philosophers. The first is, that the earth was formerly a fluid and heated mass, which is now slowly cooling, and that the hardened crust contracts and compresses the heated matter beneath it, which then burst forth, and constitutes a volcanic eruption. This is the theory in its greatest simplicity.

The next opinion was propounded by Sir Humphry Davy, and afterwards renounced by him for a reason which is now thought to be erroneous. He suggested that air or water might come in contact with metals in the bowels of the earth. This, in some cases, would produce immense heat, for the inflammable nature of some metals—potassium, for example—is well known.

Here we draw to a close. If the consideration of these sublime and terrible proofs of the Creator's power have tended to deepen that feeling of reverence towards Him which we all should feel, our brief remarks will not have been made in vain. When we read the descriptions given by adventurous, and, perhaps, in some cases presumptuous, travellers, of the strange and terrible scenes witnessed in the fiery crater of some volcanoes, let us reflect that a day is rapidly coming "in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." May the reader and the writer both prepare for this solemn day *now*, to-morrow it may be to late.

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## THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

WALLACHIA and Moldavia, politically two distinct provinces, though physically but one, would seem destined by nature to the happiest condition; history, however, informs us that for the last seventeen centuries they have been without cessation subject to foreign sway and intestine commotions. Anciently known by the name of Dacia, and situated on the confines of the Roman empire, they formed a powerful kingdom, and, for aught we know, might be remodelled so as to take a by-no-means insignificant place among the powers of the East.

These countries comprise a part of the immense tract of land which stretches from the foot of the Carpathian mountains, and is drained by the Schyl, the Aluta, the Argisch, the Sereth, and other northern tributaries of the Danube, being bounded on the east by the Pruth, and forming that vast plain which has for its southern boundary the left bank of the Danube. The most elevated points of the chain which forms its northern boundary are, in Moldavia, 8,000 feet, and in Wallachia 7,800 feet above the level of the Black Sea. Bukarest, the capital of Wallachia, stands at an elevation of 240 feet, and here begins the plain of the Danube, averaging an elevation of little more than 45 feet. Surrounded by powerful states, these principalities are bounded on the south by Turkey, on the west by the Austrian empire, on the north and east by Russia, by which latter country they are cut off from the Black Sea and the mouths of the Danube. Consequently, although Wallachia has the command of a large portion of the navigable part of the Danube, and thus seems entitled to convey not only its own produce but to afford a ready transit to the abundant produce of its fertile neighbour Hungary, the outlet of that river is beyond its control, and this anomalous position affects most disadvantageously its commercial relations.

The superficial contents of Wallachia and Moldavia are estimated at about 1,700 square miles, of which about 1,100 belong to the former and 600 to the latter. Moldavia, prior to the various dismemberments inflicted on it in turns by Turkey, Austria, and Russia, contained by itself 1,590 square miles. The population, according to Russian data, amounts to nearly 4,000,000 souls. The excellence of the climate, the warm summers of Wallachia, the severity of the winters in Moldavia, and an abundant natural irrigation, sufficiently account for the fertility of this country; but the treasures of the earth are neglected, and no trouble is taken to increase them by an improved system of agriculture; extensive forests furnish abundance of cask-staves and timber for shipbuilding. Grain of all kinds, flax, hemp, tobacco, fruit, especially prunes, melons, cucumbers, and culinary vegetables, are produced there, not only in abundance but in profusion. Wallachia produces 6,000,000 bushels of wheat and the same quantity of maize. It would much improve its trade in corn, already good, if more pains were bestowed on the harvest, and if the grain was cleaner and especially drier. From the kernels of plums a beverage is prepared to which the peasantry are very partial, and to which they give the name of *raciou*.

Recently the cultivation of the mulberry tree has been attempted and with success. The vine thrives, and the wine, especially in Wallachia, is excellent; that of Dragoschan, of Sakoeni, and the red wines of Moldavia,

are justly held in high repute. But the principal riches of the country consists in the rearing of cattle; for the Wallachian, heavily laden as he is by imposts of every kind, is thereby discouraged from exertion, and finds this occupation the least harassing. Excellent pastures maintain a vast number of half-wild horses, and in Wallachia attempts are made to improve the breed; the rearing of horned beasts, especially buffaloes, is no less important.

In the neighbourhood of Ibraila the English have recently established warehouses for the sale and exportation of preserved meat, to supply which about 5,000 oxen are annually killed: they have also made attempts in Moldavia to improve the breed of pigs by a cross with animals imported from England. In 1851 Ibraila exported 4,310,268 pounds of tallow, destined principally for England or Constantinople, and 543,789 pounds of preserved meat.

Numerous flocks of sheep, occasionally united in the single plain of Ibraila to the number of more than 400,000, though of a breed not yet improved, besides herds of swine and flocks of goats, furnish ample subjects for exportation. The wools, divided into three classes, are in general indifferent, serving principally for the manufacture of horse-cloths; yet in 1851 the port of Ibraila alone exported 1,048,333 pounds to Marseilles. The best wools are produced in the districts of Ibraila, Jalonitza, Ilfou, and Wlackka.

The rivers abound in fish, especially sturgeons, which supply the article known in commerce as caviare. Among the native animals are bears, wolves, and hares, in the skins of which a tolerably brisk trade is carried on; the forests are inhabited besides by deer and wild boars. Much attention is paid to the keeping of bees, and the honey is excellent. As for the rearing of silkworms, this occupation is yet in its infancy. A considerable trade is also carried on in cantharides and leeches, but until recently the exportation of the latter was prohibited.

Although the mountains contain gold, silver, iron, quicksilver, sulphur, coal, and bitumen, no efforts have been made up to the present time to search for any of these minerals. An extensive mine of excellent coal is known to exist near the village of Komanetchi, which, after having been worked for a short time without skill or care, ended by being abandoned. Saltpetre is found in extraordinary abundance, and, especially in Moldavia, is of excellent quality. Some of the rivers contain particles of gold mixed with the sand. Salt mines, nearly inexhaustible, contribute largely to the revenue. The salt mine situated near Okna, in Moldavia, produces annually nearly 1,500,000 quintals of salt. Finally, these principalities contain mineral springs, of which there are three in Moldavia, and in Wallachia as many as forty.

There is good reason for hoping that when it shall please God to dispel the dark cloud now lowering in the East, greater efforts may be made to open a free communication with countries abounding in so many of the necessities of life, and that a stimulus to the industry of the inhabitants may be afforded by increased intercourse with the more civilized nations of Europe. We may not do evil that good may come, but when an inevitable evil has passed away it is surely wise to gather from the wreck what good we can.

The principalities have long been a debatable ground between Turkey and Russia, states neither of which are so advanced in civilization as to be capable of benefiting a neighbour as rude as itself. Situated between

two barbarous powers, subject now to one, now to the other, and invaded by each in turn, the inhabitants can have confidence in neither. Their ruling princes, Hospodars as they are called, are appointed by the Porte; and, far from having at heart the welfare of their subjects, make it their principal aim to aggrandize and enrich themselves by every species of extortion, in which they are but too ably seconded by their inferiors in office.

According to existing treaties, the Hospodar in each province is appointed by the Porte, but cannot be removed without the sanction of the Czar; the custom having formerly been that the Hospodar was liable to be instantaneously recalled at the caprice of the Sultan, and consequently never knowing how long his tenure of office might last, aimed only at enriching himself before his disgrace, in order to reimburse himself with interest for the large sum which he himself was obliged to pay to the Sultan for his post.

"It is difficult," says Malte-Brun, "to say whether the Wallachian or Moldavian government is the worst. The prince or the vassal of the Turks exercises despotic authority over the Boyards, or native nobles. The manner in which justice is dispensed is as imperfect as any other branch of the executive department (previously described as atrocious); a uniform system of legislation is rendered impracticable from the frequent removals of the princes, and the right which they have of abrogating all the decrees of their predecessors. If the court have any difficulty about deciding a case, the divan consults an abridgement of the Roman code made in the fifteenth century. The decisions of the divan are always arbitrary: the few statutes that are in force are falsely interpreted; hence arise many complicated lawsuits, which the prince or subordinate judges can unravel with incredible despatch, if either party is prudent enough or rich enough to bribe them beforehand."

That the Boyards have neither the power nor inclination to ameliorate this state of things may be inferred from the description given of them in a recent article.\* The state of the peasantry, as described by Malte-Brun thirty years ago, varies so little from the account given above, that we may easily gather that not even then were the seeds of improvement sown. He says, "The Wallachian and Moldavian peasants are a submissive and patient race of men; without these virtues it would be impossible for them to exist in the midst of so many evils. They are sober, gentle, and religious or superstitious; they are indolent, because they cannot call the produce of their industry their own. The milk of their cows, a small quantity of pork or bacon, millet, and bad beer, are sufficient to supply their wants; and if they themselves are satisfied, it is a matter of indifference whether European travellers are offended at their humble cottages and the wicker enclosures in which their corn is kept: were they to build granaries they must submit to additional taxation. The Wallachian peasants think it better to dance to the sound of the pipe on the banks of a calm lake or under the shade of their woods, than to labour for Turkish oppressors. Their country, they say, is a fine desert,—it would be a pity to spoil it by cultivation."

The religion is that of the Greek Church, but corrupted by the most senseless superstitions. Some instances have been mentioned in the article alluded to above: another, originating in and supported by the priests, may serve as a specimen of all. It is customary to open the

\* See "The Black Sea," No. V.

sepulchres of the dead every seven years, and if the body has not by that time returned to its kindred dust, the being who once animated it is pronounced to be in a state of condemnation, or to have been changed into a vampire. The relatives of the unfortunate wretch are compelled to purchase his release by the payment of large sums of money, to be expended in expiatory prayers, and the priests, who are the only gainers by it, sanction the delusion.

C. A. J.

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### CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL MAGIC, SUPERSTITION, AND IMPOSTURE.

To be a magus or magician was once deemed a high honour. The magi of ancient times were men whose acquirements raised them to the companionship of kings. What the magician of modern times is we need not stay to explain, but we shall expose some of the feats by which he has imposed upon the ignorant.

Magic squares, divided into cells, containing numbers which always add up to the same sum, whether added horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, were once esteemed as of great virtue. Plants, too, were considered to possess magical powers, and some were believed to be a defence against witchcraft. Metals and stones were supposed to be endued with similar virtues: for instance, the opal was said to become pale when it touched poison; the emerald to take away intoxication; gold to possess marvellous powers of preserving health and removing disease. The poor often purchased a few drops of a real or pretended tincture of gold at the cost of a deprivation of the necessities of life.

Sleight of hand—quickness and dexterity in the use of the hands—is the real secret of many magical delusions. In this way balls can be conveyed under cups and converted apparently into fruit; wedding-rings broken, bank-notes burnt, hats crushed, and then returned to their owners without any tokens of the injuries which they appeared to undergo.

Another secret of magical tricks is confederacy. One of the audience conveys information to the performer, which he then details to the astonishment of his auditors. A hollow table furnished with a secret trap-door, boxes with one drawer fitted to the inside of another, and other similar contrivances, are made use of in some feats, such as that in which a number of handkerchiefs are taken from the spectators, washed, and then presented to their owners dry, folded, and scented; or in that in which a vessel filled with unground coffee is placed under a cover, and then, on removing this cover, the vessel is seen full of fluid coffee.

The Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong, thus describes the repulsive trick of a juggler. After haranguing the crowd, he proceeded to one part of it, "and took thence a child, apparently five or six years old, who, with struggling resistance, was led into the centre of the circle. The man then, with impassioned gesture, violently threw the child on a wooden stool, and placing him on his back, flourished over him a large knife, the child all the time sobbing and crying as if from fright. Two or three older men from the crowd approached, with earnest remonstrances against the threatened deed of violence. For a time he desisted, but soon after, returning to the child, who was still uttering most pitiable cries, he placed him with his back upwards, and, notwithstanding the violent protests of the seniors, he suddenly dashed the knife into the back

of the child's neck, which it appeared to enter till it had almost divided it from the head; the blood meanwhile flowing copiously from the wound, and streaming to the ground and over the hands of the man. The struggle of the child grew more and more feeble, and at last altogether ceased. The man then arose, leaving the knife firmly fixed in the child's neck. Copper cash was then thrown liberally into the ring, for the benefit of the principal actors. These were collected by assistants, all of them viewing the influx of the coins with great delight, and bowing continually to the spectators, and reiterating the words, 'To seor,' 'Many thanks.' After a time, the man proceeded towards the corpse, pronounced a few words, took away the knife, and called aloud to the child. Soon there appeared to be signs of returning animation. The stiffness of death gradually relaxed, and at last he stood up among the eager crowd, who closed around him, and bountifully rewarded him with copper cash." The knife was peculiarly constructed, and had a receptacle for blood in its handle.

The word Abracadabara, the name of a Syrian deity, was written in the following manner, and then tied round the neck as a charm. It was deemed a cure for the ague, and probably had many other virtues attributed to it:—

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A B R A C A D A B A R A
  B R A C A D A B A R
    R A C A D A B A
      A C A D A B
        C A D A
          A D

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We have also seen another form of this amulet, with a letter taken from the end, but not from the beginning of each superior line, until the word had tapered off to A, its first letter. A charm for a rickety child was to draw it through a split tree, which was then bound up that its parts might unite. Charms generally consisted of scraps of herbs, bones, stones, or metals, hung round the neck or placed in a ring upon the finger. Metallic talismans, inscribed with absurd marks, were employed very anciently, especially by the Persians and Arabs.

Rocking-stones are said to have served for purposes of magical delusion. Those accused were acquitted or condemned, as they succeeded or failed in moving them. The soft limestone in which the cave of St. Paul is situated at Civita Vecchia, in Malta, has been believed to be endowed with miraculous medical powers. When visited in 1770, large quantities were sent to different parts of Europe and to the East Indies. Indeed, it has some of the properties of magnesia, and is still administered in eruptive or fever complaints. Sonorous rocks have been deemed portentous. There is an example of this species of natural curiosity near Tunbridge Wells, called the "Bell Rock," which utters a sound like that of a large metallic mass when it is struck with a stick. Subterraneous organ-like noises are said to be heard on the banks of the Orinoco.

The Neapolitan mariners ascribe calamities to demoniacal influence. Few of them engage in the coral fishery, or in a coasting trip, without a magician on board. These impostors profess to be able to "cut" waterspouts. When one approaches, they go forwards and send the crew aft, and then, by employing certain signs or words, and by pretending to cut with their arms, the waterspout is said to fall in two and vanish.



Springs which ebb and flow alternately have been, and perhaps still are, believed to lie under the curse of witchcraft.

Marais, who wished to establish a corrupt Christianity in its early ages, filled three cups of glass with white liquid, which became like blood in one cup, of a purple colour in another, and sky-blue in the third, whilst he was praying. Professor Poeyruss wore a white dress which became red during a repast, according to his promise. Such changes are easily produced by chemical means.

Luminous appearances have been observed which have proceeded from the bodies of sick persons, and burial-grounds have also exhibited the same phenomenon. A case was mentioned to Sir H. Marsh, in which luminous appearances proceeded from the head of a dying person, in a diagonal direction. A kind of tremulous glimmer was seen to play round the head of the bed. Electric sparks have been known to issue from the bodies of some persons when rubbed with a linen cloth. It is easy to see how such phenomena as these might be attributed to supernatural causes.

Magical pictures have been contrived, which, when seen through a glass fixed in a certain position, exhibit an object different from that which they present to the naked eye. Magic mirrors are made in China, which exhibit characters or flowers when their polished metallic surfaces are exposed to the rays of the sun.

A Jesuit applied a powerful lens to the naked arm of a Peruvian, and caused him to cry out, whilst others looked on with astonishment and anger. He vainly asserted that the cause was only natural, and the Peruvians attempted repeatedly to get the lens that they might destroy an object which they considered able to draw down upon them the anger of the gods.

Conjurors roll together a ball of flax or hemp, light it, and roll round it more of the same material, and then pass the ignited mass dexterously into the mouth, breathing through it to revive the flame, and inspiring by the nostrils to escape injury. This is the trick of fire-eating.

The trick of the magic swan once produced great astonishment. A vessel of water, with the letters of the alphabet around its rim, and with the figure of a swan floating in it, was employed. The spectators were requested to mention a name, and then the swan spelt it by moving from one letter to the next, until all the letters were thus pointed out. A magnetic bar concealed in the swan, and a powerful magnet somewhere about the professor, were the secret agents in this trick.

In the fourth century, some persons who wished to ascertain who would succeed the emperor Valens, had recourse to one Jamblicus, a magician. The letters of the Greek alphabet were written in the dust, and a grain of wheat was laid upon each of them. A cock, magically prepared, was then turned amongst them, and those letters from which he picked grains were to be joined together for the name of the required successor. The bird only picked up four grains, namely, those on the letters *th e o d*, and this left it uncertain whether Theodorus, Theodotus, Theodorus, or Theodates, was the individual signified. Valens heard of what had been done, and put to death several persons whose name began with Theod. Jamblicus was sought for, and to escape a cruel death he poisoned himself.

The Lee Penny is a famous talisman. The lady of a Saracen warrior went to ransom her lord, and dropped a small jewel as she was counting

out the money. She hastened to pick it up, and when asked, said it was a medicatory talisman. The addition of this talisman to the ransom was then demanded, and the lady was obliged to comply. It was brought to Scotland, and there it was a few years ago, and probably still is, in the possession of the descendants of the individual who gained possession of it in the manner which we have just stated. It is set in the centre of an old English silver coin, and is triangular and of a dark-red hue, but quite transparent. It was and is famous for its cures, especially of horned cattle. It is held by a chain attached to the edge of the coin, and is dropped thrice into a quantity of water and drawn round once: the water is then drunk. Newcastle was afflicted with the plague, and the people sent for the Lee Penny, and deposited 6000*l.* as security. They formed so high an opinion of its virtues that it was proposed to keep the talisman and forfeit the 6000*l.*; but the owners would not consent.

The Hindoo differs from us in his notions of sorcery. His fears are not of the mysterious kind, for he looks for visible and palpable effects, and regards a spirit as a something that will bite, or poison, or beat him, or cause death or disease to his family or cattle. Indian sorceresses are believed to be limited in their powers with regard to space. A native merchant was walking through the market-place of Ruttunpore, eating a piece of sugar-cane; he chanced to jostle an old woman, and looked back to apologise, when he heard her mutter something: this made him uneasy, and on raising the sugar-cane to his lips, we are told that the juice had turned to blood. He assembled his followers at once, left his agents to settle his affairs, and decamped beyond the sorceress's jurisdiction before dark. Prayers and incantations are made use of by the Hindoos in case of sickness, but the man who is believed to effect cures by these means is also considered to be able to kill his patient; and numerous instances have occurred in which the angry relatives have put the doctor to death when his patient has not recovered.

The rain-makers of the Caffre are supposed to be able to procure or withhold rain at their pleasure. They are persons of great importance, and cattle are presented to them. Much ceremony is gone through when application is made to these impostors, many of whose rain receipts are very simple; such as cautions to their applicants not to look behind them when they depart, and not to speak to one another or to any person they may fall in with on their journey. The ceremonies observed, and the estimation in which rain-doctors are held, vary, probably, in different parts of South Africa.

Fetichism extends over nearly the whole of Africa, part of Asia, and a number of the Polynesian islands. A fetich is anything which has been consecrated, and which is then believed to have received some divine power, and to be a fit object for worship. Thus a living animal has often been taken by those on a journey as a fetich; and the North African Moors, who reject idols, carry fetishes about their persons as amulets. In some parts of Africa a small insect called the creeping leaf is greatly venerated, and he who sees one esteems it a happy omen. At Cape Coast there is, or was, a rock projecting into the sea, which served as a fetich, to which sacrifices were offered. The ancient Germans and Gauls had holy rocks, caves, trees, and so on, which gave oracular responses and miraculous help. In Iceland, a certain stone was supposed to be the residence of a divine spirit, and was, therefore, worshipped: other similar instances might be adduced. The practice of tabooing

in the Polynesian isles invests the objects to which it is applied with a sort of sacred character. The house, field, or whatever it may be, which is declared to be tabooed is under the care of the gods; and so far as we understand, any one can thus throw a wall of defence round his property, though we think it must be a very inefficient protection in many cases. Fetishism is practised in the West Indies under the name of obeah, or obi. The obi is generally composed of a mixture of materials, as blood, feathers, grave dirt, eggshells, and other things. The obeah man or woman are consulted upon various occasions, as for the cure of disorders, the revenge of insults or injuries, the discovery of theft, and so on.

Here we will pause for the present; but the subject is far from being exhausted, and we may return to it. We trust that what has been already said will not be without its use; and that it will tend to remove the errors of superstition and credulity from any minds in which they may exist.

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#### BRITISH INDIA.—No. IX.

##### PALAMANAIR.

HIGH up on the summit of lofty mountains, the ascents to which are almost perpendicular, and about thirty miles distant from Chittoor, is situated the cool and delightful summer retreat of Palamanair. The night-dew, which dries almost before the sun rises above the horizon in the surrounding valleys and plains, here freezing adheres in fondness to the sweet leaves of the newly-blown rose till day has reckoned full an hour or two, then reluctant thaws, hanging in crystal drops resplendent with innumerable colours of light, and so evaporates into wholesome air. Great, indeed, is the revolution undergone by heat-detesting Englishmen, who seek a healthy retreat in this sweet secluded spot, this Elysium to the wasted heat-worn invalid.

Such as are fond of horse exercise, and have health to bear the fatigue, usually ride up to Palamanair on those indefatigable, spirited little Pegu ponies so much in use all over India, and so addicted to running away, despite the strongest bits ever invented. On the steep ascents in the neighbourhood of Chittoor these fiery little animals have their speed and spirit put to a fair test.

We started from Chittoor at daybreak, three of us, on three about as reckless, untractable ponies as could be imagined: they were all three piebalds, and notoriously vicious, as far as bolting was concerned; but then they were equally noted for strength and speed, two great requisites on our meditated journey, for we started with the full intention of accomplishing our journey by mid-day; thus allowing ourselves about six hours and a half to accomplish thirty miles, including a stoppage of twenty minutes for breakfast and rest by the way. The day turned out hazy and boisterously windy, two circumstances which we hailed with delight, for rarely is such weather experienced in India. Away we went, neck or nothing, moving over the ground with amazing rapidity, though the ponies never exceeded that agreeable ambling trot for which they are so famous, and which is so easy and agreeable after once getting firmly seated in the

saddle, that it resembles more the motion of an easy carriage than anything else. This pace continued during the whole period that we were in the plains, and no particular mishap happened to our party in this interval, if we may except the peculiar partiality evinced by the ponies for cutting off corners of the roads by rushing through gaps in the prickly-pear hedges, used to fence in the fields of the different landed proprietors. Now these gaps were all sufficient to admit of one horseman passing at a time, and proved a capital saving of both time and space; but as the three animals were evidently jealous of each other's speed, and trotted a race the whole way—and as one might as well endeavour to check a steam-engine in full course as to rein in these hard-mouthed brutes—the result was that on every such gap being passed, the two who had the misfortune to be on either side of the central horse were brushed unpleasantly close to the prickly leaves of the hedge, occasionally bearing away with them a dried leaf or two, whose thorns were in no ways blunted by decay—rather an unpleasant predicament for the sufferers, though one that occasioned a great deal of mirth to him that rode scathless between the two victims. The ponies, themselves, maddened by the torture inflicted on their bare skins by the sharp and stinging thorns, only increased their pace, and blinded almost with dust and wrath, both riders and horses arrived breathless at the foot of the first steep hill. Here we came to a standstill for a few moments, as the soil was so loose, and the road so abrupt, that our nags, after making several ineffectual efforts to surmount the difficulty, and each time slipping back on their haunches, gave up the attempt as useless. We had now leisure to dismount and disentangle both ourselves and the ponies from the mass of prickly-pear leaves that were thickly adhering to us: thanks to good thick riding-suits we came off comparatively with small hurt, though many a wry face was made as an occasional large thorn was extracted from the fleshy part of the thigh where it lay firmly imbedded. The ponies were much lacerated; but having carefully bathed their wounds with cold water from a neighbouring fountain, we walked round the foot of the hill for nearly a quarter of a mile, and at last lighted upon a part up which horses and men easily scrambled, and so came upon the high road, which was here comparatively good.

The higher we went the fresher and more delightful the air was: innumerable coveys of partridges kept starting up from almost under the ponies' feet; hares also seemed plentiful, and occasionally a lurking jackal or hyena rushed across our pathway, startling the ponies so much as to render them almost unmanageable. There were imprints of chetahs on the sandy soil, and occasionally the more deeply-marked impression of what looked ominously like a tiger's foot. Whenever we came upon such disagreeable beacons, it was strange to see with what terror the ponies sniffed the air around, and looked about suspiciously, cocking their ears back, and redoubling their speed to distance the unwelcome neighbourhood.

A thick copse of trees, growing to a gigantic height up the sides of a lofty range of hills, rising from one side of the road, a pathway about twenty feet high, and then a precipice many hundreds of feet deep, and at the bottom black sharp-pointed rocks, over which was foaming with perpetual roar and tumult the restless waters of a cataract, the ledge of the precipice in some parts cracked and crumbling away: stately trees grew at distances along the edge, some had roots that traversed the pathway and entered the ground for many yards beneath the mountains; here and there some tempest-struck tree hung suspended over the heights, hanging

on by a solitary root, whose strength seemed insufficient to support its great weight, threatening momentarily to tear up the earth from under our horses' feet, and hurl us all at a moment's warning down to the bottom. Several of these roots looked so decayed that we actually dismounted for better safety, and leading our, by this time weary, ponies at arms' length by the bridle, we hastened over the danger ourselves first, ready to drop the bridles and fly at the top of our speed at the slightest warning given us of pending destruction. Once we ventured, leaning against the strong branches of a firmly-set tree, at a portion of the road where the soil was more rocky, to get a glimpse at the world far below us. Our head reels again to think of that sight, hardly a bush protruded from the side of the wall-like precipice to interrupt the view: far down below there was a village, and a great many cattle feeding on the banks of a frightful ravine, down which dashed the angry stream, foaming and sparkling high up in the air as it dashed against the rocks that had for centuries impeded the swiftness of its course. The sun shone brightly on this retired spot, contrasting strangely with the dark foliage of the forest trees that grew up the sides of a mountain directly opposite to us, whose height overtopped the others by many a score of feet. Birds were flying to and fro high above the village, yet so far beneath us that hawks looked not much larger than sparrows. Here we were about half-way to Palamanair, and here we bivouacked for breakfast, and gave our ponies time for repose and fodder.

Remounting again we pursued our journey, still mounting upwards. Soon, however, the road diverged inland, and half an hour's brisk trotting brought us out of the copse upon an open mountain table-land, where the wind blew so bleakly that we keenly felt its sharpness, and regretted having nothing warmer than our slight summer jackets to protect us.

Thus we jogged on till close upon mid-day, nothing but stunted furze to be seen for miles around. At length, reaching the summit of one of the many heights we had had to surmount, there close at our feet lay the thickly-cultivated and beautiful district of Palamanair. Flowers and orchards, and arbours and houses, and dovecots and streamlets, and tall trees and myrtle groves, and wild jessamine bowers and flowers, again as far almost as the eye could reach on any side, and beyond these old stately bare-looking mountain peaks, wearing a wig of slate, and no signs of any tree or bush: we descended rapidly into the little valley, and entered one of its many picturesque lanes. The sun was obscured, as it had been almost throughout the morning. We could just peep over the hedges and catch a glimpse of the treasures within. One, two, three, a dozen apple trees, and all of them actually laden with fruit! What a sight for a man that had not seen anything approaching to an apple in form, colour, or taste for ever so long!—ay, ever since that cold, dark, foggy November evening six years ago, when, with a heart heavier than the largest sea-trunk ever invented, turning our backs on home—happy smiling home! and all the loving faces of friendship—we stopped to buy a handkerchief-ful of oranges of the old Irishwoman at the corner of the street, giving her an extra penny in the overflowing spirit of kindness, and getting her grateful prayers that “Hivin might preserve us on the big says” (seas), into the bargain.

Yes, the sight of those English fruits brought back many a pleasant souvenir of home. Onward we went, all three too busy with our own thoughts to break or interrupt the spell by conversation: more gardens, more hedges, more apples, apples!—ay, peach-trees, pears, plums, apricots,

strawberries, raspberries, and a cow!—the cow for milk, the milk for cream, the cream for strawberries!—thus ran our thoughts; and then the flowers, who ever met with such fragrance in India? We sniff the air, hallo! that's an old familiar scent, but one long unsmelt. Sweetbriar! aye, sweetbriar mingling with mignonette, mignonette overpowered by jessamine, jessamine faint in comparison to the rich and wholesome and incomparable rose, and the beauteous bell passion-flower. It was a waking dream of Eden, rendered solid by the touch and the scent and the taste, a delirium of pleasure, such as is rarely felt by those who are voluntary exiles in India.

And now we came to the entrance of the house that was destined to be our home for the time being: geraniums and many flowers decked the threshold, and on the steps stood our jolly old host, the picture of good nature itself, all smiles and welcomes, giving us such a reception as can be only given in Oriental climes, where the heart goes with the hand, and you feel its throb in the pressure of the palm.

The first feature that strikes a stranger who has been for some years accustomed to the ordinary run of Indian houses is the peculiar European structure of those at Palamanair. In the morning we had left a climate where anything calculated to increase heat, or create warmth in a house, would have been set down as a decided indication of insanity on the part of the proprietor; here we were introduced into a room with glass windows and a fireplace, a real English-looking fireplace, with poker and tongs and shovels, and other appurtenances long since forgotten. There was no fire when we arrived, but there were preparations making ready against the evening; and what nearly broke mine host's heart was that he could not procure real coals, and was obliged to substitute charcoal.

Repose and refreshments enabled us shortly to stroll about the garden, look at the green peas, admire the fat ducks waddling to and fro in happy ignorance of their doom being linked with the freshly-gathered pods—taste the fruit, and recall to the mouth long-forgotten flavours. Legions of butterflies, of every variety of hue and size, were hovering busily from flower to flower; nor were the bees in our friend's hives by any means indolent. A garden-seat, on an elevated position under the shade of a lusty old tree that supported many varieties of creeping plants, invited us to repose: from that seat we commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country. It was long past noon, and the gusty morning wind had subsided, giving place to the mild, sweet, gentle breeze that came richly laden with health from the distant seas: there was no stir, no sound of human turmoil or the bustling world, to break the soft spell of that retreat. A gentle rustling amongst the foliage of many trees, a murmuring of little streams, a low hum of busy insects, a whispered harmony of birds, practising to themselves in solitude some carol for the eventide; myriads of ants swarmed onward in busy occupation; the fields waved to and fro ready for harvest, grapes clustered over every hedge, and the earth teemed with the bountiful goodness of the Almighty.

"Yes," exclaimed our worthy host, "some of the happiest moments of my life have been spent on this seat, alone and far from the turmoil of the busy world; here have I daily looked forth on the works of creation, and each day marvelled, like St. Paul, at the wonderful depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God.

It was, indeed, a fit spot to meditate on the works of nature.

"To look out on the world and see  
 In every little tiny flower,  
 In every leaf of every tree  
 An emblem of Almighty power :  
 How wise ! how perfect ! how complete  
 Each work of nature that we meet ;  
 And how each mountain, every field,  
 A world of wise instruction yield !"

Towards evening the weather began to set in chilly, and the night-breeze off the mountains made the little parlour, with its closely-drawn curtains and bright warm fire, an agreeable and acceptable retreat.

Most of the English who had been any time resident at Chittoor had either hired houses or property of their own at Palamanair. One gentleman, in particular, the then collector of the district, had spared no expense to render his summer retreat everything that comfort and elegance could suggest : his garden produced better European fruits than those of his neighbours ; his house was commodious and tastefully furnished ; his lady, and her accomplished daughters, had collected round them all those necessary and ornamental implements and instruments for music and drawing ; and well-stocked portfolios bore evidence of the talents and industry of the fair proprietors.

But our visit must end : they who played and sung are now scattered wide upon the earth, married and settled, and mothers of a fast-rising generation : mine host has long been gathered to his fathers, and the collector and our two companions have gone the same way ; and we alone are left to tell you, gentle reader, what Palamanair was, and what we presume it still continues to be, the pleasant resort of the invalid and the pleasure-seeker.

Its small village of aboriginal natives still exists ; its gardens, its summer-houses, its flowers, bees, and birds, and pleasant cool breezes, still convey pleasure and health to others, who now flee from the hot plains to that secluded, delightful retreat, happy to find there some faint resemblance to their much-loved distant home.

COCHINEAL, the dyeing drug, is the female of a small insect found on the prickly pear and some other plants of the cactus tribe—its scientific name is *Coccus cacti*. When imported into this country it is in the form of a reddish shrivelled grain, covered with white bloom or powder. The insect, when living, is covered with a white downy substance resembling very fine cotton. The quantity of cochineal annually exported from South America is very great, and raises a large revenue. In 1850 the importation in England amounted to 2,514,512 pounds ; and as each pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects, we may have some idea of the number of these animals thus destroyed.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

**A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

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NO LIE THRIVES.—No. XII.



IN the town of Seaforth a statute for the hiring of servants was annually held. It was rather early in the morning of this day, and soon after the events formerly recorded, that a showy-looking girl walked into Mr. Sharman's shop.

"Well! what have you got pretty and new in the way of ribbons?" said she, addressing herself to Frank, "let me see."

Frank immediately placed on the counter a box, the contents of which she quickly turned over.

"What a set of trumpery!" cried she contemptuously, "old shop-

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keepers—or trash bought at a sale! Have you nothing better than these? I declare they are as old-fashioned as my grandmother."

Frank laughed, and drew forth a drawer which he set with a flourish close to her.

"Ah!" cried she, "these are worth looking at; so this is the way you serve us poor girls; you think anything will do for us village girls. Well! now this is really very pretty—very stylish, too, I call it. It's very becoming, I expect, isn't it?" continued she, looking Frank in his face as she held a part of the ribbon folded to her cheek.

"Oh, very!" exclaimed Frank, "one pink sets off another; the ribbon suits the cheek, the cheek is the prettier for the ribbon."

"Don't be foolish," cried she, taking up another ribbon, and holding it to her cheek.

"Foolish!" repeated Frank, "what for? for telling you the truth? It's not the first time that you have heard you are pretty."

Willis looked at Frank; the latter understood him, but he took no further notice than by slyly laughing at him.

"That don't suit you half so well," continued he, addressing the girl.

"Then I won't have it," replied she; "cut me a yard and a half of that pink."

"But is this all I am to show you this morning?" said Frank, "we have some very pretty dresses, and most extraordinarily cheap."

The dresses were produced, but, beyond prolonging the conversation, without any other result than an increasing familiarity between the parties.

"But you have not told me your name," said Frank, "what is it? I should like to know it."

"Should you?" replied she, "then I won't keep it a secret. It is Sally Groves; and now what is yours?"

Again Frank laughed—again Willis, whose eye was upon him, though he was waiting on a customer, endeavoured to check him, but in vain: time was when the latter had some influence over him, but that time was now past, and had been for several months. The name was told, and a promise returned that it should not be forgotten, as was requested. Several customers now came in, and Sally took her departure.

The statute day was necessarily a very busy one, and neither of the young men expected to leave the shop for a minute. It was about twelve o'clock, however, when Mr. Sharman had occasion to send to the Bank. He called Frank, and, giving him the message, desired him to make as much haste as possible. There was no novelty in the day to awaken his curiosity; but as he thought he should just like to take a peep at the market-place, where the statute was held, he did not take the direct way on his return from the Bank, by which means he was obliged to pass by the Plough. He was, however, on the opposite side, and was walking briskly, when the sound of a violin attracted his notice. Turning his head to see all that was going on, as he passed the window, he perceived Sally Groves. She had thrown off her shawl, and untied her bonnet strings; while her natural colour, which was sufficiently blooming, was heightened by the exercise in which she had evidently been engaged.

She espied Frank almost at the instant that he had recognised her, and immediately began to beckon to him with her finger, making a variety of signs with her lips, which were meant to convey the invitation to join them she was unable to give by words. Frank hesitated for an instant; but the renewed beckonings, mouthings, &c., that followed

this hesitation on his part, were so urgently multiplied, that springing across the road, and forcing his way through the crowd in the passage and assembled round the door, he reached with some difficulty the spot where Sally stood. The next moment he and Sally were dancing down the middle with all their might, and with as much familiarity as if they had known each other for years. As soon as the dance was concluded, Frank took a hasty leave and ran to the shop.

"You have been gone a long time," said Mr. Sharman, as he entered, speaking, at least for him, impatiently.

"The Bank was full of people," returned Frank without the slightest hesitation, and placing the cash he had brought in Mr. Sharman's hands.

The circumstance was very probable; and Frank's heated face and quick step, as he entered the shop, fully satisfied Mr. Sharman that he had really made as much haste as he was able. Frank did not, however, attempt to deceive Willis; on the contrary, he boasted to him what he had done, and finished his account by declaring that Sally Groves was an exceedingly nice girl, and that he was very much taken with her.

"You are better pleased with her than I," returned Willis.

"And she is better pleased with me than she is with you, I can promise you," said Frank, quickly.

"No doubt," replied Willis, "and you are quite welcome for me to the favour; but Frank, let us be serious—keep out of the way of that girl, there's something in her manner that I do not like."

"None," replied he; "there's no harm in her, I am sure. She is a light-hearted, merry girl, and I suspect from what she tells me, without any very near relations."

"Then be the more on your guard," said Willis quickly, and with earnestness. "If you think there is no harm in her, and you know that she is somewhat friendless, she has a claim upon you that should compel you to be careful in your conduct, both for her sake and your own. Do you recollect what Mr. Sharman said to us the other day, when, for the fourth time, he was reading our indentures to us?"

"I only remember that I thought I should have laughed outright," replied he. "I never did think there was much sense in the terms of those indentures; but certainly the last time I heard them I thought them the greatest nonsense in the world."

"And I," said Willis, "thought them just the reverse. I never felt them so seriously before, nor was ever so sensible of the obligation we were under to behave ourselves properly. But I can hardly believe that you thought Mr. Sharman's remarks on the point in question so worthy of contempt as you pretend. What was there in them to provoke your ridicule?"

Frank laughed. "Why, who now is to go with his eyes on the ground, neither looking at one side or the other, for fear he should see—"

"No, no," cried Willis, interrupting him, "there was nothing like that. Mr. Sharman's words were these: 'As you grow older, different and stronger temptations will beset you. Very much of your future success will depend on your conduct this year. The most dangerous sins are those which find entrance to the heart by means of the eyes. Keep a strict guard over yourselves, then, in this respect. One glance on any forbidden object, repeatedly dwelt on, may bring ruin alike to soul and body. Some vices may be openly opposed and grappled with; from others—and especially from that to which I am alluding—you must flee

as from an enemy too powerful for your years and strength; for remember, in this instance, unlike every other, *he* is the bravest man who at once seeks safety in flight. Purity of mind and body is not more necessary to you, as Christians, than honourable and becoming to you as men.' Is there anything ridiculous in this? O Frank, take my advice, and let this meeting with Sally Groves be your first and last."

"Well, make yourself happy," replied he, "there is no fear of my seeing her again. One thing I will certainly promise you—if she does not come after me, I will not go after her. She does not live within some miles of us, and I make no doubt I have seen all of Sally I ever shall see."

So said Frank, and so he thought; but he was mistaken. Sally entered into a farmer's service very near the town, and from that time he was in the constant habit of seeing her; not, indeed, at Mr. Sharman's, for he soon forbade her to appear there, but in places of his own appointment. Willis knew nothing of this, but Ned was well acquainted with it. Frank had nothing to fear from his reproofs; but, on the contrary, he was encouraged by him in every instance where admonition and a different example would have been real kindness and friendship.

Nor was this the only point in which the conduct of Ned and Willis disagreed. Honourable and upright as the latter was, it never occurred to him that any one, a person especially whom he had known from his boyhood, though in many respects he placed no confidence in him, could be capable of defrauding the best of masters. It is true he had warned Frank of the evil consequences to which a familiar intercourse with any girl, and especially with Sally, might give rise; but his apprehensions had never assumed any positive shape. Mischief, he knew, must be the result of such intimacy; but the exact nature of that mischief was undefined in his imagination. Ned, on the other hand, soon discovered that presents were made to Fanny by Frank, trifling at first in value, but quite sufficient to make an irreparable breach in his character for strict integrity. This was important knowledge to Ned, and he resolved upon making use of it as a means to effect his own designs.

As Ned had been bound apprentice a year before Frank and Willis, his time was very nearly expired. His prospects were far from encouraging: his friends were poor, and without influence or connexion; and finding many obstacles in his way to gaining a situation in London as a journeyman, or in any large distant town, it had been agreed between him and Mr. Cartwright that he should remain with the latter till something turned up to his advantage. His visits to the Plough had been uninterrupted—he had no one to fear, and no one who took sufficient interest in him to look after him. Frank, on the other hand, was obliged to be rather more circumspect than before; and the better to carry on the deception, or, at least, to avoid detection, to remain at home for many nights, and sometimes weeks together. When this was the case, the time, unhappily, was not much better spent, but he succeeded in deceiving his mother; and there were times in which he made a boast of such superior ability with no small exultation.

Frank was now almost as skilful a player at bagatelle as Ned himself—none who frequented the Plough could rival them. As they never played against each other, no dispute or jealousy arose between them; indeed, Frank was often of great service to Ned—if he had money, and he was seldom without any, it was never denied to him. The secret expenses of

both, however, were beginning to be too great to be easily supplied by one purse; and though both were pretty successful at bagatelle, their luck occasionally varied, and their gains could never at any time have proved sufficient to meet the demands which now assailed them.

It would answer no good end, however, to trace the downward career of these misguided young men, or rather, it might be said of Frank only; for Ned had few redeeming qualities from the first of our acquaintance with him; but there were many parts of Frank's character which might call forth sincere regret that better management had not been pursued in regard to him. Virtue is never improved either by the contemplation or by the recital of scenes of vice. The moralist can but exhibit them for a moment, as signals to warn the unwary against impending danger; and then, in the hope that his end is gained, gladly drop his pen with assumed calmness and indifference, in spite of the peril that menaces destruction. One thing at least was certain; it was impossible that the present state of affairs could continue much longer. Detection must ensue. Frank had yet rather more than a year to serve; and no prospect for the present was open to him by which he could hope to supply his necessities. It was now that Ned artfully plied him with arguments on the advantage of trying their fortune in Australia. He suggested also the means by which their aim might be accomplished. Frank, of course, was to be the instrument—his master the sufferer; but he started with horror from the proposal, and forbade it again to be mentioned to him. The seed of evil, however, had been sown in his mind by the tempter, and there left to germinate and take root, for no change was made in his conduct that could remove or lessen the difficulties which were gradually encircling him; but, on the contrary, the irregularity, increased, and, consequently, the chances of success to the artful being who now planned his destruction.

Midsummer arrived—that happy period, for whose approach the powers of the youthful calculator have been so often exercised, and not months only, and weeks, and days, but minutes and seconds have been enumerated as time glided on—and Emma Sharman was again an inmate of her own loved home. Late as it was in the evening, she ran to take a peep at her dear Ellen, and to promise an early visit next morning. That moment repaid her for all the pain of parting. She was delighted with Ellen's appearance, who certainly was not stouter, but then she had more colour on her cheek, and her eye—that eye so gentle and affectionate—was brighter than ever.

"Oh! how happy shall we be!" cried Emma; "no more saying good-bye; no more longing for letters, or treasuring faded flowers. Every day we shall be together, and every day will be happier than the last."

But Emma saw a marked alteration in Ellen the next morning; and her pallid countenance and languid manners so painfully struck the heart of the affectionate girl, that it was with the utmost difficulty that she could restrain her tears. Mrs. Richmond marked the effect that had been produced on her. A painful sigh, which she could not altogether suppress, escaped her, and in a few minutes afterwards she left the two friends together, for the double purpose of their gratification and of her own relief.

"Are you well, dear Ellen?" asked Emma, looking anxiously at her.

"I am neither ill nor well," replied she. "I have nothing in particular to complain of; but you don't think I look well I see."

She fixed her eyes on her as she spoke; and Emma, no longer able to control herself, burst into tears. Ellen pressed her cheek to her—

"You love me!" said she.

"You know I do," sobbed Emma.

"And you love my mother!"

"Can you doubt it?"

"Emma," murmured Ellen, "what God wills is best. If I get well and strong—and why should I not?—my mother will need nothing that a child can have in her power to do for her. If not, you must be to her a daughter. And now let us say no more, but enjoy the happiness to which we have looked forward with such delight."

From that day Ellen made no allusion to the state of her health; on the contrary, it was a subject which she invariably avoided; but it was evident she was as conscious of what threatened her as were her most anxious friends. There was this difference, however, between them and her—she always appeared cheerful—was always ready to share or promote any little pleasure, and was the first to think of others; the last to think of herself—while they found it impossible to feel otherwise than sad, when they beheld her drooping day by day, more and more visibly; fading like a beautiful bud among many companions; whilst these, less pleasing to the eye, were expanding in full vigour and strength, and giving promise of early maturity.

The conduct of Harriet Davis in regard to the walk to Kingsdale, and its consequences, had made no difference in the behaviour either of Mrs. Richmond or Ellen to her. The former, with her usual kindness and good sense, had pointed out the impropriety of which she had been guilty; and had endeavoured to impress upon her every good effect that could be deduced from the lesson: but she had carefully avoided the manifestation of the slightest degree of resentment. Ellen herself never alluded to the circumstance; and once only when Harriet was lamenting her friend's inability to join a party of pleasure, and blamed herself as the cause, the latter kindly exonerating her, hinted that what she had really to blame herself for, was the want of truth and straightforward dealing which was her too frequent failing. When Emma returned, Ellen was also far too generous to show Harriet that her society was less welcome, because it was less needed; they were therefore frequently together, and that to the advantage of every one of the party, for even Mrs. Richmond found amusement and relief in their society.

[To be continued.]

## BRITISH INDIA.—No. X.

### SERINGAPATAM.—THE PALACE OF THE LATE TIPPOO SAIB.

Few places in British India have created a greater stir than Seringapatam, and very few have so speedily sunk into utter insignificance and oblivion. The many brave and hardy exploits of Tippoo Saib—whose very name spread terror far and wide; whose courage was that of a lion, and ferocity that of a tiger—these lie buried in a grave, darker and deeper than that which contains the warrior's ashes, and their monument is only to be found on some old dusty bookshelf, or in the archives of the India House.

On our journeyings between Tellicherry and Bangalore, we passed twice through Seringapatam, and spent a whole day each time within

the old palace walls. The weather was extremely sultry, and the country around, or at least so much as we could see from the palanquin doors, looked desolate and parched and uninviting. There was nothing to vary the monotony of the scenery; everything looked hot and uncomfortable; scarcely a breath of air stirred the graceful leaves of the tall, slim cocoa-nut-trees; carrion-crows hovered mournfully over the sun-dried skeletons of old cows and antiquated horses, whose carcases had long since afforded consolation to hungry packs of jackals and carnivorous vultures. The Brahmin kite soared high up in the air, keeping his eagle eyes on the alert for prey, and ever and anon giving utterance to a plaintive cry of discontent. There was no signs of dinner for him yet awhile.

A wretched old woman, nearly bent double with age and bad nourishment, favoured us with a few incoherent compliments as we passed through a still more wretched village, consisting of five or six huts, very similar in size and shape to beehives seen through a magnifying-glass. Another dreary waste, with more crows and skeletons, and a vast deal of jolting, and then the palanquins were set down in the very centre of what still showed the relics of a once magnificent garden. We jumped out of the palanquin, and found ourselves in Seringapatam, and within a few paces of Tippoo Saib's palace; and a queer-looking structure it was. An old sepoy, in a coat that had once belonged to some poor soldier, extremely faded and timeworn, undertook to be our chaperon: and first he conducted us round the outside of the building, then fast crumbling to ruins. The walls were covered with grotesque figures of men and animals, besides trees that looked amazingly like gigantic cabbages. It would have done the heart of Hogarth good to have gazed upon these ludicrous daubs. The perspective was as good as his famed picture: there were long processions of cavalry and infantry, European and Indian; elephants, as large nearly as the howdahs they carried, the riders being as big again as both put together. Each line of paintings was intended—so our loquacious sepoy said—to represent some particular engagement in which Tippoo had cut a brilliant figure. Tippoo himself was at the head of each procession, represented as seated cross-legged in a huge state sedan-chair, carried on the shoulders of men, whose size bore the same comparison in the picture to himself as a cat would to an elephant. Our trusty guide seemed quite *au fait* at the subject of each distinct daub, and launched out, with unrestrainable delight, in praises of Sing Behadar Tippoo Saib.

After going the whole round, we ventured inside of the long-deserted palace. The pictures here, from being less exposed to the atmosphere, had retained their colours better than those outside. They were a rare specimen of Indian art, and were intended chiefly to represent Tippoo's enemies undergoing every calamity, and flying in terror before his resistless army. There was a mine blowing up; and in the smoke and rust and fire, and flying high up in the air, were gentlemen with cocked hats and red coats, whose bodies were in a wonderful state of preservation, considering their perilous position.

Having seen all that was to be seen down stairs, we ascended a very rickety flight of wooden steps; that threatened at every step we took to give way under us. In the upper rooms there was some very fine wood-carving and highly-finished work about the beams; but the breeze had set in, and was wailing mournfully through the shutterless windows, and the desolate place shook and trembled again, and the beams looked

suspiciously inclined to fall in, so we cut short the cicerone's long harangue by getting down the old staircase and out of the palace as fast as we could, having no wish to meet so ignominious an end as being knocked on the head by a decayed beam, in a country where so many heroes had bravely fallen; nor, truth to say, in any country at all. The old sepoy came leisurely down after us, and then we proceeded to the garden.

Tippoo, or his head steward, or gardener, or whoever it was that planned and laid out the garden, was evidently a man of great taste.

The fountains in the Seringapatam gardens had long ceased to play, but the fine broad canals, paved on either side with chastest marble, still existed, as did the broad walks between them and on either side. Luxuriant hedges of roses, and other beauteous flowers, lined the walks, whilst stately old trees spread out their immense branches, affording a welcome shade at all hours of the day.

The palace was situated in the centre of the garden, and there were four canals intersecting the garden from north to south and east to west. The space of ground occupying these four partitions was plentifully stocked with the choicest Indian fruit-trees. Mangoes, guavas, rose-apples, limes, citron, billamby, callacca, &c., all yielded their generous fruits at set seasons of the year; and we do not recollect to have ever enjoyed anything so much in any part of India as we did our simple breakfast, or rather tiffin, of mangoes and other fruit on the cool borders of one of those marble canals. Each of these canals terminated in a large marble basin, in the centre of which stood elegantly-carved water-jets, and the whole was supplied from a spring of running water; gold and silver fish sported in the clear crystal stream, rejoicing under the influence of a stray sunbeam that penetrated through the overshadowing foliage of the tamarind trees.

The ruins of the fortress; the spot where Tippoo fell in hand-to-hand combat; and anything else that was worth seeing, we duly visited. The dry stubbly fields, parched and rent with long-continued sultry weather; every inch of ground over which we trod had once drunk deeply of human gore. Here many a brave Briton had bitten the dust in the last painful agonies of life.

We left Seringapatam at nightfall, and the next morning reached the hospitable abode of the resident, who was connected with the Madras civil service. He was from home, but we had been expected, and his servants showed us every imaginable hospitality. The residency is a very fine building, situated in a cool and pleasant position. It contains a long suite of rooms and offices for the accommodation and use of the resident and his numerous suite of assistants, clerks, &c.; a grand reception hall for state occasions, and a very elegantly-furnished parlour and dining-room. Amongst other articles of furniture was one of Broadwood's pianos—quite a novelty in such a wilderness as the Mysore district. The only officer we met was the doctor, attached to the mission, whose name we have quite forgotten.

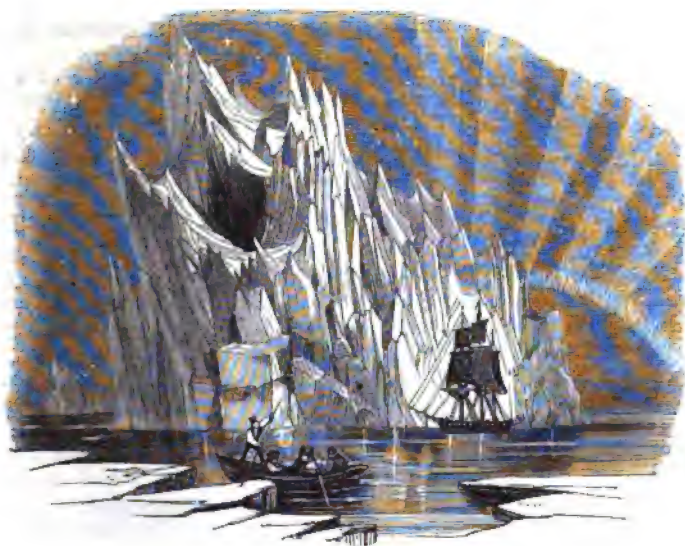
European taste was evident in the way in which the house and grounds were laid out. With none of the pretensions to that splendour and elaborate labour which are discernible in the ruins of Tippoo's famed palace and gardens, it displays that more refined and simple elegance so harmonizing with an Englishman's feelings and ideas.

A few heavy showers of rain that had fallen during the night impregnated the air with a delicious fresh smell of mingled sweetness from

newly-blown flowers, and the scented grass of the field, as we journeyed from Yelwall early on the morning of the day after our arrival.

The writer of this little dreamt, on visiting the scenes of the glorious victories of the late Duke of Wellington at Seringapatam, in November 1839, that it would be his lot, just thirteen years afterwards, to see the last remains of the great hero borne in solemn procession up the aisle of St. Paul's, to such music as never before vibrated under its domes.

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ICEBERGS.


ICEBERGS, or Ice Mountains, are enormous masses of ice formed in the Arctic regions. They are of two kinds—*fixed* and *floating*. A fixed iceberg, situated to the north of Horn Sound, is described as occupying eleven miles in length of the sea coast. It rose precipitously from the sea to the height of four hundred and two feet, and extended backwards, towards the summit of the mountain, to about four times that elevation. Its surface formed a magnificent inclined plane of smooth snow; but the lower parts in summer presented a bare surface of ice.

Floating Icebergs are common in the Arctic and Antarctic regions, and are transported by currents to very considerable distances from the places where they were formed. In Hudson's Strait, Davis's Strait, Baffin's Bay, and other parts of the North Atlantic Ocean, they are very numerous, and of an enormous size. They usually have one high perpendicular side, with a gradual slope to the opposite side, which is very low. Their base is commonly much larger in extent than their upper surface. According to Captain Scoresby, the proportion of ice appearing above water is seldom less in elevation than one-seventh of the whole thickness, and when the summit is conical, the elevation above water is frequently one-fourth of the whole depth of the bergs.



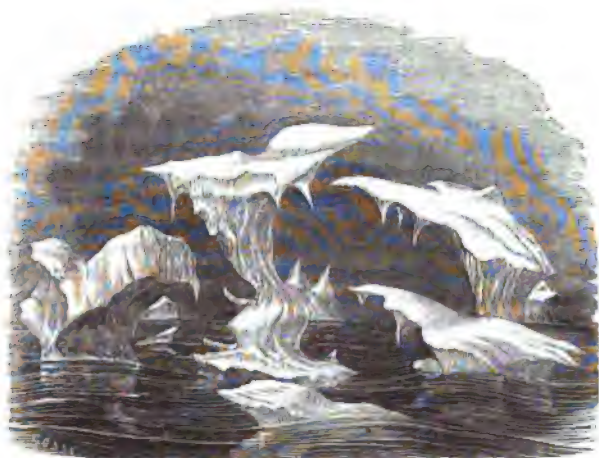
Some of these floating masses present the most fantastic forms: others resemble palaces, churches crowned with spires, and pinnacles, castles, towers, and arched gateways. A number of them seen at the distance of a few miles greatly resemble a mountainous country. The ice of these bergs has a fine green tint, verging on blue; but from a distance the whole mass appears to be composed of white marble, except in cases where the ice is mixed with earth, gravel, or sand, which alters its appearance. The state of the atmosphere also causes some variety in the appearance. Captain Ross says it is hardly possible to imagine anything more exquisite than the variety of tints which Icebergs display: by night, as well as by day, they glitter with a vividness of colour that no art could represent; while the white portions have the brilliancy of silver, the colours of other parts are as various and splendid as those of the rainbow.

In the Antarctic Ocean, floating Icebergs, from a quarter of a mile to five miles in length, have been described by navigators. Many of them present a tabular and stratified appearance, and are perfectly wall-sided, varying from one hundred and eighty to two hundred and ten feet in height. Some of the bergs described by Captain Hudson, were about one-third of a mile in length, and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height, with sides perfectly smooth, as though they had been chiselled. "Others, again, exhibited lofty arches of many-coloured tints, leading into deep caverns, open to the swell of the sea, which, rushing in, produced loud and distant thunderings. The flight of birds, passing in and out of these caverns, recalled the recollection of ruined abbeyes, castles, and caves, while here and there a bold projecting bluff, crowned with pinnacles and turrets, resembled some Gothic tower. A little farther onwards would be seen a vast fissure, as if some powerful force had rent in twain these mighty masses. Every noise on board, even our own voices, reverberated from the massive and porous walls. These tabular bergs are like masses of beautiful alabaster: a verbal description of them can do little to convey the reality to the imagination of one who has not been among them. If an immense city of ruined alabaster palaces can be imagined, of every variety of shape and tint, and composed of huge piles of buildings grouped together, with long lanes or streets winding irregularly through them, some faint idea may be formed of the grandeur and beauty of the spectacle."\*

In navigating the seas where Icebergs abound, the sailor can scarcely fail to be impressed with the wonderful scene around him, and to feel deeply conscious of the fact, that nothing but the immediate protection of the Almighty can so direct these moving mountains as to save his vessel from being crushed between them. In crossing the Atlantic at certain seasons, ships are frequently exposed to this danger; and it is supposed that many ships which have been lost, and not since heard of, have met their fate by being crushed between two Icebergs. On approaching them, the air is felt to be cooled by their presence, a circumstance which frequently warns the navigator by night of his danger; but sometimes the whalers seek the shelter of an Iceberg from the violence of the gale, and also from the other descriptions of ice which float past with considerable speed, while, from its vast size and depth in the water, the Iceberg moves but slowly. There are, however, some

\* 'United States Exploring Expedition: Antarctic Cruise.'

dangers to a ship in being moored to the frozen cliff; large fragments of ice, from the under part of the mass, sometimes dart up to the surface, and strike holes in the ship's bottom; projecting points, a little below the surface, may also pierce the planking; the strong current which generally runs along the side of an Iceberg may dash the vessel against it. But, perhaps, the greatest danger arises from the circumstance, that an Iceberg is generally so nicely balanced in the water, that if a large piece breaks off on one side, the whole mass will suddenly turn over, and stove or wreck the vessel, producing at the same time vast waves to a considerable distance around, sufficient to overwhelm all smaller craft. The swell of the sea causes the bergs to rise and fall with a tremendous noise; but is far less effectual in breaking them up than the heat of the sun. Few of the Icebergs are destroyed in the Arctic seas, but they are brought down by currents into the Atlantic, where,



SWELL AMONG ICE.

by the action of heat and the warmer water, they become hollow and rotten; large pieces fall off; the masses roll over and over, until at length they fall entirely asunder, producing a noise of equal effect to thunder, and launching forth huge waves, which travel for miles, breaking up the fields and floes of ice, checking the dominion of the frost, and preventing the ice of the Arctic regions from accumulating.

The Icebergs afford retreat to a great number of seals, which are thus floated, in the month of March, off the coasts of Newfoundland; and a dangerous, but profitable, fishery has of late years been established, by sending out vessels in pursuit of the seals on these icy masses. Foxes, bears, and other animals are usually transported on similar icy carriages from one country to another.

Icebergs contain many deep cavities, which are filled with the purest and most refreshing water, often flowing over the edges in beautiful cascades. Vessels in want of fresh water often obtain it from this source. The water-casks are either landed, filled, and then rolled into the sea;

or, they remain in the boat or even on the deck of the ship, and the water is conveyed into them by means of a long tube of canvas or leather.

The origin of these mighty masses of ice is to be found in the glaciers which fill the polar valleys, most of which, so far as they are known, open at once into the sea. The Alpine glaciers already described, run into valleys which terminate on dry land, where the increasing warmth prevents their further progress. The glaciers of polar valleys extend down steep banks into the sea, where they are slowly corroded by the salt water; the ice still pressing on from behind, the projected mass can no longer support its own weight; it snaps off and plunges into the deep, where it splits into several pieces, forming as many Icebergs. The shores of Greenland are so beset with ice, that, in many places, it is quite impossible even for a boat to find a landing.

The Greenlanders call this launching of an Iceberg, the *calving of the ice-blink*; and Mr. Scoresby was once so fortunate as to witness it. "A strong north-westerly swell having for some hours been breaking on the shore, had loosened a number of fragments attached to the Iceberg, and various heaps of broken ice denoted recent shoots of the seaward edge. As we rowed towards it, with a view of proceeding close to its base, I observed a few little pieces fall from the top; and while my eye was fixed upon the place, an immense column, probably fifty feet square, and one hundred and fifty feet high, began to leave the parent ice at the top, and, leaning majestically forward, with an accelerated velocity, fell, with an awful crash, into the sea. The water into which it plunged was converted into an appearance of vapour, or smoke, like that from a furious cannonading. The noise was equal to that of thunder, which it nearly resembled. The column which fell was nearly square, and in magnitude resembled a church. It broke into thousands of pieces."

Almost every Iceberg, like every glacier, is covered with masses of stone from the size of a walnut to that of a house. As the Iceberg melts, these stones are deposited in various parts of the ocean, and resemble the boulder-stones which have been left in places from which glaciers have long receded.



ICEBERG SEEN IN RAFFIN'S BAY.

## THE STORY OF A PEBBLE.

Tis of such stuff our life is made.  
 Kind words and deeds,—then usage hard ;  
 Pleasure tasted—hopes delayed ;  
 Last, Patience—and her sure reward.

I AM going to tell my own story, which, like all others, has its ups and downs, its sunshine and its clouds. I might begin, if I were so inclined, by boasting of the antiquity of my race—a race so highly valued, even in our present day, that its living members are almost as carefully landed and as curiously gazed at in England as if they were Aztec princes or Zoolu Kaffir chiefs. It is only of late, however, that I knew anything of the source from whence I came. My earliest recollections are dark and disagreeable ones. I found myself rolling along, amid a confused mass of pebbles, at the bottom of the ocean. Sometimes we were dashed against rugged rocks which fretted or scarred our surface ; sometimes caught up by huge branches of sea-weed, which coiled themselves in waving folds around us until, anon, they were uplifted by the surging ocean, leaving us once more at liberty to advance or recede, with the evermoving, everchanging tide. Sometimes we rushed onwards with a voice of thunder ; sometimes we gently retreated, as if we regretted being driven back into the dark depths of the ocean.

One day, after a storm, the waves were heaving wildly, and as they dashed foaming upon the shore, they carried along with them a vast mass of pebbles. I was one of the number. What a pleasant moment it was when the retreating waves had left me resting upon the soft white sand, with the sun shining so brightly upon me that my moistened surface gleamed with light. Hitherto, I had been dark and colourless ; now I seemed to be sparkling with beauty. Very little time, however, was given for any self-complacency on my part, for a pitiless wave snatched me from my resting-place, and bore me back to the ocean. Alas ! was it but for a moment that I had been tantalized with a vision of peace and brightness ? A few minutes more sufficed to reprove me for this impatience ; for once more, I was cast upon the beach, and my position being now far higher up upon the shore, it seemed likely that I should be left there undisturbed. Again the sun shone gaily upon me, and all promised well for me, when a party of children approached the spot and began casting stones into the water, for the purpose of making a large Newfoundland dog fetch them out again. Many a neighbouring pebble was taken up and flung, amid shouts of laughter, into the ocean. Was my turn to come next ?—a few moments decided the question, for one of the little boys, a bright, pleasant-looking child, stooping down, seized me with triumph, and holding me up, exclaimed, “ Here is a famous pebble, it will just do for Neptune ! ” And so saying, he called over his huge dog, and showing him the prize, flung me relentlessly into the water. Here was another cruel turn of fortune. Farewell to earth and peace, farewell to sunlight and beauty. My murmuring soon ceased, however, for master Frederick—so was he called—had only succeeded in flinging me near the brink of the water, and Neptune did his duty dogfully in fetching me back to his little master, who received me out of his mouth, and bestowed many caresses upon his favourite. He was

about to pitch me again into the sea, when his elder brother, taking me out of his hand and looking at me, exclaimed, "This is a madrepoire, Freddy; don't throw it away. I shall try to polish it."

"A madrepoire!" repeated Freddy, and some youthful companions, as they peered into Henry's hand to see what sort of treasure he had obtained.

"Yes," repeated Henry, "a madrepoire;" and wetting my surface he rubbed it with his finger and said, "Don't you see the little stars all over it, just like the brooch which mamma admired so much yesterday in the jeweller's shop? I'll polish it myself, and get it set in a brooch for mamma against her birthday." So saying, Henry put me into his waistcoat pocket, and, in company with Frederick, turned his steps towards home.

The two brothers were full of cheerful talk as they went along; but how could a poor captive pebble like me care about what they said? The change in my fate had been by no means an agreeable one. It was true enough, that my position at the bottom of the ocean had not been an enviable one; but there, at least, I was surrounded by a throng of kindred species, and I enjoyed the variety of continual movement. Now, I was thrust all alone, into a close dark place, amid some odds and ends of things with which I had no sort of affinity. On the other hand, I had been spoken of with admiration, as being something precious. There was comfort in this, for it is soothing to vanity to be regarded as of any importance.

No sooner had my new master reached home, than he took me out of his pocket, and showing me to a very nice pleasant-looking lady, said to her, "Pray look at this, mamma, and tell me whether it is not a madrepoire." "Yes," replied she, smiling at his eagerness, "it is a madrepoire, and if I am not mistaken, a very fine one too; but the jeweller will be able to tell you better than I can."

"May I go and ask him about it now?" inquired Henry of his mother.

"No, my dear," replied she, in a kind tone, "I am sorry to have to refuse you, but I know that your papa does not like you to go into the town alone, and I am not able to accompany you this afternoon."

"Here is papa himself," cried out little Freddy, "and I dare say he will go with us." The request was no sooner made than granted; and Henry, having now formed a still higher sense of my value, wrapped me carefully up in a bit of paper, and carried me in his hand as if afraid of losing me.

A few minutes brought the walk to an end, and Mr. Harley (Henry's papa) having shown me to the jeweller, the latter eyed me very knowingly, and then pronounced me to be a very fine specimen of madrepoire, adding, that "the young gentleman was lucky in finding me." So saying, he laid me down upon the counter, where I lay amid many sparkling jewels and costly ornaments of gold. Here was a brilliant change in my destiny. I seemed to be altogether a different pebble from that which had so long been tossed about unsought, and uncared for, amid millions of others at the bottom of the ocean. Even my resting-place on the sunny beach, once so much regretted, seemed now altogether unworthy of me. My new elevation had not yet reached its height. The jeweller, addressing Mr. Harley, inquired whether he had ever seen a living madrepoire. "A living madrepoire!" re-echoed the children in amazement. "Yes, a living madrepoire," repeated the jeweller, as he took from a shelf a small

bowl filled with water, and laid it before the boys, upon the counter. "Here is one for you to look at." They gazed intently into the bowl. Far below the surface of the water, lay a delicate little creature, looking like a star encased in seaweed, whose beautiful tendrils extended around it on all sides, sucking in the salt water which formed its sole sustenance. Mr. Youldon, the jeweller, described to the children how this part of the coast had, many ages ago, been studded with millions of these little beings, which, on some convulsion of nature, were petrified by the action of heat, into those masses of stone which were now so much valued, as to be used for setting in brooches and bracelets. "I have had the honour," continued he, "to receive Her Majesty's commands for some ornaments of this kind, and I will show you, if you permit me, a splendid brooch which has just been prepared for her." So saying, he opened a morocco case, in which lay a madrepore, richly encased in gold, and presented it to the gaze of the admiring children. "How beautiful! Was every one of those stars alive once? And will Queen Victoria wear that?" Such were the questions and exclamations of the youthful gazers, to all of which Mr. Youldon gave satisfactory replies; adding, that the living specimen was, on account of its rarity, still more valuable than the brooch.

How new and charming was all this? Not only did our gracious Queen condescend to wear one of my species, but my living race were spoken of as precious, by this wealthy jeweller. Oh! if my old companions could but know how important I was become, then, indeed, would my good fortune be complete.

I seemed to be getting on wonderfully fast in the world now; but a sudden check often comes when least looked for. Henry asked the jeweller how much it would cost to get me set in a brooch for his mamma. Mr. Youldon replied, that to have it handsomely done, it would cost from twenty to thirty shillings. Henry looked disappointed, and saying, half aloud, "Ah, that won't do for me," took me up once more, and wrapped me up in the same piece of paper from which I had so recently emerged into light and liberty. Mr. Harley, thanking the jeweller for the information he had so kindly given, left the shop with his children. On their homeward way my master was quite silent for a few moments, and Freddy asked him what was the matter with him. "Nothing," he replied, "only, I have been thinking whether I could polish the madrepore myself, and then it would cost less to get it set. What do you think, papa?" inquired he.

"There is nothing like trying, my boy," replied his father.

"But pray don't tell mamma," said Henry, "it is to be quite a secret, remember."

"It shall be kept a profound secret, so far as I am concerned," replied Mr. Harley, smiling.

And so, Henry carried me into a small room, which was a sort of workroom for him and his brothers; and, having procured some sand, laid me upon a board and began to rub me and scrub me with all his might, until I grew as rough and ugly as possible. It was enough to put any stone out of sorts to get into such bungling hands. Why had he not left me with the jeweller, who understood my value, and would have treated me gently, as became a precious stone like myself. . . . one, that might have rested, not unworthily, on the fair arm of royalty itself?

At last, my master was called away, and I was left in peace. A few

hours later he returned with Frederick, and they both instantly ran over to the table whereon I was lying, and Freddy exclaimed, "Oh Henry! you have quite spoilt it. It looks coarser than any of the common pebbles. It is a fright of a stone." It was not very pleasant to be thus despised by a mere urchin—I, who had so recently been prized and admired by men of taste and judgment!

"Yes, it does look rather bad," replied Henry, "but the jeweller, I dare say, could set it all to rights again, if only I could scrape up money to pay for the setting."

"I have just thought of a famous plan," said Freddy, "you know that we have each got fifteen shillings in our purses. What do you say to our joining together, and getting it set for mamma and giving it to her for a birthday present."

"Ah! that will do capitally," replied his brother, "and she will like it all the better as coming from us both. I'll go and ask papa to let us go and speak to the jeweller about it at once."

"And I'll go with you," said Freddy, jumping with joy.

The consent was readily obtained, and once more I was carried to the jeweller's shop. A very tempting place it was, with its display of richly-chased plate and costly jewellery; but the brothers seemed to have no thought but about me and their mamma: nor was it unwelcome to be associated in thought with so kind and pleasant a lady. Once more I was laid upon the counter, and Henry, telling the jeweller that they wished to have me set in a very handsome brooch for their mamma, asked to see a few patterns. Several brooches were shown to them, and one particularly attracted their attention. "That is rather more expensive than the others," observed the jeweller; "that setting would cost thirty-five shillings." "That is more than we can give," said Freddy, laying an emphasis on the word "*we*," as if duly sensible of the importance of his mission. "We have only fifteen shillings apiece, to spend upon it."

The jeweller looked amused at the frank simplicity of the child, and replied, that as that was the case they should have it for thirty shillings. "Thank you! thank you!" said both the boys at the same moment; and the kind jeweller looked as much pleased as did the boys at their bargain. "Mamma's birthday will be this day fortnight," observed Henry, "can you let us have it by that time?" "Yes certainly," was the answer, "I can promise it to you even a day or two sooner." After renewed thanks, Henry and his brother left the shop.

And now I found myself in the hands of a connoisseur, one who knew my value and prized me accordingly: now all would surely go on smoothly, and I was secure from any further indignity. How mistaken often are the calculations of ignorance! At first I was thrust into a small drawer, amid some common-looking stones. It was very dull, but then it could not last long, for he must soon take me out, and place me in that beautiful gold setting which had been chosen for me by my master. Early on the following morning, my hope seemed about to be realized, for I was withdrawn from my prison and found myself once more in the jeweller's hands. Ah! now was come at last the good time! No more dark corners! No more rude treatment!

But another trouble awaited me. Mr. Youldon, instead of placing me at once amongst his jewels, as I had expected, delivered me into the care of a poorly-dressed man, who carried me straightway into a mean-looking apartment, very different from the pleasant drawing-room

at Mr. Harley's villa, or to Mr. Youldon's splendid shop. Here was I laid once more upon a board. Again was I rubbed and scrubbed with hard, gritty sand. It seemed as if the operation was meant to deface instead of beautifying me. After a pause, he applied to my scratched surface a hard pumice-stone, and rubbed me so hardly with it that part of my substance was worn away by the inhuman pressure. Was this the sort of treatment I deserved? Alas, that I might find myself once more rolling along in the lowest depths of the mighty deep! Never, surely, would I long to emerge from it into light and beauty. The worst was not yet over. The pumice-stone having done its part, a still harder one, called a snake-stone, was pressed on my ill-used surface, and rubbed so unmercifully that it seemed as if I must be rubbed to nothing at last.

At this uncomfortable moment of my history, a little boy came running into the workshop, and, seeing what my tormentor was about, asked him many questions about his work, and inquired very particularly why he kept rubbing me so hard with the snake-stone. "Because," replied the man gravely, "if I did not rub it thus hardly, it would always look like a common pebble, and would be fit for nothing but playing with, or lying upon the seashore: and perhaps," continued he, placing his hand upon his son's head, "perhaps, my dear child, when you grow to be a man, you will remember what I tell you now—that it is with human beings, as with stones in this respect, that their lot often seems hard and rude, when, in fact, the very circumstances they complain of, are intended to fit them for a higher use than they were capable of before."

The boy looked up, and listened with that wondering gaze of childhood which is familiar to us all, when it is imbibing some truth, which, as yet, it rather feels than apprehends. Another moment, and the boy had darted away, to join some youthful companions who were playing outside; but the lesson addressed to him was fitted alike to me also, and explained the cause and the needs-be of all the hard usage I had received, for without this rough treatment I should always have remained a common pebble. It was a lesson of humility and of hope.

The workman, pausing in his task, looked after his son, as he left the room. Mayhap, he was meditating on the boy's future lot, and thinking how he, too, might require many a hard rub before his character was shaped to its true and best proportions. Mayhap, the thought was a prayerful one. But not long did he delay in returning to his work; and taking some soft powdery substance, he rubbed it over me with a piece of flannel. This operation continued for some time, and what else might be in store for me, who could tell! But patient endurance becomes less difficult when the end is known, and is kept in view.

At last came a long pause—a rest, and the workman, taking me up in his hand, gazed at me with a look of satisfaction. At this moment his child happened to enter the room again; and his father, calling him over, desired him to look at me. "Oh, papa, what a beautiful stone!" exclaimed the boy. "How it shines, and how many pretty stars there are upon it!"

"Yes, it is a beautiful stone," replied his father, "and now you can see with your own eyes why it was I treated it so roughly. Remember, my child, that it is even thus our Heavenly Father deals with us. He not only gave His "beloved Son" to be "a sacrifice for our sins, and to deliver us out of this present evil world," where, like the pebble at



the bottom of the ocean, we were driven up and down in hopeless darkness and confusion; but also, after having brought us into the light of His glorious gospel, He disciplines us by His grace. He seems sometimes to treat us roughly, visiting us with sorrow upon sorrow, so that we cry out with the patriarch of old (Job. x. 2), "Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me;" or with the Psalmist (Ps. xxx. 10), "I am consumed by the blow of thy hand." By degrees, however, we are taught by His Holy Spirit, the high and gracious purpose for which God is pleased thus to chasten us, even that we may be "partakers of His holiness" (Heb. xii. 10); and instead of murmuring any longer at our trials, we learn with the Apostle Paul, to "be patient in tribulation" (Rom. xii. 12), believing that "our present light affliction, which is but for a moment, shall, through grace, "work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" (2 Cor. iv. 17).

My discipline was ended; I was now a polished stone, and no longer needed the workman's hand. A few days later, I was placed in the rich gold setting that had been prepared for me, and was received with delight by Henry and Frederick, who, on the morning of their mother's birthday, presented me to her as their united gift. It was a happy day to them, and a proud one to the humble pebble, which was then placed as a clasp upon the snow-white collar of her dress. A tear fell upon me as she received me out of her children's hands; but it seemed to be a tear of joy, for in wiping it away, she told them that henceforth this should be her favourite ornament.

Years have passed away since that crowning moment of my good fortune. Henry is now far away at sea, having chosen the navy as his profession, and Frederick is at school. During their absence from home, I seem to be a sort of talisman to the fond mother, who never unfastens me from her dress without gazing upon me tenderly, as if I were the silent messenger of her children's love. Very rarely does she lay me aside for any costlier ornament, and then she sighs as if she were parting from a friend.

Well may it be said of me, as Henry did playfully the last time he was at home, on observing that his mother wore me constantly, "Really, mamma, it was a lucky day for that pebble when we found it upon the beach, for it has got into pleasant quarters. If I were not a sailor," added he, with a natural touch of boyish pride, "If I were not a sailor, I would envy its happy lot in being always with you."

"It is, indeed, a very precious stone to me," replied his mother with a smile, "precious as the gift of my dear children, and precious, too, as often bringing to my prayerful remembrance, the most earnest wish of my heart for you both, that you may become "living stones" (1 Pet. ii. 5), prepared for your Master's use at that great day when He will "make up His jewels" (Mal. iii. 17).

My story is ended. Some may, perhaps, deem it an idle tale. May you, dear reader, be among the number of those who find

"Sermons in stones  
And good in everything,"

remembering that He who spake as never man spoke, declared that if his disciples' hearts grew cold, and their tongues dumb in praising God, the very "stones" themselves would immediately cry out" (Luke xix. 40).

## THE CIRCASSIANS.—No. II.

IN a former number we presented the reader with an account of the incessant and long-continued contest between the Russians and Circassians, which has been prosecuted with increasing animosity and bitterness for upwards of seventy years. It must be borne in mind, that the origin, continuance, and consequences of this bloody and barbarous warfare rest wholly and solely with Russia, whose insatiable thirst of conquest, knowing no limits of time, space, or circumstance, notwithstanding her disgraceful and disastrous defeats year after year, and her powerlessness to contend successfully with this handful of Mountain Warriors—who wish for nothing more than the liberty of enjoying those blessings which a bountiful providence has bestowed upon their beloved country—she continues annually to repeat her dastardly attempts, to fasten her odious yoke upon them, making up the immense losses she sustains by fresh levies; and regardless of the lives of her subjects or the common claims of humanity, sends her hordes of serfs to certain destruction, against a people whom she has taught at once to hate, despise, and defeat her.

In the present paper we propose giving a more detailed account of the western Caucasus and its various tribes. This subject has become doubly interesting at the present time, when the war which has already commenced between Russia and Turkey, and which bids fair to involve other European nations in its dreadful vortex, has also aroused the free Caucasian tribes to a more vigorous resistance to the Russian power, and stimulated those provinces to revolt which formerly belonged to Persia and Turkey. This will give a turn to the character of the war, which, in the sequel, may prove an important diversion in favour of Turkey and her allies.

The country of Circassia lies on the northern declivities of the Caucasian chain of mountains, occupying the space between the Black Sea and the river Kouban, which latter separates it on the north from the territory of the Tehernemorsky Cossacks; whilst on the south it is bounded by the provinces of Georgia, Immeritia, and Mingrelia. These, with some smaller provinces, have at various periods been taken from Turkey and Persia by Russia, who holds them in a state of vassalage they can ill brook. They are connected with the Russo-Tartar territory by two military roads, one of which extends from the middle Kouban along the base of the snowy mountains, until it terminates in Georgia. On the line of these roads is a chain of posts or fortresses, at short intervals; and a large body of Russian troops is distributed along the whole line, having their head-quarters at Ekaterinoslaf, on the north bank of the Kouban.

The Circassian territory, which is called “the Western Caucasus,” forms an acute angle, having the junction of the Kouban with the Cimmerian Bosphorus at its lesser end, that river and the Black Sea constituting its sides. From an ancient map of the country in the Imperial Library at Vienna, it appears that the territories of the Circassian Prince were formerly much more extensive, reaching from the mouths of the Don (Tanais) on the Sea of Azof, to the Cimmerian Bosphorus, and along the shore of the Euxine, to the Phae of Mingrelia, a distance of more than five hundred miles; whilst on the north, it followed along the south bank of the Kouban, and included the Kabardian plain beyond the source of that river. There it joined the country of the Koumanlaus. The north-

eastern Caucasus, now traversed by the Russian military roads, was possessed by the Assetinians, who were supposed to have descended from the ancient Medes, their language being a mixture of the Median and the Samothracian. The country of Circassia was called by ancient writers, *Kassachia*, and the inhabitants, *Kassachzyghians*.

The whole of the low grounds, both on the coast of the Black Sea and on the south bank of the Kouban, is now occupied by Russia. The principal forts on the coast are Anapa, Soudjouk-kalè, Pchad, Djook, Vadran, Pitzounda, Soudjoum-kalè, &c. These miserable seaports, which we shall presently describe, are so far from being able to withstand an attack by sea, that they are scarcely sufficient to repel the daring efforts of the natives, who have repeatedly stormed them with success.

The whole of the ground thus occupied by Russia is marshy and unhealthy; nor have they ever been able to penetrate into the mountains, so as to obtain a safe and permanent footing. Even the fortresses they possess, are held and maintained at an enormous expense of both men and money, owing, on the one hand, to the untiring and desperate hostility of the nations, and on the other to the constant presence of malignant disease, the effect of bad water, bad treatment, and the malaria of the marshes. The Circassian service, in fact, is considered by the Russian soldiers as a banishment, equivalent to capital punishment; a forlorn hope, in which the chances are all to nothing against a safe return. The annual loss of troops by all causes is stated, by Oliphant, to be 20,000, or ten per cent. per annum upon the entire force in this service, which is 200,000, including those on both sides of the Kouban. This statement is justified by the continual arrival of fresh troops, to make good the losses; whilst we hear of none being allowed to return to Russia. Not a day, or scarcely an hour passes, without some "casualty" from the hostility of the Circassians, who, being in possession of the heights, and being always armed with their rifles, let no opportunity slip of shooting down a Russian wherever and whenever they meet with them.

The appearance of the country from the sea is that of a low range of hills, descending abruptly in some places to the water's edge. The brow is chiefly occupied by woodlands, now and then opening into pasturage, mixed with corn inclosures. The description given of it by those who have sailed along the shores of the Euxine, represent it as beautiful in the extreme. Spencer, who traversed it in 1837 in a Russian steamer, speaks in rapturous language of the scenery, as realizing all that the most romantic fancy could paint of an Arcadian elysium. A balmy breeze from the mountains cools the air and invigorates the spirits; a light, filmy, transparent mist adds a hazy beauty to their sides, which are clothed with the wide-spreading oak, beech, chesnut, and other umbrageous trees. Here and there a plot of table-land occurs, on which the snow-white flocks of sheep, and herds of goats and buffaloes, graze under the care of the shepherds in their picturesque costume. Now a Circassian chief is seen in the woods, clad in armour, mounted on a splendid charger, and attended by his squire and vassals. Armed to the teeth, he mounts a hill, and brandishes his cimeter, as if in defiance of the enemy. Again, you see some noble lady on an Arabian steed, veiled from head to foot, and surrounded by her female attendants, slowly pacing along at the foot of the mountains, where the Russian dares not approach except in force.

Peeping through the foliage of the trees are seen the white cottages of the Circassians with their smoking chimneys, surrounded with their farm-

yards and orchards of fruit-trees, looking the very abodes of peace and contentment. Occasionally a field of waving corn occurs on the table-land of the mountains, with men, women, and children employed in cutting and loading it on the backs of camels and buffaloes, who, with their golden burthen, slowly wind their way homewards through the deep valleys. The approach to these lovely scenes from the shore is through deep, narrow, and tangled defiles, into which the Russians have never been able to penetrate, without being driven back with great loss. Artillery is out of the question, except in the more open ground; and the Russian cavalry are cut down in detail by the rifles, or bows and arrows, of the Circassians, who line the woods and heights that command the passes, out of the reach of the Russians. Who can wonder or blame the determined enthusiasm with which the natives defend such a country from such an enemy? or their firm resolution to maintain their liberty and independence, or perish, to a man, in the conflict?

Such is the appearance of the western portion of Circassia, as viewed from the Black Sea. The north-eastern part, facing the Kouban, is thus described by another traveller who visited it in 1840:—

“Before us, at the foot of these mountains, which sunk into them in long sweeping ridges and ravines, were the plains of the Kouban. These were bounded in their turn by that river, describing, as it received its tributary streams, a grand semicircle from north to west. Stretching beyond this, and finally lost in the haze of the distance, were the interminable steppes of Russia. Nor, if we turned on the track we had come, was the prospect less attractive. There, almost parallel with those on which we stood, rose another range of mountains, with a crowd of lesser and thickly-wooded hills, rolled on one another like a sea. Between, in glimpses through the breaks of the further chain, we caught sight of the boiling element and the solitary cruiser gliding thereon, and haunting the coast like some grim spectre beyond.

“But my feelings, whilst standing upon this commanding position, and surveying the wild and impracticable country beneath, were not confined to admiration. They partook of the proud and conscious security which creates and confirms the independent spirit of the mountaineer: I cannot conceive how anybody, who saw it as I did then, can dream of the conquest of such a country; and I could have wished, at that moment, to have had at my side the Russian general, to have enjoyed the despair which I believe such a prospect might have inspired him with; and to have asked him by what plan of operations in this inextricable confusion of hills and valleys, rivers and forests, he purposed to reduce it? If he dispersed his troops, they were sure to be cut off in detail by an armed population, possessing the advantage of local information. If his columns advanced in a mass, all they could do was to wander through some solitary defiles, harassed on every side by the fear of an invisible foe, and compelled at length, for want of provisions, to retreat. I was at once convinced, and remain so to this day, and *that*, from the view of the lower range of mountains alone—and, of course, the conclusion was but strengthened by a visit to the primary ones—that the only chance of their subjection, was in the annexation of their inhabitants with those of the plains.”

This statement is but little flattering to the designs and hopes of the Russians, but it fully accounts for the anomalous fact of the preservation, by the Circassian tribes, of their independence for so many ages. They

have been attacked in succession, by the ancient Greeks under Alexander, by the Romans under Cæsar, by the Turks and Persians in modern times, and by the Russians for the last seventy years, and still remain unconquered. In fact their resistance has assumed a form which adds greatly to their security. Formerly the various tribes were at variance one with another, and never acted in concert. But by the recommendation of an Englishman, Mr. Bell, who pointed out the impolicy of this disunion, the various chiefs have abandoned their interminable quarrels and feuds, and have cordially united against the common foe; in consequence of which, Schamil, the enterprising chief, now, by common consent, can muster a force of fifty thousand mountaineers, all armed to the teeth, at any given point where their services are wanted. The Russian general, Willemanoff, was fully aware of the difficulties he had to contend with in the service, and declared, that it would be an easier matter to conquer the whole Ottoman Empire than to subdue the Circassians. "Meet us fairly," said he to one of their chiefs in a conference, "and we will beat you in any numbers. But now, after harassing us and provoking us like a set of hornets, when we seek you to make our acknowledgments, you are no more to be found than" (throwing down some gunpowder) "these grains of gunpowder in the grass."

Beyond the source of Kouban and its tributaries lies the great Kabardan Plain, across which the Russian military road is carried till it terminates in the province of Georgia. The Kabardines were considered the original Circassians; but this is a question involved in the greatest obscurity.

The high ground by which this plain is bounded on the west is in many parts totally inaccessible to cavalry, and even the mountaineers invariably fight on foot. They are the wildest and fiercest of the Circassian tribes, and, by their predatory inroads, occasion the Russians occupying the plains a great deal of trouble. The Russians have only two forts in the mountains, Aboon, on the river of that name, and Nicholafsky; and so exposed are these to the hostility of the natives, that the soldiers are frequently shot down by their rifles in the barrack-yard.\*

The villages of the Circassians are seldom built for a permanent residence, except in those parts which are not exposed to the inroads of an enemy. They are usually surrounded with a double stockade, with a bank of earth between, loopholes being left at intervals for the use of the rifle. These defences are rather for the purpose of repelling the predatory attacks of their hostile neighbours, than those of regular troops, against which it is evident they would not stand a moment. Every hamlet and farm has a mill, of most primitive construction, attached to it, so built as to be easily removed. The farmhouses are surrounded with orchards of fruit trees. In the warmer parts, next the Black Sea, the olive, pomegranate, and fig grow spontaneously; and vines of enormous size hang in rich festoons from the branches of the trees; whilst

\* Spencer met five hundred of these rude warriors, of gigantic height, and of prepossessing features, but fierce even to wildness. Their headdress was a sheep's-skin turban, the long wool curling over their shoulders and ears; a doe-skin jacket, a black mantle of goats' hair and sheeps' wool braided together; sandals of untanned leather, or the bark of the linden tree, &c.; and they were armed with a poniard, hatchet, a light rifle slung over the shoulders, and a tremendous knotty club, with a steel barb a foot long at one end.

an endless variety of rare and fragrant plants flourish in tropical luxuriance, and fill the air with a delicious perfume.

The western portion of the country is divided into Upper and Lower Abasia, which are separated by the pass or valley opposite to the Bay of Djook on the Black Sea.

We shall now give a description of the Russian fortresses on the coast of the Black Sea, which form a subject of deep interest, in consequence of the war which is raging in the countries bordering every side of that sea. The first and most important of these is Anapa, which is situated at the base of the mountain that terminates the lesser chain of the Caucasus, and from which commences the Great Plain of the Kouban. The town of Anapa is protected on the south by fortifications, erected on a rock one hundred feet high; whilst to the north, a wall, with bastions, defends it from attacks by sea; not, however, sufficiently strong to repel a serious cannonade. The anchorage of the harbour is not good, and only small vessels can enter it. The houses are mere cabins of wood and mud, thatched with leaves of Indian corn and reeds. The inhabitants, although numbering only two thousand, consists of Circassians, Nogay Tartars, Kalmaks, Koumonks, Kabardines, Kazannes, Denur Karpoues, Daghestans, Bonkharas, Greeks, Armenians, Russians, &c., pouring forth such a Babel of tongues as would confound the most accomplished linguist. The water of the town is brackish; and when the garrison send to the mountains for spring water, an escort of artillery, with lighted matches, is necessary to protect them from the attacks of the natives.

Anapa was originally built by the Genoese in the last century. From there it was taken by the Turks, who wholly destroyed, and then rebuilt it on the ruins, in its present form. It was taken by the Russian fleet in 1828 under the command—we regret to add—of Admiral Greig, an Englishman, in conjunction with Prince Mentzchikow, who left Sebastopol with a large force, and, after a three months' siege, reduced the town and garrison. The Turks were well assisted by the Circassians, who were so exasperated at the surrender of *their* fort, as they called it, that they made slaves of all the Turks who fled to them for protection. The Russians have held it ever since, but have never had a moment's cessation of hostilities with the natives.

Soudjouk-kalè lies about thirty miles south of Anapa, on the shore of a splendid bay. It was held by the Circassians till the year 1836, when, after a sharp struggle, it was taken from them by the Russians under Willemanoff; and they also got possession of a hill which commands the town. It is supposed to have been the site of the ancient Sindika, or Sidone, mentioned by the geographer Arrian as about 500 stadia from Panterapium, or Kertsch in the Crimea. Willemanoff employed an army of 15,000 men to reduce the place, the Circassians resisting to the last moment. It was in fact a dearly-bought, and still more dearly-maintained, conquest.

Ghehudik is sixteen miles from Soudjouk-kalè, and is built on a harbour in form of an oyster. It is considered the safest and most commodious in the Black Sea. It lies at the entrance of a beautiful valley, and the Russian government, being desirous of establishing a colony on this spot, offered great advantages to those who might settle in it. But they were compelled to abandon this design by the determined opposition of the Circassians, and have confined their jurisdiction to the town and fortress; the latter, being defended by entrenchments and stockades, a battery mounted with heavy guns, and a garrison of 2000 men. The Circassians are so continually on the alert, equipped with every

kind of weapon from a rifle to a javelin, that the soldiers dare not leave their barracks except in force.

Pchad is fourteen miles from Ghehudik, and lies in the vicinity of the most lovely portions of this beautiful and interesting country. Spencer describes it as exceeding even the finest parts of Italy. The bay itself is inconsiderable.

Djook is another small bay, twenty miles south of Pchad: The valley which opens from the bay into the mountains is considered the boundary between the provinces of Upper and Lower Abasia.

Twenty miles further south is the bay of Vadrán, at the opening of the famous pass of Iagra, so often fatal to the Russians, in their attempts to force their way through to the interior. They have a settlement at the entrance of this defile, consisting of a few houses, and a church and monastery, the ruins of which latter have been converted into barracks for the garrison. The heights, however, are in possession of the natives, and command both the defile and the fort; so that the troops cannot move without the danger of being shot, even in the barrack-yard.

The Bay of Pitzounda is eighty miles from Vadrán. The Russian fortress is about two miles from the shore, in a forest of splendid oak, beech, and chestnut trees. The ancient church at this place is considered the most interesting architectural object in the country; and although it has not been used for religious worship for some centuries, and is in a state of great dilapidation, it is held in great, even superstitious veneration by all portions of the population, Mahometan as well as Christian, who have religiously preserved, as relics, the manuscripts, furniture, and ornaments. The inhabitants of Pitzounda are rather European in their habits and manners, and less tenacious of their independence than any other of the Circassians.

Soudjoun-kalè lies thirty miles south of Pitzounda. The place, for it cannot be called a town, consists of about a dozen huts, although when it was in possession of the Turks it contained ten thousand inhabitants. The Russians destroyed it, in revenge for the treachery of the natives, who decoyed the soldiers into the forests, and there sold them for slaves to the Turks and Persians. The fortress is dilapidated, but bristles with cannon on the land side. So dangerous is the service that the sentinels always retire into the fort at nightfall, and dogs are turned out, to give notice, by barking, of the approach of an enemy. With all their precautions, however, they are daily losing some of their number, by the attacks of an enemy the most insidious and indefatigable.

We close our notice of this interesting country, by the following remarks of a recent writer:—

“If Russia succeeds in subjugating Circassia, whether by extermination, or by exhausting the spirit and resources of its warlike tribes, thus abandoned to an interminable and hopeless struggle, it must be obvious that no possible event could contribute so greatly to the success of her gigantic projects. Secure from the dangers attendant on having an active enemy in her rear, and of having the communication of her trans-Caucasian army with Southern Russia cut off; with every route by sea and land wide open to facilitate her military movements, or the transport of stores; and with the additional advantage of having a large body of troops placed at her disposal by the termination of a bloody and disastrous war; she can then at pleasure move forward her force, and attack Persia on a scale, which the present fetters on her power, and the want of resources in her trans-Caucasian provinces, will prevent her now from doing.”

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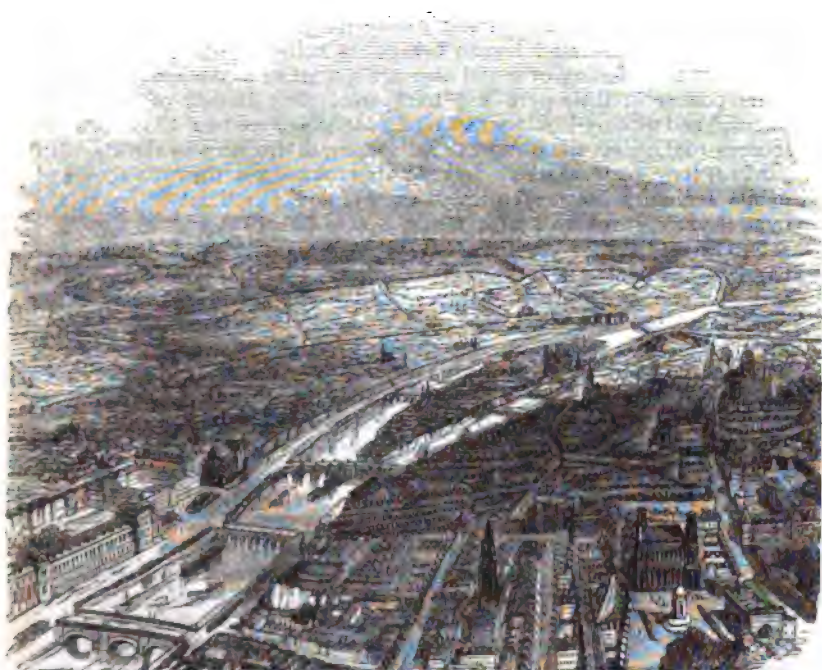
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**FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS.**



**VIEW OF PARIS, NEAR ST. SULPICE.**

**MY DEAR FRIEND,**—As I know you will feel interested in having some account of my fortnight's residence in the French capital, I purpose giving you a few of my impressions while they are yet fresh in my recollection. You are aware that I left home with little anticipation of pleasure. I must now admit that there I was totally mistaken, and that though I met with much to awaken painful feelings, yet there was still more cause for thankfulness in the opportunity of seeing so many interesting and magnificent objects. I cannot think of attempting anything

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like a complete or particular description of all I saw; my object is merely to trace a few outlines of what especially struck me on my first visit.

The city of Paris stands on a great deal of ground, but it is very much smaller than London, and the difference of size is very apparent on reaching any point lofty enough to command a distant view: from the roof of the Observatory, or that of the Arc de Triomphe, or the summit of Père la Chaise, the eye easily takes in its whole extent. The general prospect is very different from that of our own metropolis. You would look in vain for the forest of spires which mark out London as a Christian city; scarcely one is to be seen: I recollect but one, a handsome gilded spire which was being built or restored; domes, towers, and columns alone rise above the level of the house-tops, and these in no great number.

In another respect the general view of Paris is very unlike that of London—and very superior—the absence of smoke. From the scarcity of coal, and the prevailing use of charcoal in its place, the atmosphere is so clear that an Englishman can hardly imagine that the dwellings of twelve hundred thousand human beings are collected under his eye. I could not help feeling over and over again what an advantage our neighbours possess in their pure and transparent air. Instead of those discoloured and gloomy-looking masses of stone which are meant to adorn the squares of London, the white marble statues, so frequent in the Parisian gardens, long preserve their delicate appearance, and their palaces and public buildings become venerable from antiquity without being at the same time disfigured by a crust of soot.

As to the interior of Paris, the streets, generally speaking, are far narrower and the houses much higher than our own; but it must be owned that they are far more picturesque and pleasing: the general style of the houses, and the constant use of external Venetian shutters, to say nothing of the more varied forms of the roof and chimneys, is a security against that baldness and meanness of appearance which marks our ranges of flat brick fronts and sashes; and even where there is no attempt at decoration, there is still a kind of character which makes their buildings interesting. The Boulevards are of a noble width, but not extraordinary to an English eye; the trees which used to adorn them have been destroyed in the fury of popular commotion, but they have been carefully replaced, and it is pleasant to see the young substitutes growing so well. The pitching of these wide thoroughfares has been very judiciously replaced by gravel, so that any future revolutionary outbreak—should any such unhappily be impending—would be much embarrassed by the want of materials for barricades. The present Government is doing much in widening some of the narrow parts, and removing obstacles and deformities in the neighbourhood of the palaces; and the Rue Rivoli promises to be in a short time a magnificent street, both in length, width, and position. The narrow streets are intolerably noisy at night—at least if they all resemble the one in which I lodged during most of my stay. Not one night could I get of quiet rest; omnibuses, cabs, and carts of the most heavy, clumsy, lumbering description, kept up a clatter almost without intermission. Happy were they who could get a back bedroom, though even there the rolling thunder made itself plainly heard.

Squares are uncommon. The Place Vendôme is, however, a very handsome specimen: the interior is unoccupied by any garden or grass, but in the centre rises a fine bronze column, cast from the cannon taken

by Napoleon in a short and brilliant campaign of three months against the Austrians, surrounded, in imitation of the columns of Trajan and Antoninus at Rome, with a spiral pattern, as it were, of figures representing the victories of the French army. Another column marks the open space where once stood the terrible Bastille; it is covered with the names of those who fell in the celebrated struggle when the French nation changed masters in three days, and is surrounded by a gilded figure of Liberty, balancing its outstretching and straggling limbs on tiptoe—a specimen, and a very bad one, of those extravagant theatrical attitudes which often make French sculpture very repugnant to our more sober and natural taste. A third square, the Place de la Concorde, formerly called the Place Louis XV., is said to be the largest in Europe; but from its great extent, its irregular boundaries, and the diversity of objects which it contains, it hardly corresponds with an Englishman's notion of a square. In itself it is very beautiful—but horrible in its associations. You look around you, and on one side you see the long and picturesque line of the Tuileries rising above their delightful groves and gardens; on another, the buildings of the Ministère de la Marine, or Admiralty, backed at the distance of a short street by the imposing façade of the church of La Madeleine; in the opposite direction to this is the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, less lofty but far more elegant than our St. Paul's; and turning another way you perceive the Arc de Triomphe beyond the groves of the Champs Elysées. Nearer at hand are the beautiful fountains, so superior to our paltry imitations at Charing Cross; while an Egyptian obelisk, transplanted from the ruins of Luxor, marks a spot in the centre of the square. But what a memorial! on that very spot a virtuous and exemplary king was murdered by his infuriate subjects, and two thousand eight hundred victims in all perished beneath the pitiless guillotine.

I passed repeatedly through the gardens of the Tuileries, which lie between the palace from which they are named and the Place de la Concorde, and never without admiration; but one fine evening the effect was quite enchanting; the parterres of flowers had not yet lost their gay hues, the smaller fountains shot up sudden pillars of silver through the shadow of the trees till they issued into the rays of the declining sun, and then fell in showers of glittering spray; the trees, already variegated by autumn, opened in long vistas, animated by groups of tastily-dressed figures; the obelisk rose in the middle distance; and far beyond it the Arc de Triomphe, purple with the haze of evening, closed the view. It would have been a lovelier scene had it not been the close of a day devoted in Paris to anything but the worship of God. Painful, indeed, was the contrast in this respect. The shutting of a few shops was almost the only outward appearance of religious observance. Carpenters, masons, and painters were following their ordinary callings; the streets were as noisy as usual, and the evening was especially desecrated by a more than common amount of gaiety and dissipation. Alas! how could one form any other impression, from the general conduct of this kind-hearted and obliging people, than that they are "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God."

I regretted much that I had no opportunity of witnessing the service in their churches. I have, as you know, no prepossession whatever in their favour; but, being upon the spot, I should have been glad to have learned its true character from my own eyes and ears. I entered several of the principal churches on the week-days, as they are always open; but I saw very little to admire. The cathedral of Nôtre Dame was by far the

most impressive and ecclesiastical in character, yet the inside by no means fulfils the promise of the exterior, which is very striking and rich in detail, especially the west front, with its two towers, a little reminding one of those of Westminster Abbey. Several very fine rose windows, however, produce a beautiful effect in the interior, being filled with good painted glass, and reminding us of the richness and solemnity which we love in the cathedrals of England. The other large churches, being built after the rules of Grecian or Roman architecture, are still less adapted to meet the feelings of an English churchman. In fact, they resemble immense concert-rooms, or decorated and gilded town-halls, in their general effect. I had expected much advantage from the absence of pews, but very little I found was gained by the substitution of crowds of rush-bottomed chairs of a very inferior kind, which, when not encumbering the pavement, were piled one upon the other to a dangerous-looking and very unsightly elevation.

It would be well if this were all that were objectionable. There were much deeper causes of annoyance. No Christian of the Church of England could enter these buildings without being pained at the obvious evidence of image-worship. The crucifix between the candlesticks upon the high altar was much less offensive, and apparently much less injurious in its effect, than the gaudy gilded statues of the Virgin—some of them in remarkably bad taste, and adorned with artificial flowers—which were receiving a lamentably misplaced adoration. This was especially the case in the church now rededicated to St. G  n  vi  ve, after a republican desecration as a Pantheon or Temple of Heroes: it was truly sorrowful to observe that its restoration to its sacred design had been attended by a very marked display of images and image-worship. It was strange too to see the little tapers which were kept burning, stuck upon iron spikes, like a frame of clumsy savealls, in various parts of these churches, and the garlands of everlastings dyed yellow, which were set out on stalls, apparently for sale. There were always to be seen some persons engaged at their prayers: let us hope that they were brought there by a sincere if mistaken piety, and not by the necessity of performing a penitential task, imposed or encouraged by those who ought to have given a truer and better direction to their feelings.

I cannot say that I was much pleased with the appearance of the ecclesiastics in general: with some exceptions, their countenances did not bespeak my respect or interest. They were frequently to be seen in the streets, as were occasionally the Sisters of Charity in their singular kind of mourning; but there were no other signs of religion outside the church walls, and the absence of bells, on week-days and Sundays alike, produced a strange and disagreeable impression. From time to time I heard the melancholy chime of the old clock of the Tuileries, as it told the passing quarters; and an occasional church-going bell on Sundays reminded me, for an instant, of home. But home, in how different, and how much more favoured a land!

I did not go very near the church of St. Clotilde, which is being restored on a grand scale; but from what I could see of it, it appeared to be a very beautiful Gothic building. The Madeleine, a very fine copy of the Parthenon as to its outside, disappointed me within. St. Sulpice is surmounted by a telegraph. I know not if it is now used; probably not, as the wires of the electric telegraph are now brought to the palaces in the very heart of the city. The French seem to have

the art of carrying them farther without support, and at the same time with a tighter strain, than we observe in England; and very strange it is to see these groups of parallel lines crossing the streets far above the roofs of the houses, and reaching from one lofty pinnacle to another, like the threads of a spider's web—resembling them too in their office of conveying intelligence from the extremities to the centre of the political network. This reminds me of the paratonnerres, or lightning-conductors, which are arranged in profusion along the ridges of the palace roofs. I do not know whether they are any indication of the severity of their tempests; but it would be interesting to ascertain how far they have been observed to avert or modify them.

There were large organs in several of the churches, all of them placed over the west or principal entrance, and at a great height: the metal pipes were neither gilt nor painted, but seemed to be left in an unadorned condition. Nor was the effect displeasing. They seemed to be all new or restored instruments. I had no opportunity of hearing any of them played.

A particular interest was attached to the church of the Hôtel des Invalides, whose beautiful dome I have already mentioned. The establishment itself is worthy of so military a nation, affording a home, like Greenwich Hospital, to a multitude of disabled veterans, many of them, probably, bearing the scars of English steel, and the remembrances of Salamanca or Waterloo. They may be seen in groups, sunning themselves at its fortified entrance, or sauntering listlessly along its row of actually efficient and tremendous-looking cannon, or wandering among its corridors and staircases.

The quadrangle around which the buildings are arranged reminded me of Queen's College, Oxford, in its general character; on its farther side is the entrance to the church, and in the remotest part of that church, exactly under the dome, is the tomb of Napoleon I., the resting-place of "the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms." It is at present not quite finished, and consequently that part of the church is divided from the rest by a screen. The nave is handsome, but gives no idea of the beauty of what lies beyond. Its most remarkable feature is a number of flags suspended under the roof, captured at different times in war: one of our own, I believe the only one, need not be grudged to the brave nation who have lost to us so many trophies. The sepulchre in its present state is approached by a side door from without, through which you enter immediately into the dome, a noble vault, all filled with a delicate bluish or purplish light, from its coloured windows, so as to give the most striking and gorgeous effect to a golden glow, cast from side openings upon an altar, surmounted by a lofty gilt canopy, richly decorated and shaped like an imperial crown. At the back of this canopy, and passing beneath it, is a wide dark staircase which you descend, under a striking inscription from Napoleon's will, expressive of his desire to rest on the banks of the Seine; and in the midst of the people whom he so much loved. No doubt he did—but one cannot help asking, was it not with a most selfish love, which never scrupled to sacrifice their happiness and their lives to his own unbounded ambition? At the foot of the staircase, you find yourself on a level with the tomb, a superb sarcophagus or coffin of reddish marble, standing upon a dark-green marble pedestal, and encompassed by a wreath inlaid in the pavement. It occupies the centre of a circular chamber sunk down through the original floor of the dome, and

surrounded by a passage, to which the staircase has brought you; in going round which you look on one hand upon the sarcophagus through one opening after another, between figures of an imposing character, and on the other upon a series of sculptures in bas-relief, placed against the outer wall, and representing events in the emperor's political career. Some of the French, I hear, are still dissatisfied with this splendid national monument; but for my own part, I cannot conceive how it could be rendered more magnificent without becoming gaudy or theatrical. He is certainly one of the "kings of the nation" who "lie in glory." Very sorry I should have been to have quitted Paris without having seen this, its greatest monument.

In a very different way, nothing could be more worthy of repeated visits than the great national museum which occupies a considerable part of the palace of the Louvre. This noble pile, outwardly plain and unpretending, contains a succession of chambers and galleries of grand dimensions, now filled with the most valuable specimens of ancient and modern art. In one part you might see great human-headed bulls and vulture-headed men from Assyria; in another, one or two yet more precious stone coffins from the sepulchres of the kings at Jerusalem—how much more deeply interesting than the antiques of Greece or Rome!—in another, the mysterious relics of Etruscan civilization. One suite of rooms contained a very curious collection of models of shipping in various stages; and in a very long gallery is one of the finest collections of paintings in the world—among which I particularly noticed Vandyke's celebrated portrait of our own Charles I. And all these and many other objects of curiosity are generously exhibited to the Parisian public, who, to do them justice, seem well disposed to appreciate the privilege. The museum of medical antiquities, carvings, and tapestry, at the picturesque Hôtel de Clugny, is well worth seeing, as well as the pictures at the palace of the Luxembourg; and the manufacture of tapestry at the Gobelins is really surprising, from the truthfulness and delicacy with which pictures are copied in the loom:—but if I stay to describe all that interested me, I should exceed all bounds: you must hear, however, how much we were struck by a visit to Père la Chaise.

This is a great burial-ground, lying at one end of the city, and gradually sloping upwards to a considerable height. For some distance before reaching its entrance, the road is lined with shops, where nothing seems to be sold but wreaths of everlasting flowers dyed yellow, commonly with some inscription marked out in black, and testifying to their nature as memorials—such as "Pour mon frère," "Pour mon cher fils," &c. With these the poor, from time to time, adorn the wooden crosses which mark their graves, soon, however, to be taken from them—such is the custom or necessity of the case—and assigned to fresh occupants; and with the same testimonies of affection the rich deck the family monuments of stone, which, in various forms, but frequently in the shape of little shrines, have crept all over the surface of the hill, and left but little room between them. There you may see a kind of chapel raised, not merely to the memory but actually over the remains of Abelard and Heloise. And there lie many of the warriors, the statesmen, the philosophers, and the musicians of France. Several marshals have tombs corresponding to their dignity; but the unhappy Ney had no other memorial than an affecting little inscription traced on a bit of tile or porcelain, by the hand of a relative, and placed, with a garland, on the

ground within the enclosure. Generally speaking, there was not much in the inscriptions to impress itself upon the mind—one striking exception I noticed over a family vault: “*Saos expectantes quiescant.*”

I have already mentioned the general view of Paris; this is finely obtained from the summit of the cemetery: the corresponding view, from the opposite side, is commanded from the top of the *Arc de Triomphe*, which occupies a rise of ground beyond the *Champs Elysées*. This is a noble arch, of great magnitude, dedicated to the glory of the French armies, and forming a conspicuous object in every direction. The ascent is tedious and dark, but well repaid by the prospect: on one side is the *Bois de Boulogne*, a wood intersected by numerous drives, which forms a favourite resort of the fashionable world of Paris; on the other, the equally fashionable *Champs Elysées*: beyond the former, the park of *St. Cloud*, the hill of *Mount Valérien*, near which was *Josephine's* celebrated villa of *Malmaison*, and other eminences; beyond the latter, the domes and towers of the metropolis.

*Versailles*—magnificent *Versailles*—I hardly know how to attempt a sketch of: it would take a volume to describe its beauties; and after all, you ought to see it yourself: it alone would repay a journey from the extremity of England. Such a palace surely is worthy only of the best as well as the greatest nation upon earth; and one cannot but feel how ill it is placed, so near that revolutionary mob who have repeatedly filled its courts with outcries and blood. We looked down upon its beautiful orange groves, where some of the trees are stated, if I mistake not, to carry us back to the reign of *Francis I.*, and beyond them, upon a lake said to have been excavated in three days and nights, to gratify a monarch's impatient taste. We wandered through its magnificent parterres and avenues, and saw the almost countless jets, which on stated occasions all pour out columns and sheets of water. We passed through the richly-ornamented rooms of the detached palace called the *Grand Trianon*, full of remembrances of the domestic life of *Napoleon I.* and the infancy of his son, and were shown the walk down which *Louis Philippe* made his escape to England. At the *Petit Trianon*, a kind of royal cottage, we saw the rooms where *Marie Antoinette* delighted to withdraw from the pomp and parade of the court. Returning to *Versailles*, we first of all admired the chapel, a very noble room, and then passed through chamber after chamber, filled with literally hundreds of historical paintings, all representing the exploits of the French by land and sea. Many of them are stiff and formal, and many are rendered offensive by a display of wounds and suffering which seems to indicate a bad national taste; but it is pleasing to observe an improvement in the more modern pictures; and those by *Horace Vernet* are in all respects exceedingly fine, especially an immense painting occupying the whole side of a room, which represents the surprise of *Abd-el-Kader's* camp by the French. It is full of life and spirit, and the design and colouring are alike admirable. There were galleries full of statues and busts of all the French kings, heroes, and statesmen, well calculated to instruct the people in their history, and to preserve a high tone of national feeling. Other rooms possessed a different, and in part a more painful interest. We were shown the apartments occupied by the Royal family through successive generations; the dining-room, which was so used to the days of *Louis Philippe*; the richly-furnished but gloomy little confessional, where *Louis XIV.* was persuaded to revoke the *Edict of*

Nantes, and to persecute with the utmost cruelty and expel from his dominions multitudes of the best of his subjects, because they were the most faithful servants of God. The room and the bed in which he died, after the righteous retribution which withered his laurels and dimmed the glory of his advancing years—the chamber where his successor expired at a window, a most miserable and hopeless man—and where poor Marie Antoinette hid herself, for that time in safety, from the madness of the people. We saw the little apartment where she spent her hours of retirement, with some of the very furniture which she used, the window where she calmed the fury of the mob by coming out upon the balcony with her children—the room whence she fled in terror when the populace had overpowered her guards and burst open the doors below—the very spot where one of her brave defenders was cut in pieces, while he gained time for her escape, by guarding a secret door, the ingenious contrivance of which hid the passage she had actually followed, while it threw open a secret staircase to the curiosity of the deluded rabble. Think with what feelings we looked upon these scenes! This part of the palace, too, was full of other recollections, especially of Louis Philippe, whose old servant guided us through it, with great intelligence and courtesy. I remember especially a little timepiece, which, on the eve of his flight, he begged might be taken care of, as it had been his favourite in boyish days. But I must not delay you too long. This letter has already exceeded all usual bounds; and, therefore, I shall conclude, though I have omitted much that I would willingly have said, and remain

Yours very sincerely,

T.

#### ANCIENT LONDON.—No. IX.

SOME observations of interest, as furnishing data towards a general estimate of Roman London, were made by Wren, who had an opportunity after the fire of 1666 of extensive examination: these are embodied in the 'Parentalia.' In the course of those operations, we are told, a causeway was discovered at the depth of eighteen feet, in digging the foundation for the steeple of the present church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside. This causeway, which Wren considered to be the northern boundary of the Roman colony,\* was four feet in breadth;† the upper part was of rough stone, close and well rammed, and the bottom of Roman brick and rubbish, and all firmly cemented. The remains of a temple or church of Roman workmanship are likewise mentioned, consisting of walls, windows, and pavement: these, it has been stated, must have been no other than the Norman crypt now under the church; but it is difficult to conceive the eminent architect incapable of distinguishing the difference, and it remains a question, in default of a clearer record, whether Roman remains were also found contiguous or not. At the same period, i.e. after the great fire, some labourers, in digging the foundations of houses in Bush Lane, near Cannon Street, laid open, at the depth of twenty feet, a tessellated

\* The walls indicate a considerable extension to the north of this line, and if a boundary, it can only be understood as having been so in the earlier state of the Roman settlement.

† The thickness of the Via Appia. This causeway offered so firm a foundation, that Wren concluded to trust the weight of the steeple on a portion of it.

pavement, with the remains of a large edifice. These Gale\* supposed to have belonged to the palace of the Roman governor, and the basilica, or court of justice. "This structure," says the writer, "by its circumstances, was undoubtedly of very great antiquity, for it seemed to have been built close to the river Thames; for without the south walls thereof were four holes in the ground, full of wood-coals, which are supposed originally to have had piles in them for the defence of the wall. Besides, the ground whereon this edifice was erected was very low, and the earth whereon the pavement lay, artificial, and considerably raised with rubbish, composed of chalk, lime, bricks, coals, broken glasses, &c.; wherefore it is highly probable that this fabric was destroyed in the great conflagration by Boadicea; and as it was situate near the *trajectus*, or ferry, I am of opinion that this, together with those in that neighbourhood, were the first buildings erected in this city."

Towards the north-east corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, near Cheap-side, were found, after the fire, a collection of Roman urns, lamps, lachrymatories, fragments of sacrificial vessels, &c. Among those preserved were a fragment of a vessel, on which Charon is represented with his oar in his hand, receiving a naked ghost; a *patera sacrificialis*, with the inscription *PATER. CLO*; a remarkable small urn, of a fine hard earth and leaden colour, containing about half-a-pint; many pieces of urns, with the names of the potters embossed on the bottoms; a sepulchral earthen lamp figured with two branches of palms, supposed Christian; and two lachrymatories of glass. These were found adjacent to a pit, supposed to have been excavated by Roman potters, in a stratum of close and hard pot-earth, which was found to extend beneath the site of St. Paul's, varying in thickness from four to six feet.†

In connection with the same operations, in clearing Fleet Ditch, at Holborn Bridge, from the rubbish of the fire, a large and miscellaneous collection of articles were found, consisting of coins of copper and brass, ring money of silver, and two brazen lares, Bacchus and Ceres, each about four inches in length. It has been conjectured that these were cast away or dropped in their flight by the fugitives, who escaped on the approach of the enraged Boadicea. Many spurs, weapons, keys, seals, also medals, crosses, crucifixes, and other articles of a later date than the above catastrophe, were likewise discovered.

A sewer, commenced under Lombard Street and Birchin Lane, revealed a variety of articles similar to those obtained in the excavation of 1834-5-6 before described. The chief objects of interest discovered were a wall, constructed with the smaller-sized Roman bricks, in which were two perpendicular flues, the one semicircular, the other rectangular and oblong;‡ and, among numerous discoveries of earthenware, the fractured portions of a beautiful vessel of red ware, in the central compartment of which is represented a combat, partly of naked figures opposed to each other and to two horsemen, the attitudes being spirited, and the whole design in good taste. Many coins were also found, including a beautiful gold coin of Galba; and nearly three hundred coins of Constantius and Tetricus were found together on a spot opposite the end of St. Nicholas Lane.§

\* Gal. Com. Ant. Iter.

† 'Parentalia.'

‡ Would not this discovery imply that the Romans introduced the use of chimneys into Britain?—Brayley's 'London and Middlesex.'

§ 'Archæologia,' vol. viii., pp. 116-132.



Many tessellated pavements, some of them of great beauty, have at different periods been brought to light, indicating, no doubt, sites of importance, but, in the absence of means of identification, lost to authentic record. The finest of these was laid open in 1803 in Leadenhall Street, at the depth of nine feet six inches below the level of the street. The exact locality was opposite the east end of the portico of the East India House; only a portion of this fine pavement was found, part of it having been previously cut away: the whole was conjectured to have served to floor an apartment upwards of twenty feet square. The central ornament, almost entire, appeared to have been a square of eleven feet; it bears a device, in delicate workmanship, of a figure of Bacchus reclining on the back of a tiger, carrying the thyrsus erect in his left hand, the lower end resting upon his thigh; in his right hand he holds carelessly a small two-handled drinking-cup; his forehead is encircled with a wreath of vine leaves; a mantle, purple and green, falls from his right shoulder and is gathered round the waist; on the right foot is a sandal, laced half-way up the leg. This device is surrounded by a triple border; the first circle exhibiting the inflexions of a serpent, with black back and white belly, upon a parti-coloured field, composed of dark and light-grey and red ribands; the second a succession of white cornucopiæ, indented with the same figure in black; the outermost a series of concave squares.

In two of the angles formed by the insertion of the circle in a square border, are double-handled drinking-cups; diagonally, and in the counter-angles, vegetable scrolls; both figures being wrought in dark-grey, red and black, on a white ground. The inner belt of the double square border bears a figure, which has been described as a bandeau of oak, in dark and light grey, red and white, on a black ground. The outer belt exhibits "eight lozenge figures with ends in the form of hatchets, in black, on a white ground, enclosing circles of black;" each of which bears the device of a true lover's knot, the four corners finishing with the hatchet-shape device. Surrounding the whole was a margin, five feet broad, of plain red tessellæ, each an inch square. Mr. Thomas Fisher, to whom the original description is due, remarks, that "in this beautiful specimen of Roman mosaic, the drawing, colouring, and shadows are all effected with considerable skill and ingenuity by the use of about twenty separate tints, composed of tessellæ of different materials; the major part of which are baked earths, but the more brilliant colours of green and purple, which form the drapery, are glass. These tessellæ are of different sizes and figures, adapted to the situations they occupy in the design. They are placed in rows, either straight or curved, as occasion demanded, each tessella presenting to those around it a flat side; the interstices of mortar being thus very narrow, and the bearing of the pieces against each other uniform: the work in general possessed much strength, and was probably, when uninjured by damp, nearly as firm to the foot as solid stone. The tessellæ used in forming the ornamental borders were, in general, somewhat larger than those in the figures, being cubes of half an inch."

This pavement lay on a floor composed of lime and pounded brick. It was taken up at the expense of the East India Company, but unfortunately broken in the operation. The remains are placed in the Company's library. A fragment of an urn and a jawbone were found under one corner of the pavement; likewise, foundations of ragstone and Roman bricks were found in the excavation on the opposite side of the street.

Another pavement found in part of Lothbury, now taken in by the

extension of the walls at the south-east angle of the Bank of England, was taken up successfully, in 1806, under the direction of Sir John Soane. This, which is much inferior to the foregoing, was presented by the governors to the British Museum, where it may now be seen. It was remarked, in connection with this discovery, that the marginal part of the pavement exhibited the effects of fire; and to one part there adhered some ashes of burnt wood, and one piece imperfectly charred. Another pavement of elegant pattern was found in pulling down the French Protestant Church in Threadneedle Street, at a depth of about ten feet from the floor of the church.

"Other tessellated pavements are recorded to have been discovered in Bush Lane, Cannon Street, in 1666; near St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, in 1681; at Crutched Friars, in 1787; behind the old Navy Pay Office in Broad Street; in Northumberland Alley, Fenchurch Street; in Long Lane, Smithfield, about the beginning of the present century; in Crosby Square in 1836; behind Winchester House, in Southwark, in 1650; and in various parts of the Borough, at different times, from 1818 to 1831, and in a few other localities. But in few or none of these instances has either the pavement itself been preserved or even any description of it."\*

The site of the Royal Exchange had long been considered a field of Roman remains, perhaps from the numerous vestiges discovered in the vicinity. Indeed, the learned antiquary Stukely assigns to it the distinction of an episcopal residence, but upon what grounds does not appear. In April 1841, the expected discovery of Roman antiquities on this site was realized. The workmen employed in demolishing the walls of the building, ruined by the recent fire, found the eastern wall of the building to have been partly erected upon "some small but interesting remains of a Roman building. The Roman work consisted of a piece of a wall, with a kind of pedestal built across the ground, obliquely, from the south-west to the north-east, the pediment being covered with stucco and moulded and painted in colours in distemper, and representing a guilloche, or volute, in yellow upon a red ground." The interior of the ancient work consisted of rough plaster containing fragments of old roof-tiles and small pebble-stones bedded in the cement. Some of the large Roman bricks were also found, measuring seventeen inches and a quarter, by eleven and a quarter, and an inch and three-quarters in thickness. The rude and fragile nature of the Roman work had occasioned the destruction of the principal part of the painting, but one piece of the pedestal has been preserved, which still exhibits a small portion of the original surface upon the lowest mouldings, perfectly retaining the yellow-ochre colour so generally to be found in Roman buildings. On the surface, a short distance above the moulding, are drawn two narrow horizontal lines in black and white, and the remaining interval, down to the base, appears to have been filled up with red or purple, now completely faded, and to be distinguished only by very close observation. Another large fragment of a base is altogether rough and without ornament, and it evidently belonged to another part of the structure, being quite different in the mouldings and proportions. At the part where these small remains of Roman work ceased to support the walls of the Exchange, oak piles had been driven down, and sleepers laid upon the heads of those piles; the soil beneath the piles consisting of an older rubble wall and foundations, three feet two inches in depth, and a layer

\* Knight's 'London.' The Roman Remains.

of concrete of one foot two inches. It was then discovered that the whole of the ancient work had been founded upon a large pit or pond, sunken thirteen feet lower through the gravel quite down to the clay. The pit was irregular in shape, but it measured about fifty feet from north to south, and thirty-four from east to west, and was filled with hardened mud, in which were contained considerable quantities of animal and vegetable remains, apparently the discarded refuse of the inhabitants of the vicinity.\*

In endeavouring to establish a date at which the edifice, the remains of which he describes, may have been erected, the author enumerates the emperors whose coins were found among the débris of the Roman period which abounded on the spot. Of Vespasian and Domitian the coins were most numerous. The others were Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, and the Empress Faustina. No pieces of the emperors of the third century were found, but one third brass of Septimius Severus of still later date: one small coin of Gratianus appears to bring down the date of the edifice to late in the fourth century. But from the circumstance of earlier foundations being discovered beneath, it was probable that the superstructure was of much later date; and it would appear, from the inferiority in point of construction, that the building had not been one of an important public character. The writer suggests that the more recent erection might have been a house of entertainment, perhaps a *thermopolium*—a place for the sale of hot liquors, in which the Romans indulged,—and “the original nucleus of the concentration of taverns now about the Royal Exchange.”

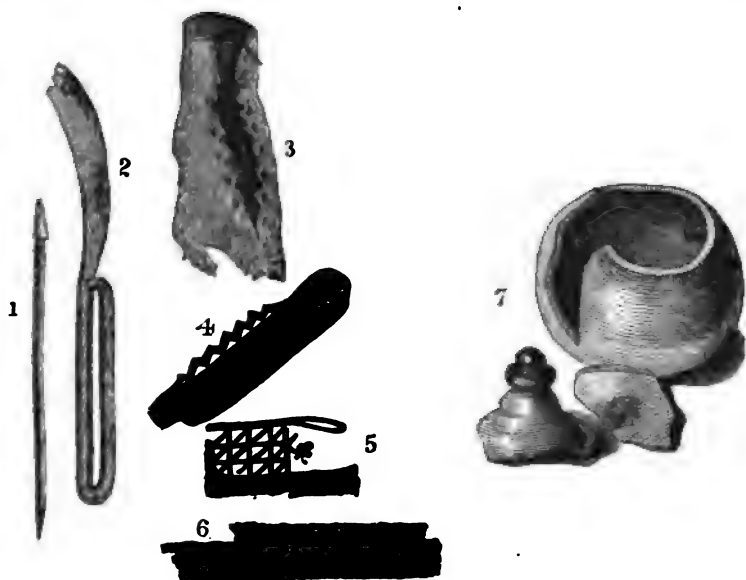
The history of the site, as revealed by the investigations of the architect, appears to be, first that it was a gravel-pit, then the excavation being filled with water from the accumulation of rain, or land springs, it became the repository of things cast away; after this it had been drained and built upon; and again, a better foundation being obtained, it was appropriated as the site of some edifice: thus indicating the growth upward, as well as *in extenso*, of Roman London; a point which has been exemplified in many other instances where remains of buildings and burial remains have been found beneath the floors and foundations of Roman edifices of a subsequent period.

Numerous other Roman vestiges have been found on the site of the Royal Exchange. As usual, fragments of the red Samian ware and broken pottery of various kinds formed a considerable part of the débris; among these were fragments of terra-cotta lamps, parts of amphoræ, mortaria, &c. There were likewise found bronze and iron styles (1) (instruments for inscribing by incision on a tablet prepared with wax), parts of writing tablets; a strigil (2) (an instrument used in the bath for scraping the skin†); fragments of armour and dress, artificers' tools, &c. There was likewise

\* ‘A Descriptive Catalogue of the Antiquities found in the Excavation of the New Royal Exchange, &c.’ By William Tite, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., Architect to the New Royal Exchange. Printed for the use of the Members of the Corporation of London.

† This appears to have been no tender operation. Suetonius mentions that the Emperor Augustus was a sufferer from a too determined use of the strigil. Spartius relates that the Emperor Hadrian entering a public bath and observing an old soldier, whom he had formerly known among the legions, rubbing his back against the wall of the chamber, asked him why he converted the wall into a strigil; and being informed by the soldier that he was too poor to keep a slave, he gave him one and money for his maintenance. On the following day, again visiting the bath, he found a row of old men

found an abundant variety of shoes; the heavy caliga, or sandal, worn by the Roman soldiers, studded under the sole with large-headed nails,\* the calceus or buskin (3) and the more delicate crepida (4), or slipper looped in



the leather on each side of the instep, in like manner with the buskin. Another specimen is part of a crepida (5) with a single tie, with ornamental openwork at the heel, stamped in squares and triangles, and ingeniously made to terminate in a loop at the instep, where it was secured by the ansa, or band, by which it was tied. Other specimens display ornamental patterns in punctured leather, similar to that called pounced in mediæval costume (6).

Another article (7), two of which were found, both fractured, is a small vessel contrived to preserve pieces of money which could not be taken out without destroying the depository; they are of a light colour in green and yellow, and in shape are precisely similar to those in glazed earthenware used by children for the same purpose, twenty or thirty years ago, called thrift-boxes.

This miscellaneous collection is now deposited in Guildhall Library, with some other articles intended as the nucleus of a City Museum.

playing the old soldier, rubbing themselves against the wall, as they had observed the other do, in expectation of obtaining a similar manifestation of the emperor's liberality; but instead of taking this broad hint as they wished, he had them all called to him, and giving to each a strigil, bid them go and scrape one another.

\* The centurions and common soldiers who wore these were called caligata. Marius is said to have risen to the consulship a caliga, i.e., from the ranks. The Emperor Caligula received this cognomen when a boy, from his practice of wearing the caliga, in emulation of the hardy ways of the common soldier.

## NO LIE THRIVES.—No. XIII.

IN spite of that resignation to the will of Providence which Mrs. Richmond had ever struggled to attain, the mother's heart was naturally at times very sad, and a cloud would occasionally overshadow every comfort of her pretty abode; but it might be doubted whether her feelings were less enviable than those of Mrs. Davis, or the house of the latter more happy than her own. There were many things in Frank that had long awakened alarm, and his manner to his mother was far from satisfactory. Jane had more influence with him than she; and the little power that Jane had ever held over him was rapidly disappearing.

On one occasion Mr. Sharman, having expressed himself uneasy about certain parts of Frank's conduct, and his displeasure at omissions, which had been lately of frequent occurrence, took the opportunity of asking Mrs. Davis whether she had any cause of apprehension or complaint. A full revelation of her anxieties might have been at that moment attended with the best results; but alas! Mrs. Davis could not bring herself to be candid. She told him, while her heart throbbed within her, that she entertained no fears about him, nor his father either—(how should he, when everything was carefully concealed from him? but it was Mrs. Davis's way always to sprinkle a little truth over what she said). He was only what she might expect of any one at his age, and certain she was that no one could have a better heart than he.

The avowed intention of Mr. Sharman at another time to speak to Mr. Davis on the same subject was combated with all the skill and art and earnestness that she was mistress of; and when at last she appeared to be on the point of failing, she so managed to shift her ground, by offering to undertake the unpleasant task of complaining to Mr. Davis, that he was not only diverted from his purpose, but made to believe by the report she conveyed to him, that the course she had pursued was in reality the most judicious.

In this manner Frank was deprived of every salutary check, and left defenceless to the arts of Ned. The latter now represented to the misguided young man, that the conduct they had both been pursuing was no longer a secret to many, and would, no doubt, in a short time be known to all. Mr. Cartwright would certainly have dismissed him from his service, he said, if he had not forestalled his intention by withdrawing himself; and as few were unacquainted with the intimacy that subsisted between them, it was quite clear that Frank's character would stand no fairer than his own. There was only one plan left, that which he had formerly suggested, and the sooner it was executed the better.

For some little time longer Frank was proof against the temptation; but at length, so artfully and so skilfully did Ned work upon his mind, that in an evil hour he consented to be guided by him. Frank had frequently told him that Mr. Sharman never kept any large sum of money in the house, but Ned as constantly maintained there must always be sufficient to enable them to get to London, secure their passage, and serve them till they reached Melbourne. Frank was therefore to watch his opportunity, possess himself of any sum he could, and this being done, it was agreed they should leave Seaforth immediately.

The state of Frank's mind was now most unenviable. The kindness

of Mr. Sharman; the forbearance he had shown him; the superior worth of Willis; the infamy of such a breach of trust as that he meditated; the unalterable devotion of his affectionate, though mistaken mother; the highly-prized integrity of his father; the love of his brothers and sisters, even Jane's often-proved attachment to him; the home of his childhood, and all its associations, rose successively before him, thrilling his heart with anguish, and showing him the horror of his situation, yet without affording him any means of extricating himself from it. He wished himself *dead*—that first, last desire of the cowardly and impenitent; but he nevertheless made not a single effort to restore that love of life which was equally so natural and so justifiable at his age.

In vain, however, did he lie in wait for the desired opportunity; and Ned execrated both him and fortune that refused to favour them. At length, late one evening, Mr. Sharman was in his counting-house, at his desk. On a sudden he recollected that he had left a letter, enclosing a cheque, in his bureau in the common sitting-room. He immediately arose and went into the house; the cash-box was lying on the desk, and the key in the lock. Frank was very near at the moment; he saw the box—saw the key was in it. With a trepidation that no one may adequately describe he darted forward, unlocked the box, seized the note that lay uppermost, again turned the key, and had scarcely sprung from the step, and gone behind the counter, when Mr. Sharman appeared. The latter quietly enclosed the cheque in the box, and almost immediately afterwards joined the young men. Frank knew not what he said; he allowed Willis to make every answer, and availing himself of the first moment of escape, he hurried from the shop. He started on beholding Ned.

"How now?" cried he; "what is the matter?" for Frank's countenance fully indicated the tumult of his mind.

Frank, in a few hurried words, told him what had occurred. They turned the corner, and then Frank drew from his pocket the note, which Ned eagerly seized and examined. It was a 10*l.* Bank of England note.

Ned uttered an oath. "What a fool you must have been," cried he, "not to have taken something more worth the hazard, when you were about it! of what use is such a beggarly sum as this? it may betray us, and ruin our scheme at once. I say return it, unless more can be added to it. When is he likely to find out the loss?"

Frank told him this was uncertain; all might depend upon what money Mr. Sharman might have to deposit in the Bank in the course of the next few days. Ned then desired him to take no further step till he should see him again.

Mr. Davis was not at home when Frank entered the room where the family were sitting. His sisters almost immediately assailed him to give them a promise that he would make them some little present for what they had been doing for him. He told them he must first know the nature of the claim they had upon him before he could commit his word to them. Harriet informed him that they had completed a set of shirts for him, which, having been washed and marked, they had taken into his sleeping-room.

"And I ought to have a handsomer present than any one, Frank," cried his youngest sister, to whom he was always very affectionate, "for the button-holes are my work, and they are the first Harriet has ever

let me try on fine linen. Now think of me, be sure, when you put the shirts on."

Frank was about to say something, when the entrance of his father put an end to the conversation. Let the family be talking about what they might, no matter how innocent or trifling, Mrs. Davis, if she were present, always gave them a mysterious or significant look to be silent, and as constantly began to speak to her husband on some subject entirely unconnected with that which had engaged them.

"Do you know what o'clock it is, my dear?" said she; "how long after your time you are!"

"I am quite aware of it," replied he; "I could not help it—we have been unusually busy to-day. Here, Frank," continued he, turning to him, and putting a packet into his hand, "you must give this to Mr. Sharman as soon as you see him; he would have been glad of it this evening, but it was so late when I left the Bank I could not go round to his house. I must be at Newford early to-morrow, and shall not be able to see him. Be careful of it, for it contains both cash and notes."

"To what amount?" asked Frank. He had often conveyed money in this way from his father to Mr. Sharman, and from the latter to Mr. Davis. There was nothing, therefore, remarkable in a question which savoured only of business-like habits; but in this instance the packet was sealed.

"I don't know why you should ask that," replied his father; "you are answerable only for the safe delivery of the packet."

This was spoken not in his usual manner, and it added to the confusion that was already existing in Frank's mind. He placed the packet carefully in his pocket, while a thousand discordant thoughts, a thousand fears so painfully agitated him that he was glad to escape to his own room. Perceiving a light there, however, he retraced his steps, and entered the small apartment formerly mentioned. Scarcely knowing what he did, he drew out the packet: it was heavy; and his hand shook so violently that he let it fall to the ground. As he took it up he saw that the seal was broken. For a moment he stood transfixed to the spot, his eyes fixed on the object he held. Should he, or should he not, ascertain the contents? Should he, or should he not, in the event of there being a sum suitable to his wants, abuse the confidence reposed in him, and rob alike his master and his father? He who throws himself into the power of the tempter must expect to fall in the hour of temptation; the money was counted—there were, in cash and notes, 150*l*.

A fresh conflict arose in his mind—he fancied he heard footsteps, and quickly gathering the money together, he again ascended the stairs which led to his bedroom. He closed the door, turned the key, though he knew not why, and set his candle upon a chest of drawers near it. On these lay the shirts that his sister had mentioned, and the sight of them operated as a dagger to his heart. He well knew that his parents had nothing to spare, yet if he appropriated the money he was in possession of to his own use, he was certain that his father would make it up; that no one would be allowed to be a loser, though he might be put to the most serious inconvenience thereby, and the unkindness to his brothers and sisters, and the ingratitude of the act towards his parents was too apparent to be overlooked. No, he would not be guilty of such baseness—he would break off all acquaintance with Ned, and would, he really thought, make a friend of Willis, and tell him exactly how he was

circumstanced. But now that he had taken 10*l.* from Mr. Sharman—could he bring himself to this?

He stood musing in the middle of the room, when suddenly he was startled by the sound of small gravel thrown against the window. He approached and opened the casement, and looking down, perceived Ned in the moonlight. "Come down," said he in a low voice. Frank obeyed—the other drew him aside into the garden.

"What have you done with the 10*l.* note?" demanded he. "You owe me something for getting rid of Sally Groves as well as I did. I have a good mind to ask you to let me have it. I found a letter from my brother, who lives at Alderney, when I got home, begging me to go to him for a fortnight. Now if we had but sufficient money for our main purpose, or there was a fair chance of our obtaining it, I would be off at once, and you, to escape suspicion that we were any way connected, might follow. I have made myself master of all particulars, as to passage, and all that; and know exactly what we should require. Are there no means of making this paltry 10*l.* a sum worth having?"

His hand was on Frank's arm as he spoke; it was impossible that the agitation which shook the frame of the latter should escape him.

"Why, what ails you?" cried he; "tell me at once what makes you thus."

In a few minutes he had learnt the whole; and with a feeling far different from that which the fact itself had produced on Frank, he expressed unbounded satisfaction.

"The game is now in our own hands," exclaimed he exultingly; "scruple about taking the money! not I—nor shall you. But now we must think how to manage matters for the best"—he paused; "I see it. Get a holiday to-morrow—you can do this—there will be no difficulty then. Don't go near Sharman—keep the money safe, or give it to me—that may be better."

"I may as well keep 150*l.* as 10*l.*," said Frank; "what was good in one case is just as good in the other."

"Certainly, certainly," replied Ned; "it was only the risk that I was thinking of. Now, understand. You meet me at Barford Station at ten o'clock; from thence we will start for London directly."

This being arranged, Ned urged upon Frank the expediency of going back to his chamber, and packing up such necessities as he would require. "Put them in as small a compass as you can, then throw them down to me," said he; "and I will forward them, or any other packet you may think of, to the station; we shall thus avoid all suspicion, the great thing we have to care about—only be quick. It will not do to be shilly-shally at a moment like this."

Frank, however, wavered. He felt wretched, and he would have been grateful to any one who could have rescued him from his perilous situation. For the instant his feeling towards Ned was changed into abhorrence. He faintly urged his unwillingness to commit such a crime, but proof neither to the ridicule nor the threats of Ned, he at length gave his promise to follow the plan marked out. Having returned to his chamber, he hastily collected such of his clothes as he thought would be most useful to him, and reserving one new shirt for the morning's wear, he tied them up in his towels, and then threw them to Ned—this done they parted.

"Frank slept but little, and his rest was disturbed, so that his plea,



when he went down stairs, that he had a violent headache, and should be greatly obliged to his mother if she would ask Mr. Sharman to excuse his attendance, if not for the whole day, at least for some hours, carried nothing extraordinary in it.

"You must give me the packet, then," said she, "that your father left with you last night. Never despair of a whole day's holiday—you shall have it."

"No, mother," replied Frank, "I must give it into Mr. Sharman's own hands. Don't you remember that charge? If he yields to you, I will go myself with it to the shop; if he refuses—why—there is an end of it. I must take it, and stay all the day, like or not like it."

Mrs. Davis readily undertook the mission; for she had lost nothing of her relish to be employed in the business or service of others. She hastily swallowed her breakfast, and was at the shop as soon as Mr. Sharman had entered it. She immediately urged her request upon him.

"My poor Frank," said she, "ill as he is, would not have asked such a favour himself, knowing what a busy time it is; but I took on myself to speak to you, though not without some opposition on his part: you must consider the kindness as a debt which I must repay, and I promise you I will not be forgetful of my word."

Mr. Sharman was evidently annoyed; it was indeed, he said, a very busy time, and the loss of a hand at such a moment was inconvenient to him; but illness was of itself a sufficient plea for absence. As he did not know what had passed between Mr. Davis and Frank the previous evening, and was not in the least aware that the former had been obliged to leave home at a very early hour, he, of course, said nothing about the packet he expected, concluding that it would be sent as soon as the Bank had opened.

Mrs. Davis returned with great satisfaction to inform her son how well she had succeeded; assuring him at the same time that it was a good thing she went instead of any other person, for it was easy to see that nobody but herself could have managed him; she even thought, she averred, that he had half a mind to be crusty with her, and she should advise Frank not to think of going near the shop all day. As she concluded, she was leaving the room to take off her walking-dress. Frank looked after her; his heart smote him for the deed he was pre-meditating; and affection—for reverence he had none—for the instant revived. It might be years before he saw her again; and what anguish was he not about to inflict on her. He took a few quick paces towards her, and the words, "Stay, mother," escaped him. She did not hear him, and at the same moment a note was put in his hand by a servant. He saw the direction was in the handwriting of Ned, and hastily opened it. It contained an earnest desire that he would be punctual to his engagement. As he was placing it into his pocket, Willis entered. Frank started, and his cheek became crimson.

"Frank," said he, "Mr. Sharman has sent me to ask you if you know what money he paid Mr. Fleetwood—did he give him two 5*l.* notes with gold or one 10*l.*?"

"I know nothing about it," replied he; "I did not see him pay Fleetwood at all."

"Oh yes! you must, if you recollect," said Willis; "you were ordered to take some change to him out of the till. Mr. Sharman has missed a 10*l.* note, and thinks he must have paid it away by mistake."

Frank persisted that he was entirely ignorant on the subject, and could not therefore answer for any error that had been made. Willis then informed him that he was going to the Bank, and would call again on him on his way back, in the hope that something might occur to his recollection that would throw light on the matter, for Mr. Sharman was very uncomfortable about it.

Frank, in reply, assured him that his returning would be only loss of time; "and," said he; "if it is my father you wish to see, you will not find him there; he went at six o'clock this morning to —. He left a message for Mr. Sharman which my mother forgot to deliver. They were short of cash last evening, and my father will call as he returns, which will be about eleven o'clock, and leave him whatever he wants."

Willis stayed to hear no more. Frank had now taken the alarm, and no alternative appeared left him but to join Ned as quickly as he could. He seized his hat, and was hurrying out of the house, when his dog Cora, who was lying in the passage, bounded towards him, barking loudly, in the joy of accompanying him to the shop, which she regularly did, and as constantly returned home, when, at the door, her master dismissed her, with a command to that effect. Frank gave her a kick much more violent than he was aware of, and the cry of the poor animal was the last sound that rung in his ear as he almost ran down the street. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, nor once looked behind; but pursuing his way rapidly to the station, he reached it just in time for the up train, and was soon whirled many miles from home.

At — Ned stood ready on the platform to receive him. Few words were interchanged. Ned refused to enter the carriage that Frank occupied, but chose one at a little distance, and before evening had closed they arrived in London. Their first step was to drive to a respectable inn in the neighbourhood of the terminus, where they slept that night. Early in the morning Ned arose, telling Frank to keep himself as close as possible, while he went in search of a friend who had declared his intention of joining them on their voyage. On his return he brought Perkins with him, who, he said, had been excessively useful to him, as he himself was not well accustomed to town. They had secured their passage in the "John Dixon," purchased the greater part of their outfit, and, what was very agreeable, had been assured that the vessel would be ready to sail the day after the morrow. Frank had given Ned the notes that were in his possession, in order to have them exchanged as soon as possible, and he now inquired what had been done. Ned informed him that he had met with no difficulty, Perkins having undertaken that part of the business; and as the money would be far safer with him for the present, and all arrangements necessarily devolved upon him, he would retain it in his custody till they were on board, when he would give him an account of all he had expended, and return the balance.

This arrangement was not in exact accordance with Frank's wishes, but as he had no particular objection to urge against it, and Ned was in this instance, as in every other, very arbitrary and determined on having his own way, he said no more about it. He was heartily tired already, however, of his confinement, for in the small, dark room he inhabited at the back of the house, no prospect but of walls and houses met his sight, nor any sounds reached his ear but the constant and

wearisome noise of vehicles as they passed along the street. He pleaded for some partial emancipation at least; but both Perkins and Ned so forcibly represented the danger of such a step, that he was obliged to remain where he was, under the pretence to the people of the inn that he had not yet recovered from an illness under which he had been suffering.

When Ned returned, towards the evening of the following day, he carefully closed the doors, and approaching Frank, said in a low voice, "It's well you were not with us; whom do you think I have seen?"

Frank started from his seat—"My father?" cried he, trembling.

"No; Sally Groves," replied Ned. "She was in the office at the same time we were, and was making inquiries about the 'John Dixon,' with a view, as I gathered from what she said, of going out in it to Melbourne, too."

"I am very sorry," said Frank; "I had hoped we had done with her for ever. She must have found out, somehow or other, our intention. Did she see you?"

"No, I took care of that," returned Ned. "I heard all she had to say, and let her leave before I came forward. All that was well enough; the only bad part of the business is, they are afraid that they will not be able to sail for two or three days to come. They must have known it from the first; it is a shame to impose upon the public thus."

Frank heard this information with unfeigned regret.

"It can't be helped," said Ned, "so we must make the best of it. You must not attempt to stir, nor will I come near you till the very morning we are to sail, when I will be here with a cab for you."

It was in vain for Frank to raise objections to plans over which he had no control; he could only express a hope that a day or two would be the utmost of their detention in town, while he promised that he would quietly await the summons of Ned to go on board.

[To be continued.]

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## BRITISH INDIA.—No. XI.

### ENNORE.

WHAT Hastings, or Bath, or Brighton is to London in the present day, Ennore has ever been to the English at Madras—a pleasant watering-place or seaside retreat within a few hours' easy ride; here by rail, there by horseback, or in cab, or, as they are there termed, buggies. Now mind me, I don't mean to say that the good folks at Madras are not accustomed every day of their lives to see and hear the mighty sea; they see it in the full depth of its majesty, rolling mountains high, and foaming and splashing against the beach, to the great terror of the Mussolah boat-passengers, and the annoyance of sharks and catamaran men; both which, in their own peculiar way, are bent upon destruction. The fish are on the look-out for catamaran men, the catamaran men bait for fish. But then, Ennore is so quiet, so retired, the lake in itself affords an ocean of amusement; and such as wish to trace it to its source, or rather follow it up to the narrow channel that links it with the sea, these enjoy all the varieties

of Indian seaside amusements, from catching crabs to catching a brain fever.

The ride from Madras to Ennore is not an over-agreeable one; a great many ruts and paddy-fields intervene; and of a dark night, when your friend, who has undertaken to drive you home, feels sleepy after so much boating, it is no uncommon event to pick yourself up in a ditch, very much shaken, and rather the worse for mud. But these are trifles light as air in comparison to the really luxurious feeling of finding yourself in the open fresh country, after the heat and bustle and dust of a Madras everyday life.

There are many private edifices at Ennore, the property of merchants, and nankeen-clad Sudder judges. One or two, however, are, to a certain extent, public buildings—houses erected *pro bono publico*; and amongst these ranks Compton's and the subscription bungalows. To the latter we would introduce the reader. It consists of one large room, containing a capital billiard-table, some couches, a few chairs, and a verandah all round. Sojourners here sleep in their tents, which are pitched in the compound attached to the bungalow; or else, if they like it better, they may spread their mattresses on the hard decks of any one of the many pretty little model vessels with which the lake literally teems—the “Frolic,” the “Gem,” the “Bijou,” the “Hyacinth,” &c., schooners, brigs, ships, lateen-rigged vessels; in short, everything from a frigate to a gun-boat is moored on the lake, the largest of these vessels not much exceeding the celebrated model frigate on the Serpentine, whose commander, Benbow Hazy, has figured so much in the enlivening columns of ‘Punch.’ These Ennore vessels are commanded by no admirals, their sole commanders are the nankeen-breeched proprietors; their crew, a stray coolie or so, who have helped in carrying down the portmanteau and a basket or two of wine.

Nothing can surpass the breakfasts at Ennore. The mind has been prepared for something super-exquisitely good in the shape of fish, from the violent hooting and beating with sticks and other rioting of the fishers during the livelong night, sadly to the hindrance of balmy sleep. And when the pomphret, and the fried prawns, and other little dainties and *et ceteras* are carefully ranged upon the table by the white Mushmud sandalwood-streaked servant, why it requires no second invitation to press you to set to and do your duty as a hungry man ought to do. After breakfast, the order of the day is boating, or, more properly speaking, sailing. Matches have been got up six months before, and are to come off during the eventful fortnight of relaxation and pleasure which we have indulged ourselves with, after mature pecuniary and sanitary considerations. Our health requires recruiting, and so does the purse; and as there is no lack of jollity and healthful recreation at Ennore, we have wisely determined on a holiday there. There was one queer old customer, a nabob in riches, who had held a high post under Government at Madras, that was a regular frequenter of Ennore. He was a misanthrope, and cut the world because the world had first cut him; he had no family, no friends, no ambition to return to his native country, for his own barbarity would be too palpable amongst so highly a civilized people. Possessing a richly-furnished mansion and expensive establishment at Madras, he lived there, drinking deep of the miserable, so-called pleasures of this life, till a twinge of the liver, or a shake of tremens, gave him due warning of what was to come if he altered not his course; and so, making a virtue of necessity, he would resort to his seaside home at Ennore, where, firmly ensconced in his

floating home, he would sip cold tea and read Sturm's 'Reflections,' till reason had established its throne again in his nearly crazy and rickety noddle.

Great taste was displayed in the structure and rigging of several of the Ennore squadron. Griffith and Co., one of the oldest and most respectable firms at Madras, have always had an establishment at Ennore for the benefit of the partners and their families; and some of the quickest sailing-boats were the property of these gentlemen. I was often a guest of one or the other of these gentlemen at Ennore; and very truly delightful these little pic-nics used to be. The ladies of the party went down in tomjons; the children and ayahs in palkees; and we ourselves on horseback, or in cabs. We usually started very early of a morning, so as to get down in time for breakfast, and escape the heat of the day. The drive was a miserable jolting affair; the scenery restricted to continuous paddy-fields with an occasional labourer and a pariah dog, both very black and dusty. After getting a couple of hours' good shaking, we were set down, sore and hungry, at the subscription bungalow, built on the right-hand side of the lake, and from the verandah of which we could command an extensive view of the lake and the flotilla. The gardens attached to the houses were neatly laid out, and the hedges luxuriated in marigolds and sunflowers, and other flowers of a like gaudy nature, which might have tempted a Captain Cuttle to commit a felony. There was a bald-headed, red-faced old fellow that lived next door to us, a Government pensioner, who had retired on the rank and pension of a major, and who was devotedly attached to seclusion and brandy pawny. He was the lion of Ennore—a *rara avis*—but rather a dangerous one, and decidedly more of a hawk than a swan. He was a gentleman of easy habits, and light ones into the bargain; for, with the exception of a shirt, a pair of cotton drawers, a straw hat, and yellow slippers, no one had in the memory of Ennore frequenters ever seen him encumbered with more clothing. He was as well known in connexion with Ennore as the pump is at Aldgate. Small children, who were fractious of a night, and would not go to sleep, had only to have the threat of a visitation from the major held out to them to calm them down into silent penitence in an instant. He was an ogre—a perfect ghoul to children and native servants, and passed his days in growling, reading, sleeping, and eating. The first morning of our arrival at Ennore, just after we had partaken of a capital breakfast, our peace of mind was broke in upon by the sudden report of a gun, followed by a violent scuffling and riot. We rushed out in the utmost alarm, and beheld the old major, hot and fierce, rushing about his garden, gun in hand, making use of horrible oaths, uttered forth in every language he had ever heard of or learnt a few stray words, the object of his wrath an unhappy fowl, that strayed from our garden, and committed a felony on a couple of young cucumbers that the major had left in a soup-plate of water to cool. He had fired and missed, and this made him more wroth than ever; and as the fowl flew over towards us, and was rescued to be slain for that evening's curry, the old fellow shouted out that for two pins he would fire amongst us, and teach us to grin on the wrong side of our mouths. As he might possibly in the heat of the moment execute his threat, we took to the boats and plied manfully till after midday; and when we returned, there was the old major seated on a carpet under a favourite tree, reading novels, and chanting Hindostanee airs, quite serene and contented, till some new cause should occasion a fresh outburst. Fishing was a great source of

amusement at Ennore; and for this purpose most of the gentlemen had little punts, or canoes, which it required no small skill and tact to paddle about without upsetting. One stout old Frenchman, a merchant at Madras, and a man very nervous on the water, was a great source of amusement to the youngsters, who were up to all kinds of tricks in their endeavours to cajole him into a fishing party, the result of which was inevitably a wet jacket to poor old C., who clung to the capsized canoe with all the terror of a drowning man depicted in his face, shrieking upon the name of every saint in the calendar to save him.

The indoor pastime at Ennore were billiards and cards; but we never gambled: ladies played pool and read novels, or indulged us with a little music on the guitar. From one to three in the afternoon was devoted to a siesta; some went to their tents; others lie on the decks of the schooners; some few under the trees. The shade was cool and pleasant enough, but then, even at this hour, mosquitoes were about, and flies innumerable, to say nothing of squirrels and crows, that between them created an unearthly din; besides which, out-of-door repose subjected one to the vastly unpleasant hazard of waking with a snake coiled upon your bosom, or a large black scorpion on your forehead.

From half-past three till half-past six sailing matches were continually coming off, and, uninvited and unsought for, the fiery old major would challenge the whole fleet, and give them the advantage of a jib; and as he regularly came in last, owing to bad management and worse sailing qualifications, his unhappy crew were sure to feel the weight of his excessive wrath, and the most trifling articles shied at their heads on the spur of the moment were an iron belaying-pin, or the handle of the rudder; and as these, luckily for the coolies, invariably missed and flew overboard, it must have cost the major a small fortune annually in replacing them.

Night, unless by moonlight, was dull in the extreme at Ennore. With it came mosquitoes and numberless other insect nuisances, so that it was quite impossible to enjoy any kind of rational enjoyment unless we sat in the dark. However, as we had been hard at work usually the whole day, either boating or pulling, or paddling, bed hour was always most welcome; and Ennore possessed one grand advantage over Madras, its nights were cool and agreeable—those at Madras stiflingly hot.

Ennore, besides being a pleasant retreat for invalids or pleasure-seekers, is really a wealthy little place as far as concerns its inland revenues. Few places produce proportionately more or better rice. Betel, both nut and leaf, and vast gardens of plantains, and other fruit trees, from which the Madras markets are regularly supplied: the fish alone from the lake is the source of a large revenue; and many private families employ fishermen on an annual pay to supply their tables at all seasons of the year with the best fish and prawns.

The drumstick vegetable attains to great perfection at Ennore. It is the produce of a tree sometimes as large as an ordinarily big apple tree; the vegetable is the seed-pod, which, cooked with meat or in a curry, has a peculiarly delicious flavour. Poultry and game were very abundant; and one great source of amusement was shooting wild-duck and teal as they flew overhead of a moonlight night. Ennore is undoubtedly a great boon to the Madras folks, who, now that they can luxuriate in iced mangoes and champagne frappe, set at defiance the sultry heat of the climate by having recourse to *cuscus* lattices, and never-to-be-sufficiently appreciated punkahs.

I paid Ennore a farewell visit six days before quitting India for ever ; and as the good ship stood out to sea on the morning of that eventful day, methought I could, by the aid of the telescope, discover the bulky form of the pugnacious old major, cantering up and down the seaside, as was his custom daily, clad in his usual light, but not very elegant, attire.

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THE WISH.

How short is life's uncertain space,  
 Alas, how quickly done !  
 How swift the wild precarious chase,  
 And yet how difficult the race,  
 How very hard to run !

Youth stops at first its wilful ears  
 To Wisdom's prudent voice,  
 Till now arrived to riper years,  
 Experienced age, worn out with cares,  
 Repents its earlier choice.

What though its prospects now appear  
 So pleasing and refined ;  
 Yet groundless hope, and anxious fear,  
 By turns the busy moments share,  
 And prey upon the mind.

Since then false joys can fancy cheat  
 With hopes of real bliss ;  
 Ye guardian powers that rule my fate  
 The only wish that I create  
 Is all comprised in this :

May I, through life's uncertain tide,  
 Be still from pain exempt ;  
 May all my wants be still supplied ;  
 My state too low t' admit of pride,  
 And yet above contempt.

But should your providence divine  
 A greater bliss intend,  
 May all those blessings you design,  
 If e'er those blessings shall be mine,  
 Be centred in a friend.

MERRICK.

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THE LONDON VILLA.

SUBURBAN villas, highway side retreats  
 That dread th' encroachment of our growing streets,  
 Tight boxes, neatly sash'd, and in a blaze  
 With all a July sun's collected rays,  
 Delight the citizen, who gasping there  
 Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.

COWPER.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

**A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

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THE CIRCASSIANS.—No. III.



CIRCASSIAN COSTUME.

IN the first ages after the flood, the patriarchal form of government prevailed amongst the descendants of the only family saved by the providence of God from the catastrophe. It was natural that the father of a family should constitute the head of that family; and that when it multiplied into a tribe, it should still be subject to the rule of age, wisdom, and experience. Such was the primitive and patriarchal reign.

But as mankind multiplied, and the relations of families became wider and weaker, this form of government degenerated into despotism;

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and the paternal superintendence and discipline were exchanged for the power of life and death; and this most potent and prompt instrument of government has continued in the hands of those rulers who succeeded the patriarchs in the government of families grown into nations, even to the present day.

Such has been the origin of all those eastern dynasties which still maintain their independence as kingdoms and states, governed by a despotic authority; the patriarch has merged into the tyrant, and he who was only the federal head of a family is become the despotic and sanguinary lord of a nation or tribe, whose people live but by his sufferance.

We are about, however, to speak of and describe a people, who, after a period of more than four thousand years, are found to have maintained exactly the patriarchal form of government, laws, customs, manners, and habits of life; and, above all, their independence as a free and separate race; who have, in that period, neither submitted to the iron yoke of a conqueror, nor mingled their blood with any other nation. This anomalous condition of the Circassian race forms an intensely interesting subject of study for the statesman, the moralist, and the philosopher.

We have already described the Western Caucasus, the territory of the Circassians. The people comprehended under this name embrace numerous tribes, of different origin and language, but all governed by princes, nobles, and elders, claiming one common descent, and distinguished by the name of Attèghei (a people dwelling between two seas); but the Kabardas, who inhabit the mountains near the coast of the Black Sea from the mouths of the Kouban to the Upper Abasia, speak the Circassian language most pure, and are generally considered the genuine Circassian Attèghei. They are more brave, civilized, hospitable, and courteous, more tenacious of their independence, and greater enemies of the Russians, than any others.

The origin of a people not possessed of a written history of their ancestors, is always involved in a degree of obscurity; and such is the case with the Circassians. Yet ancient writers, in some measure, confirm the traditions of the native bards and poets; and it is seldom that these latter, even amongst the rudest nations, are wholly without foundation in truth. Certain it is, that the district in question has been inhabited by the same race from time immemorial, and that both their native bards and poets, and ancient writers, ascribe their origin to the Amazons, who inhabited the country now called Rabardæ; and an equestrian tribe of Scythian youths, who conquered them rather by the weapons of Cupid than those of war. We shall first give the traditionary account of the affair, as being more extended as well as more interesting.

“When our ancestors inhabited the shores of the Sea of Azov, the isles of Taman and the Tanais, they had frequent wars with the Emazhunites (Amazonian women), who lived contiguous to the mountain region we now occupy. No men were allowed to reside among them; but women of whatever nation, desirous of associating with them in their predatory enterprises, and of conforming to their laws and customs, were cordially welcomed. After a series of successes and defeats on both sides, it happened that the two armies were opposite to each other, and on the point of coming to an engagement. Valdursa, a famous heroine and prophetess, much celebrated among her sister-warriors, suddenly rushed forward on her prancing charger, and requested

an interview with Thulme, the commander of the Circassians, who, it appears, was also endowed with the prophetic spirit.

"A tent having been pitched on the central spot between the two armies, the generals—masculine and feminine—commenced their conference. That they discussed other topics than such as related to war may be inferred from the result. For after a prolonged conference of several hours, they had talked themselves into such a unanimity of opinions, that upon coming forth, they declared to their respective armies, that the gods had commanded a cessation of hostilities; and as a preliminary of peace they themselves had agreed to marry; and at the same time recommended their armies to follow their peaceful example. The belligerents wisely thought this to be a very agreeable method of terminating their hostilities, and adopted it without hesitation; and the Circassians, finding that the country of their warlike brides was strongly defended by nature, established themselves in it, which they have ever since continued to inhabit."

This account corresponds with that of Herodotus respecting the Amazons. "When the Greeks fought against the Amazons, whom they called *Andrachtones* (the slayers of men), and defeated them on the banks of the *Thermodon*, they carried off three shiploads of them as prisoners. During the voyage, the refractory fair ones rebelled against their gaolers, and, utterly in defiance of the dictates of gentleness and humanity, massacred the whole of them. It is true the lady warriors gained their liberty, but being utterly ignorant of navigation, the ships were left to the mercy of the winds and waves, which finally drove them into the *Mæotian Sea* (*Azov*), and they landed at *Crumia*, in the country of the *Sidonians*. The next act of these damsels was to seize all the horses they could find, plunder the country, and slay such of the inhabitants as opposed them. The *Scythians*, on discovering the sex and beauty of their feminine invaders, summoned a council, when it was resolved by the elders of the land, to try another method of subduing them. This was, to send a body of their finest young men to encamp in their immediate neighbourhood, with strict orders to treat them with uniform kindness, and, if possible, so far to win their confidence as to obtain them in marriage. The *Scythians* contrived to render themselves more amiable in the eyes of their fair foes than the Greeks. The plan succeeded, the camps daily approached nearer to each other, and the treaty of peace was signed on the altar of *Hymen*. Each *Scythian* won for himself an *Amazonian* bride, and thus founded the powerful nation of the *Sarmatians*." This account is confirmed by all the Greek writers of that period, who state further, that "the *Amazonians* were the wives and daughters of a band of freebooters, whose male protectors having been slain in battle they flew to arms. They belong to a foreign colony from a distant land, who had settled in the plain of *Thermiskeri*, on the coast of *Cappadocia* in *Asia Minor*."\*

Such are the histories, traditionary, and of ancient authors, of the origin of the present Circassians; and the accounts of modern travellers of the noble appearance of the men and the beauty of the women, adds greatly to the romance attached to them, whether true or false. The "*Caucasian race*" indeed is considered the finest on the face of the globe. In height they are not generally above the middle size; but their handsome features, well-knit limbs, erect, bold, and independent bearing,

\* Spencer.

and their polite and courteous manners to strangers, cannot fail to strike the traveller with admiration, especially when viewed in contrast with the slavish Russian.

The dress of the men is almost uniform. It consists of a sheepskin bonnet, a colourless frock with loose hanging sleeves, but fitted close to the body and fastened with loops in front, with a row of ten cartridges on either breast. The trousers wide above but gathered tight over the knees and calf, and covered to the middle of the leg with particoloured goloshes or overalls. The shoes, though remarkably neat, have no soles, and are of red morocco trimmed with silver, or of black leather. They always carry a rifle slung with a belt over the shoulder; a single pistol mounted with silver is stuck in a belt behind; a "cama," or double-edged dagger in front; and a sabre, with no guard to the hilt, which is of ebony or plated silver, with a sheath of wood, covered with black or red leather, and ornamented with silver lace. This martial equipment, without which a Circassian chief never leaves his home, sets off the manly figure of the mountain warrior to great advantage. All are thus dressed and equipped; and such is the state of warfare in which they are compelled to live, that they calculate as much and with as little concern, upon meeting with, and shooting a Russian, as an English farmer would of shooting a rook or a pigeon in his corn-field. To this the youths are trained from an early age; and you see a lad of twelve or thirteen thus armed, walk into the house and divest himself of his equipments with as much pride and satisfaction as the boldest warrior. The dress is made of native cloth, and is chiefly grey or brown. The texture is coarse, and the general appearance rather dignified and respectable than rich. The trousers of the Englishmen who visited the country were severely criticised. They fitted too close above the knee, and consequently were void of all taste. They said, the English might excel in all other arts, they could manufacture arms, and build ships, &c., but they did not know how to make a pair of breeches!

The costume of the unmarried women consists of a bonnet of scarlet silk cloth, a boddice of blue silk with a row of silver studs in front, a girdle fastened very low with large silver clasps in the shape of shells; and beneath, of striped silk, the loose Turkish trousers, or shalvar. From these the naked feet are seen, it not being the fashion to wear shoes or slippers in the house.

The women are veiled from head to foot, so that it is impossible to tell how they are dressed; nor can you catch a glimpse of their features. Great attention is paid to the personal charms of the young women, as on these depends their value in the market; for alas! such is the state of civilization in the Caucasus, that a husband speaks of his wife as we should converse about a horse. He tells the stranger how many hands she is in height, how many purses she is worth, &c. &c.

Their houses are built of hurdles, plastered on each side with a coating of clay. The floor is of hard earth, the roof supported by rafters which project over the walls and form verandahs; the roof is thatched with reeds. The furniture consists of the divans or couches which occupy a large space, and boxes to keep clothes, &c.; chairs, tables, &c., are unknown among these primitive people. Every house, whatever may be the condition of the owner, has a guest-house attached to it, built in the same form and manner as the mansion. Here, the owner is bound by the custom of the country to entertain strangers; and whatever may

be their station in life, he must wait on them himself, nor may he even seat himself until repeatedly urged by his guest. Their hospitality indeed to strangers knows no bounds, provided he is recognized and protected by a chief. And yet with all this they make no scruple of begging in the most importunate manner. Spencer gives a ludicrous account of an incident of this kind which occurred to himself:—

“The person of my host,” he says, “was tall, dark, and grave as a Castilian, a man of few words, but whose sad and serious countenance interested me greatly. On the first day of my arrival, he kept himself most respectfully aloof; and it was only by dint of much persuasion that he could be prevailed upon to sit down. But on the next day, having established himself in the suburbs of my good graces, he ventured on a nearer reconnaissance, and gradually edged himself towards me, and at length squatted himself close to me. Here, though he continued to say nothing, he looked a great deal, and I sympathized with what I took to be his patriotic sufferings. But when, on the third day, he grasped my hand and sighed deeply, I could almost have wept for one whose heart, I thought, was inwardly bleeding over the wrongs of his country. In short, I felt I could do anything, or make any sacrifice for so good a man. The reader may judge, therefore, I felt surprised and disconcerted when, through the intervention of the hadgee, he all at once begged, as a particular favour, that I would give him my telescope, the possession of which, he said, would make his hamlet the happiest in Circassia. The telescope was a large and valuable one, yet, though I began to have my misgivings of the man, I desired the hadgee to tell him he should have it when I left the country, but that in the mean time I had occasion for it myself in my travels. In answer to this, he suggested that as he intended to accompany me in my peregrinations, he would carry it for me. I consented to this arrangement, and, accordingly, he attended me in my route for three days, at the end of which, he begged I would give him a pistol, when, being flatly refused, he immediately disappeared with the telescope; and though I now saw clearly through the one, I was never destined to see through the other again.”

Until recently agriculture was not much practised in the highlands, but was chiefly confined to the plains. So completely, however, have the Russians taken possession of these, and invested the coast of the Black Sea, that the Circassians have been compelled to bring large tracts of mountain and forest-land into cultivation. This is done by burning the timber after cutting it, and also a portion of the soil. In tilling the land they employ oxen and mules, but never horses; alleging that it is derogatory to the dignity of the latter to inflict upon him any other labour than that of the saddle. They pay great attention to the breeding of horses, and are as particular in preserving their genealogy as the Arabs. Wheat, barley, maize, millet, and other cereals are grown on the tablelands, to the tops of some of the lesser range of mountains. The vine also is much cultivated, and a great deal of wine is made, which would be excellent but for the primitive practice of putting it into skin bottles which are pitched on the inside. This of course imparts a flavour not very agreeable to an European palate. Mead, however, is the common and favourite beverage of the Circassians, and bees are cultivated largely. The honey produced is excellent, and is used in all confections.

Circassia, however, must be considered as a pastoral country, the feeding of cattle being the chief and favourite occupation. Large herds of oxen,

buffaloes, sheep and goats, rove from plain to plain amongst the hills and mountains where the Russian artillery cannot annoy them. In the secluded and secure spots they build their permanent villages, and divide their time between the chase and attendance upon their flocks and herds. The Circassians are temperate in their habits, deriving their choicest food from the dairy and the beehive. Their bread consists of barley or wheaten meal cakes, baked on a hot stone or iron plates, like the Irish griddle, and covered with cinders or wood ashes. In those parts which are exposed to the inroads of the Russians, the buildings are very slight; and upon an attack, they invariably set their villages on fire, and burn also all the corn and fodder that they cannot remove, in order to prevent the enemy from supplying himself.

These Caucasian tribes, as we have already said, have ever been considered the most perfect specimens of humanity on the face of the globe. This may, in a great measure, arise from the local advantages attached to a mountain residence, which is considered by physiologists, as more favourable to both mental and physical development than a low country. And there is no doubt but the same circumstance has been the cause of their maintaining their independence for so long a period. The security they enjoy in the inaccessible fastnesses of their mountain houses, the pure and invigorating air they breathe, and their temperate mode of living, all tend to foster and preserve that independence of mind and of action which universally prevails amongst the Circassians. The women have always been esteemed for their grace and beauty, and the men are remarkable for their symmetry of form, great physical strength, expressive features, and proud martial bearing. *Iben-el-Vardi*, a Mahometan writer, speaking of the females; exclaims in a rapture, "Praised be Allah for creating mortals so infinitely beautiful and perfect!" They are distinguished also by their ardent attachment to their country and its simple institutions, and to that perfect liberty they enjoy in it. "Give me," said a young Circassian chief, whom Spencer met at Constantinople, "Give me but my country, free and independent, my cot, my friends, my horses and my arms, and I will not exchange with the greatest Padishaw of all the Osmanlis."

The Russians have endeavoured to injure the character, as well as to enslave the persons, of the Circassians. They represent them as robbers by profession, so furious that no concessions can tame, so treacherous that no treaties can bind them; continually engaged in petty warfare with each other; notorious for duplicity and breach of faith; and so utterly destitute of truth, that they will not hesitate to slay with one hand, whilst the other is extended in friendship. This libellous statement, however, is completely contradicted by Spencer, Bell, Urquhart, and others, who have of late years travelled much amongst them; and especially by the Chevalier Taitbout de Marigny, Dutch Consul at Odessa, who, on the contrary, describes them as noted for sincerity, hospitality, good faith, and all the virtues that adorn our species in an uncivilized state. We believe this account, rather than that of their enemies the Russians, who have a motive for maligning them. No doubt there are bad men in Circassia as well as in other countries; and besides, a small and simple nation like the Circassians, have no other resource than of stratagem in dealing with a monster power like that of Russia, which is bent upon their destruction. This catastrophe, however, is, we hope further from being accomplished than ever, if the flames of war, which are now kindling in Europe, should

burst out. From that moment, we trust, the charter of the independence of the Caucasian tribes will be sealed, and the aggressive designs of Russia upon them defeated, by the destruction of the whole chain of fortresses on the coast of the Euxine, at the foot of the Caucasus.

The Circassian form of government is scarcely definable by any rules of European politics. All matters of national importance are determined by a general assembly of the people, every one of whom has a vote. Their princes, however, the *Attéghei*, are the lords of the soil, and the people acknowledge their authority. They also pay great deference in their general assemblies to the counsels of age, wisdom, and experience, the influence of which predominates over the wishes, more rash and dangerous, of the youthful warriors. Their mode of fighting is desultory, except on the plains when they go to attack a fortress. In the mountains and forests, they each take his stand in the most convenient spot for commanding the advance of the enemy in the defiles, where they are shot down in detail without mercy or compunction, like wild beasts. And it is seldom that the Russian has his revenge, except in destroying the property of the natives, who, themselves, can always get out of their reach. Thus has the inordinate and increasing thirst of conquest of the Russians converted this fine people into a nation of warriors; and by hemming them in on every side, have united the scattered and hostile tribes into one compact phalanx, all animated with the same hatred of their barbarous would-be conquerors, and a determination to die to the last man rather than submit to their ignominious yoke.

We may hope that a better day will yet dawn upon them; and that in the approaching conflict, wherein their future independence shall be secured and placed beyond the reach of Russian violence and intrigue, an intercourse with Europeans will be the means of introducing to them the pure gospel of Jesus Christ, which at present is unknown amongst them. Their religion, in fact, is a loose type of Mahometism, but it does not appear that they have any mosques, or observe very rigidly the precepts of their prophet. Knowing, however, at present, no other form of Christianity than that of the Greek Church, and which is but badly represented by their Russian foes, they can scarcely have formed a very favourable opinion of it. It remains, therefore, with those who may in future be brought into friendly intercourse with them to show to them "a more excellent way," and by the introduction to them of the gospel of peace, to convince them that man was made for nobler purposes than that of arms; and that whilst self-preservation, as the first law of nature, teaches us to repel the attacks of an enemy, the practice of war is a violation of the principles laid down by Him who commanded us to "love our enemies, to do good to those who hate us, and to pray for those who despitefully use and persecute us."

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## CAVERNS AND THEIR VARIOUS USES.

THE universe may be regarded as a mighty volume, written by the hand of its all-wise Creator. Every page of this volume is replete with tokens of the goodness, the wisdom, and the power of God. If the reader will accompany us in our attempt to decipher one of these pages, we trust that these attributes of the eternal Author of all things will be each of them exemplified.

The first cavern which we shall briefly describe is the grotto of Anti-

paros. Antiparos, in the Greek archipelago, is a small island with few inhabitants; but its celebrated cavern often attracts travellers to its shores. The entrance is about thirty paces in breadth and is vaulted. After proceeding for about twenty yards, the explorer arrives at a precipice, which is descended by the aid of ropes attached to the rocky projections. A second passage terminates in another descent, and then a third passage conducts to a third precipice. A fourth passage, and another descent lands the explorer in the grotto, which is a cavern one hundred and twenty yards in length, one hundred and thirteen in width, and sixty in height. White calcareous incrustations cover the sides and roof, whilst stalactites ten or twelve feet long, and as thick as the body of a man, hang from the ceiling. Festoons and leaves of stalactite abound in the intervals between these natural curiosities; and some of the stalactites on the floor appear like broken pillars or the trunks of trees. One mass is twenty-four feet in height and twenty in diameter. A long narrow passage, near the entrance of this cavern, glitters in the torchlight as if studded with diamonds. The explorer passes some exquisite scenes in his way to the grotto.

The cave of Adelsberg is in the province of Carniola. An opening, protected by a huge door of iron, and high up the side of a precipice, is the entrance to this cavern. The Peuka enters this cave, and appears to be lost in it; but an ample river, which bursts from the earth at the distance of about twenty miles, is most probably the Peuka reappearing after its long seclusion. The interior is extremely beautiful. The following quotations may serve to give some idea of the scene:—"We advanced with ease through the windings of the cavern, which, at times, was so low as to oblige us to stoop, and at times so high that the roof was lost in the gloom. But everywhere the most wonderful varieties of stalactites and crystals met the admiring view. At one time we saw the guides lighting up some distant gallery far above our heads, which had all the appearance of verandahs adorned with Gothic tracery. At another, we came into what seemed the long-drawn aisles of a Gothic cathedral, brilliantly illuminated. The whimsical variety of forms surpasses all the powers of description. Here was a butcher's shop, which seemed to be hung with joints of meat; and there a throne, with a magnificent canopy. There was the appearance of a statue with a bearded head, so perfect that you could have thought it the work of a sculptor; and further on, toward the end of our walk, the figure of a warrior with a helmet and coat of mail, and his arms crossed; of the illusion of which, with all my efforts, I could not possibly divest my mind." Again: "It is impossible for me to describe minutely all the wonderful varieties; the 'Fountains,' seeming, as they fall, to be frozen into stone; the 'Graves,' with weeping willows waving over them; the 'Picture,' the 'Cannon,' the 'Confessional,' the 'Pulpit,' the 'Sausage-maker's shop,' and the 'Prisons.' I must not omit mentioning one part, which, though less grand than many others, is extremely curious. The stalactites have here formed themselves like folds of linen, and are so thin as to be transparent. Some are like shirt-ruffles, having a hem, and looking as if they were embroidered; and there is one called the 'Curtain,' which hangs exactly in natural folds, like a white and pendant sheet." Several miles of this cavern are accessible, and the path at times borders the Peuka, and then rises to a height where the roar of its dark waters is almost inaudible.

The cave of Cacahuamilpa, in Mexico, is situated in a chain of black mountains, and has an entrance more than seventy feet high, whilst its width is one hundred and fifty. The interior consists of halls united to one another by corridors and passages. The first hall is two hundred feet in length, seventy in width, and one hundred and fifty in height, so far as the torchlight shows it. Crystallizations of green and orange hue, silvery stalactites, and imaginary palm trees, pillars, pyramids, and porches, meet the view. The second hall is nearly four hundred feet long, whilst its height is equal to that of the first. This cave has been explored for several miles, and in it the skeleton of a man was found resting on its side, and with the head almost covered with crystallization. In the cave at Adelsberg a skeleton was found, entirely incrustured with stalactite, in a position indicating agony, and with one arm clasping a pillar. Amongst the curiosities of the cave of Cacahuamilpa is a benched amphitheatre with a great organ, whose pipes utter a deep sound when struck. In Weyers cave, in Virginia, there is one chamber which contains curtain-like congelations, with large sheets at their sides that are sonorous, whilst, in another apartment, a sheet of stalactite sounds like distant thunder, when gently struck.

The cavern del Guacharo is in the district of Caraccas, in South America, in the vertical face of a rock. A stream occupies it, which soon becomes a considerable river. The entrance is eighty feet broad and seventy-two feet high; and the cavern maintains the same direction, the same breadth, and its original height, for the distance of one thousand four hundred and fifty-eight feet. It is a favourite haunt of the guacharo, a dark bluish-grey bird about as large as a domestic fowl.

The cave of Fingal is in the island of Staffa, off the west coast of the isle of Mull. The Atlantic Ocean flows directly into it. The walls of the cave are of a deep slate colour, and the pillars which form them are so compacted that a penknife cannot be inserted between them. They average about three feet in diameter. The cave is two hundred and fifty feet in length, about forty in width, and more than one hundred in height at the entrance. It is seventy feet high at the inner end. There is a deep fissure along the middle of the roof, and the sides of this fissure are of various colours. This variegated appearance is caused by water containing different substances, which soaks through from the surface above. The stumps of pillars at the sides of the cavern form a sort of pathway, as the difference in their height is not generally so great as to prevent walking upon them. The water shows the black basaltic pillars beneath it. The surfaces of the pillars between high and low water-mark are covered with barnacles, which are pink at the deepest points, and which vary to yellow and white, the hues of those most exposed to the air. A great number of the pillars are six-sided, but it would not be easy to find two exactly alike.

The Peak cavern at Castleton, in Derbyshire, is nearly half a mile in length. An immense vacuity was discovered in this county during the excavation of a mine. More than forty thousand tons of material deposited in this gulf appeared to produce no effect, whilst rockets have been fired upwards and have risen without hindrance. The Sapphire Grot in the isle of Capri, at the south entrance of the bay of Naples, is peculiarly beautiful. A semicircular aperture at the base of a nearly-vertical cliff is the entrance to the grot, and through this narrow opening the explorer is pushed, until he enters a spacious cavern, whose sides and



roof are of a rich blue tint, produced by the rays of light which have passed through the waters of the ocean.

There is a cave near Szelitze, in Upper Hungary, which is warm in winter, when it serves as a retreat to flies, bats, owls, hares, and foxes; whilst in summer it supplies the people of Szelitze with ice for refrigeratory purposes. The quantity of ice is sometimes so great that it has been estimated to be as much as six hundred waggons could remove in a week. Similar caverns exist in Russia, and there is one near Besançon in France.

The Grotto del Cane, in the neighbourhood of Naples, is about ten feet long, four feet broad, and nine feet high. A layer of carbonic acid gas scarcely eight inches in thickness lies upon the floor, and cruel experiments are tried upon dogs, which are drawn out half suffocated and thrown into a lake to restore them.

In 1821 some workmen employed upon a road near the church of Kirkdale, in the east of Yorkshire, came upon the mouth of a cavern, whose interior was a nearly-level floor two hundred and fifty feet long, with a space in some parts so low that it was impossible to stand upright. Stalactites covered the roof and sides, and a sheet of stalagmite lay upon the floor with a bed of loamy mud beneath it. This mud contained the remains of various animals. Amongst them were those of the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and the hyæna. The cave is thought to have been a den of consecutive races of hyænas. There is a similar bone cavern about a mile from Torquay, in Devonshire. There are some celebrated caverns of this kind in Germany.

We will now turn to the uses to which natural or artificial caverns have been put. The valley of Ipsaca, to the west of Cape Passaro in Sicily, contains a vast number of excavated chambers, which were once the homes of a numerous population. In Armenia and Georgia semi-cavernous dwellings are still made use of as they were centuries ago. The valley of Bameean, in Afghanistan, contains an immense number of caves, which still serve as abodes to a great part of the population. One hill in the middle of the valley is quite honeycombed by caves, which are situated one above another. These cave-dwellings are generally mere square holes in the hills, but some are domed and have a carved frieze beneath the place from which the cupola rises.

Hermitages are well-known examples of subterranean abodes. The peninsula of Mount Sinai was occupied by ascetics, who resided in rocky cells a mile or more distant from one another. We have several instances in Holy Writ of the use of caves as places of abode.

Thor's cave is near the Dovedale in the Peak of Derbyshire. It has a spacious entrance, and a natural window fifty feet high. A detached altar-like stone has been, we fear, the site of many a human sacrifice. There is a famous cavern-temple in the small island of Elephanta, near Bombay, which is situated half-way up the steep ascent of a mountain. The cave is one hundred and thirty feet in length, one hundred and thirty-three in breadth, and from fifteen to seventeen and a half in height. Rows of columns support the roof; they are fluted and bulge out in the middle. From forty to fifty colossal figures stand along the sides of the cave. A figure of Shiva, shown down to the breast, is opposite the principal entrance. To give an idea of its size, we may state that a string must be twenty-two feet nine inches in length to pass round the three heads of the idol, across the eyes. The height of the image is seventeen feet ten inches. The temple is falling into ruins.

The caves of Ellora, in Hindostan, are stupendous works of art. Their circuit is about six miles. These excavations contain thousands of figures. The chief temple bears the name of Visvacarma. Several rows of pillars, which form three galleries one above the other, sustain the roof.

Egypt is famous for its excavations. Two at Ipsambul are especially celebrated. The largest of these has four colossal figures at its entrance. There are four chief compartments in the interior, the first contains two rows of square pillars, with a standing colossus joined to each pillar.

Excavations have often served for burial-places. The aborigines of the Canary Islands were found to bury their dead in caves. More than a thousand mummies were found in Teneriffe in one sepulchre. The cliffs of Petraea are perforated with vast numbers of tombs, some of which are adorned with architectural decoration in front. The catacombs of Rome have been formed by quarrying operations. The passages are generally about eight feet high and five in width, and, at intervals, spacious vaulted cavities are formed by the meeting of different passages. These catacombs once served as hiding-places for the early Christians, in times of persecution. Inscriptions, bas-reliefs, and other relics from these interesting crypts, are to be seen in the museums of Rome. The inscriptions are mostly in Latin, and are often affecting; the following are examples:—

“Here lies Gordianus, deputy of Gaul, who was murdered, with all his family, for the faith. They rest in peace. Theophila, his handmaid, set up this.” “Victorina sleeps.” “Gemella sleeps in peace.”

The sepulchres of Etruria are eminent instances of cavernous sepulchres, but we will not stay to describe them; they have been noticed already in our pages.

Here we must close. The most interesting cave in the world we have not noticed; and this brief illusion to it shall suffice. But when the caves shall give up their dead, and when those who, in the language of Scripture, wandered “in dens and caves of the earth” shall receive glory and honour and eternal life, may the reader not be one of those who will wish, with agonizing earnestness, that they had suffered with those once poor and despised cave-dwellers.

## CURIOSITIES OF CREDULITY.

CREDULITY is and has been the source of innumerable errors, some of which we now propose to detail; and if the examples which we bring forward tend to prove the absurdity of irrational credulousness, they will not have been made in vain.

To commence with scientific fallacies. Strabo, the geographer, pictured Ireland as a land of cannibals and of eternal snows. Mela, another ancient geographer, believed that some parts of the earth were inaccessible on account of heat. India was once thought to abound in gold and silver isles: Ethiopia was famous as the country of Prester John, whose territory was partitioned into islands by the rivers flowing from Paradise, and whose palace was said to be built of jewels and illuminated by carbuncles: the castle of Gog, said to be built of iron, figured in maps of Asia: a fourth continent was spoken of, which was rendered undiscoverable by the heat of the sun. Columbus was warned against an imaginary declivity which his vessels could not reascend if they once

sailed down it. In the sixteenth century the fabulous country of El Dorado in South America was believed to teem with gold and precious stones. The temples were said to have golden roofs, and the inhabitants to roll themselves in gold-dust at their feasts, their bodies having been previously rubbed with a balsam.

Medical fallacies have been very numerous. Charms were the principal remedies of the Orientals and Romans. The Druids appear to have attributed the chief value of their remedies to the ceremonials associated with them. John of Gadesden treated the son of Edward II. for the small-pox, by rolling him in scarlet cloth, and by hanging his room with drapery of the same hue. Taking the patient to hear mass was this great court physician's remedy for epilepsy. Francis I. sent to Charles V. of Germany for a Jewish physician, under the belief that there was some mysterious connection between Judaism and medical skill, for he refused to admit the physician who was sent to his bedside, because he had become a convert to Christianity whilst on his way to the French king.

Here is a remedy for a wart:—"Take a piece of twine; tie it in as many knots as you have warts, touch each wart with a knot, and then throw the twine behind your back into some place where it may soon decay—a pond or hole in the earth—but tell no one what you have done. When the twine is decayed, your warts will disappear without any pain or trouble." For the bite of a scorpion:—"Say to an ass secretly, and as it were whispering in his ear, 'I am bitten with a scorpion.'" That the left eye of a hedgehog fried in oil procures sleep; that the right foot of a frog in a deer's skin cures the gout; that a candle made of human fat will keep a person asleep if lighted; that the leaves of an alder-tree upon which the sun has not shone are a cure for erysipelas; that a rag tied to the finger and toe-nails of a consumptive person, and then waved three times round his head, will cure him if buried privately; that to give the hair of a child, rolled in butter, to a dog is a remedy for the whooping-cough; that a ring made of communion-money drives away convulsions—are all instances of popular credulity. Bezoars—hard substances found in the bodies of animals—were once approved and costly drugs. The most filthy things were hunted out—mummy dust, and moss growing on the head of a thief left hanging, may serve as examples. The efficacy of the royal touch in the cure of scrofula is another notorious instance of popular delusion.

Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood lost him much of his practice; inoculation was anathematized, and vaccination was regarded as a filthy novelty.

To remove warts Sir Kenelm Digby recommends the washing of the hands in an empty vessel into which the moon has shone.

Astrology has been the parent of a numerous brood of errors. Charles XI. of France turned on his heels for an hour every morning, in consequence of the declaration of an astrologer. Charles I. and II. of England were dupes to this science. Listen to the jargon of a celebrated astrologer—Dee—who was consulted by Queen Elizabeth. "The contemplative order of the Rosie Cross have presented to the world angels, spirits, plants, and metals with the times in astromancy and geomancy, to prepare and unite them telesmatically. This is the substance which at present in our study is the child of the sun and moon, placed between two fires, and in the darkest night receives a light, and retains it."

Witchcraft has led to countless impostures and delusions. In 1515 five hundred persons accused of witchcraft were burned in Geneva; the true cause of their death was heresy. It is computed that for a period of thirty-nine years, in the sixteenth century, the number of executions for witchcraft annually averaged two hundred in Scotland alone. Matthew Hopkins is a famous character in the history of witchcraft. Any poor old ill-featured woman who fell in his way ran the risk of being accused as a witch. He fell a victim at last to his own cause—his tests were tried upon himself, and he was put to death as guilty of witchcraft.

Amongst the sceptical savans who surrounded Frederick the Great, Lanethrie, a professed atheist, made the sign of the cross when it thundered; D'Argens shuddered if seated at a table where there were thirteen individuals; others were gulled by fortune-tellers; an impostor who assumed the power of discovering hidden treasures through the medium of demons, duped several government officers of distinction; sacrifices were offered to the devil, and a pure black goat was obtained at great expense as an acceptable offering.

Vampirism is another delusion which has prevailed amazingly. A vampyre was a dead man quickened again by magic and sustained by feeding upon corpses. The following was one method of discovering these monsters. A jet-black horse was placed between the graves in a churchyard. If he became restive and would not proceed, the existence of a vampyre somewhere near at hand was inferred.

Ordeals are examples of popular delusion. The principal Anglo-Saxon ones were two. In that by water a caldron was heated in a church, and in the boiling fluid contained in it a heavy weight was placed. The person who was to undergo the ordeal drew this out with his arm bared. The arm was then covered and sealed. If it was found to have healed on the third day, the prisoner was pronounced innocent; if not, he was considered guilty. The depth of the water was regulated by the presumed guilt of the accused individual. The ordeal by fire was similar. The accused lifted up a piece of red-hot iron, and took three steps with it in his hand, which was then sealed up as before.

Omens have been a very common form of credulity. Paganism abounded in them—sneezing, the flight of birds, the rolling of thunder, the appearance of the entrails of sacrificed animals—are instances. The mistletoe was considered to possess peculiar sanctity by the Druids, as was the Shamrock by the Irish Druids. The spilling of salt—the bleeding of the nose—putting a foot into the wrong shoe—stammering at the commencement of a speech—breaking a mirror—the appearance of magpies—the ticking of the death-watch—the withering of the bay-tree—the crossing of our path by a hare, a squirrel, or a jay—killing animals for food except at the full moon—washing hands in the water used by another—the croaking of ravens or of crows, are instances of ill omens. To beat a child with an alder-stick was once considered a sure method of staying his growth. Even now Friday is considered an unlucky day probably by a great number of superstitious people. Sailors prefer to commence a voyage on a Sunday—an unscriptural action: they whistle for the wind; children on board they regard as luckgivers; and even now many vessels have a horse-shoe fastened to the rudder for good luck.

Amongst other errors we may notice the following: that crystal is congealed ice; that elephants have no joints; that the sun dances on Easter Day; that a dead man weighs more than when he was alive; that a king

fisher suspended by the beak indicates the direction of the wind ; that a diamond is softened or broken by goats' blood ; that a man has one rib less than a woman ; that a certain Jew has wandered up and down the world since the death of Christ ; that the tenth wave at sea is the greatest and most dangerous ; that purslain in a bed prevents visions ; that a coffin-nail on the threshold of a chamber keeps away phantoms ; that to tread on moonwort loosens a horse's shoes ; that rue prevents witchcraft ; that a bay-leaf is a preservative against thunder ; that a handful of asmart causes a horse to carry his rider easily if put under the saddle ; that docks boiled with the toughest meat would make it tender ; that if it rains on St. Swithin's day it will rain more or less for the forty succeeding days ; that when any one of a family dies, the bees will undergo some calamity if not informed of the death ; that some remedies ought to be applied three, seven, or nine times ; that the seventh son of a seventh son is a genius, or that he can heal scrofulous persons by the touch ; that the hand of a malefactor exposed on the highway, renders the person before whom it is held unable to move, if it is duly prepared ; that sheep should be shorn and pigs killed when the moon is at the full ; that peas and beans should be sown when it is on the wane ; that an artery goes from the wedding-ring-finger to the heart ; that spirits are detected by candles burning with a bluish light ; that a piece of tallow near the flame betokens death to one of a family ; that the howling of dogs portends a death ; that to kill a spider or not to kill a snake is unlucky ; that the corpse of a murdered man bleeds if touched by the murderer ; that fern-seed is invisible, and renders its possessor invisible also if gathered on Midsummer Eve ; that the mandrake grows under the gallows and is nurtured by the distillations of criminals, and that it shrieks when pulled up by the roots ; that the Glastonbury thorn blossoms only on Christmas Day, and that it buds in the morning, flowers at noon, and dies on the night of that day. Such are some of the fallacies which credulity gulps down.

The pretended liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is a well-known example of popular credulity. The blood or the substitute which supplies its place is kept in a glass phial, and is said to become fluid when applied to the head of the saint on the day of his festival.

A remarkable instance of credulity and imposture occurred very recently in France. Rose Tamisier, a peasant girl, was the miracle-worker in this case. She had been educated in a convent of which she afterwards became an inmate. Her first miracle was the growth of a wonderful cabbage, large enough to feed the villagers of Saignon in a season of drought for several weeks. Her food was said to be consecrated wafers, abstracted by angels from the pyx of the church. She was carried by these angels to the village of St. Saturnin, where her great miracle, of causing a picture of Christ descending from the Cross to emit blood, was performed before the parish priest and a numerous congregation. We are also told that the intensity of her devotion caused the representation of a cross, a heart, a chalice, a spear, and sometimes the image of the Virgin and Child, to appear on different parts of her body, faintly at first, but afterwards in lines which exuded blood. The attention of government was drawn to the affair, and a public document was sent to Paris attesting the reality of her picture-bleeding phenomenon. A pilgrimage to St. Saturnin became fashionable ; tin medals, bearing the effigy of Rose Tamisier, were sold, and jewelled crosses and images of the Virgin set in diamonds were presented to her. M. Eugene Colignon at length discovered

that blood disgorged by a leech could be made to penetrate the surface of a painting, and then to exude in globules, and he imitated the miracle before the public authorities and the most eminent scientific men. Rose Tamisier was now tried, but the jury, influenced through the confessional it is thought, pronounced themselves incompetent to give a verdict. The case was removed to Nismes, and there, in about the middle of November 1851, the saint was condemned to six months' imprisonment, and fined five hundred francs and costs. As she always insisted upon being permitted to spend some time in the chapel in solitary devotion before she wrought the miracle, it is easy to see how she contrived to effect her imposition.

The following relics either are or have been objects of superstition:—

"A finger of St. Andrew; a finger of St. John the Baptist; the thumb of St. Thomas; a tooth of our Lord.

"A rib of our Lord, or, as it is profanely styled, of the word made flesh.

"The hem of our Lord's garment which cured the diseased woman; the seamless coat of our Lord.

"A tear which our Lord shed over Lazarus. It was preserved by an angel, who gave it in a phial to Mary Magdalene.

"Two handkerchiefs on which are impressions of our Saviour's face; the one sent by our Lord himself as a present to Agbarus Prince of Edessa; the other given at the time of his crucifixion to a holy woman named Veronica.

"The rod of Moses with which he performed his miracles; a lock of hair of Mary Magdalene's; a hem of Joseph's garment; a feather of the Holy Ghost; a finger of the Holy Ghost; a feather of the angel Gabriel; a finger of a cherubim; the water-pots used at the marriage in Galilee; the slippers of the antediluvian Enoch; the face of a seraphim, with only part of the nose; the snout of a seraphim, thought to have belonged to the preceding; the coal that broiled St. Lawrence.

"The square buckler lined with red velvet, and the short sword of St. Michael; a vial of the sweat of St. Michael, when he contended with Satan; some of the rays of the star that appeared to the Magi."

To these may be added pieces of the Cross; the title over the Cross; the transverse beam of the cross of the good thief; the sponge used at the crucifixion of our Lord; the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; some of the manna which God gave the Israelites, and so on.

\* The 'Lives of the Saints' contain marvellous instances of credulity or mendacity, or both. We read that the breast of St. Philip Neri was so much expanded by divine love, that the cartilage which united the fourth and fifth ribs of his left side was broken: that a heap of stones responded Amen to a sermon delivered by the venerable Bede, when blind and under the belief that he was addressing a living congregation; that St. Denys rose after his decapitation and carried his head two miles; that St. Blaise, when commanded to be drowned, walked upon the water in which sixty-eight unbelievers perished who attempted to do the same, at the invitation of the saint, who also walked back to be beheld.

Some remarkable examples of credulity have already been brought forward in the pages of the 'Home Friend,' so that it is unnecessary for us again to allude to them. Mormonism—Southcottianism—Socialism—and other instances of what may be termed religious credulity, occur to the mind, together with some curious instances of commercial credulousness which have been already noticed. Ignorance is a soil in which the weeds of

superstition and credulity grow with rank luxuriance; but the Christian who takes the word of God as his guide, and who does not neglect those opportunities of acquiring information which God has given him, can never fall into any fatal error. Nor let those who smile at the absurdities exposed in these pages forget that thousands are guilty of the amazing folly of putting off from day to day, the serious consideration of those truths upon which such fearful consequences depend. Compared with this neglect, the errors of ordinary credulity are too minute to be seen, and too unimportant to be noticed.

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NO LIE THRIVES.—No. XIV.



SEVERAL hours had elapsed before the most distant apprehension that anything amiss had occurred arose in the mind of any one at Seaforth. Mrs. Davis wondered, indeed, as the day began to close, that Frank did not come home, which she was very anxious he should do, before his father returned from —, as she well knew Mr. Davis would not be pleased at his having had a holiday, or that he was absent when he came back. But she had always a resource at hand. When her husband, therefore, inquired for Frank, she promptly said, "It is such a busy time, we could not expect him before now. I believe they are taking stock; but if he does not come home soon, I will send the boy with a message to him."

Mr. Davis complained of being very weary; and taking some slight refreshment, retired, in a short time, to bed. Mrs. Davis now began to

be very uneasy. She well knew that it was of no use to send to the shop to make inquiries, and she was quite at a loss where to seek her son. All were questioned as to whether he had left any message when he quitted the house, but no one knew anything about him. At length the idea suggested itself that he had gone by the train to spend the day with a relation of theirs who lived about thirty miles lower in the country, and that he had probably missed the train that would have brought him home early in the evening. There would be no chance now of his arrival till near twelve o'clock, and she and Jane sat up till that time. The heavy church clock struck the hour, and every sound was now listened to with impatience. Many times Mrs. Davis was thankful that she heard him coming, many times Jane was sent to open the door softly to let him in, and as often returned with a blank countenance, to witness its reflection on the features of her mistress.

Both were alarmed; but as there was no use in waiting for the arrival of Frank any longer, they went to bed, still hoping, however, that he would make his appearance with the first train in the morning. The family had assembled to breakfast, but no Frank was there. Mr. Davis inquired for him, and Mrs. Davis saw no alternative left but to communicate to him that his son had been absent since nine o'clock the previous morning. Poor Mrs. Davis even then contrived so to word her information that little or no blame could be imputed to herself, nor was the truth, even as it was known, represented faithfully.

A dreadful feeling of some impending calamity at once filled the heart of Mr. Davis, but of what nature he did not dare to surmise. In an agony of suspense and terror he went to Mr. Sharman. He learnt nothing, however, from him that could in any degree diminish his anxiety or his apprehensions. Mr. Sharman could tell him nothing about Frank, whom he had not once seen the previous day, though he was but too able to report to the wretched father that he had received no money, nor did he conceal that he had missed a ten-pound note from his cash-box.

What a stroke to a man like Mr. Davis! The death of his son, even under aggravated circumstances of horror, would have been preferable to the dread, or rather to the inward conviction that his first-born, branding himself with the stamp of infamy, had absconded with the money, and abused the trust reposed in him. For some minutes he sat incapable of motion; his eyes were fixed, the muscles of his face rigid, and the veins on his forehead swollen almost to bursting. Mr. Sharman stood by him, carefully watching him, but not offering hastily to arouse him. Presently he said very quietly, "Bring a glass of water." In an instant Willis was before them, with a tumbler in his hand. Obeying the sign of Mr. Sharman, he held it to Mr. Davis. The latter mechanically, as it were, raised his head, gained sight of Willis, and of the anxious expression of his countenance. The tide of his feelings was diverted, recollection returned—nature resumed her sway, and, laying his cheek upon Mr. Sharman's arm, he burst into a violent flood of tears.

For many minutes Mr. Sharman encouraged the kindly effusion. A length he took the tumbler into his own hand, and pointed to Willis that he should withdraw. Willis obeyed. As he disappeared, Mr. Davis clasped his hands together. "Oh, that mine was like him!" exclaimed he, and again dropping his head on Mr. Sharman, wept more freely, and yet with more composure than he had done before. In a short time he was so far recovered as to be able to talk to Mr. Sharman; and it was



arranged that the latter should call on him in the evening, when they would deliberate upon the steps necessary to be taken.

Mr. Davis would hear of no compromise about the money. He paid the whole amount, including the ten pounds to Mr. Sharman, though it was a serious inconvenience and loss to him. He made the strictest researches into Frank's conduct both at home and elsewhere, and soon brought every circumstance connected with him to light. He naturally and properly expressed his disapprobation of his wife's conduct in suppressing from his knowledge the causes of the anxiety she now owned to have entertained. But Mrs. Davis still found means to excuse herself, and to satisfy him that, though it would have been better if she had kept nothing from him, her error was simply one of defective judgment. Having ascertained that Frank had been seen at the — station, he set off for London immediately. Here all trace of him was lost, and he quickly returned to Seaforth, more wretched, if possible, than when he left home.

In the first instance, Ned escaped all suspicion of having been connected in the guilty transaction. It was believed that he had really gone on a visit to his brother, as he had given out; but circumstances afterwards came to light which induced Mr. Davis again to take a journey to London. The number of the note stolen from Mr. Sharman was unknown, but those of the country notes had been registered; but these had all been exchanged for gold at the house where they were payable, and the description of the young man who presented them answered in no point to the person of either Ned or Frank. Again Mr. Davis found himself at fault; but, unwilling to return home without having gained any clue to the discovery of his son, he resolved to remain a few days in town.

Two days had elapsed without Frank having seen Ned, or received any intelligence from him; he therefore felt pretty certain that on the third day the vessel would sail, as it had been promised at the office that no delay exceeding that term should take place. He had risen early that morning; and as he could obtain a view of the street from his bedroom, he remained upstairs, watching every cab that approached the door. On a sudden a voice, which he knew to be his father's, made him tremble from head to foot. He had no doubt that he had traced him, and, in an agony of terror, he locked the door, by which he stood to listen. Mr. Davis was speaking to a waiter.

"If a gentleman should inquire for me," said he, "tell him that I have rested so badly that I am keeping my room till he comes. We shall breakfast together, and mind that you have all ready by the time he is here."

The door of the adjoining bedroom was the next moment shut, and Frank was convinced that he was within a few yards of his offended parent. Oh! that Ned would come! was the repeated wish that hung on his lips; but Ned came not, and some time after he heard his father leave the chamber, and descend the stairs. He continued to watch at the window, and not long after he saw Mr. Davis, and a gentleman whom he recognised as a solicitor, living at Seaforth, enter a cab and drive off. He passed the remainder of the day in a state of the most restless anxiety; starting at every sound, and dreading, yet fearing, to hear footsteps approaching the room, for he had not dared to go down stairs. The evening came, however, without any intelligence of Ned. His father again occupied the chamber next him, and again he saw him depart in company with

Mr. White, with the intention, as he learnt from the waiter, of not returning.

This was a very great relief to him, and he felt more anxious, if possible, than ever for the arrival of Ned; but another and another day passed, and he did not make his appearance. Suspense was now intolerable, and he meditated asking the waiter William, who was remarkably civil to him, to go with him and make some inquiries respecting the vessel. A newspaper had been brought to him for a few minutes every day, but it had little to interest him, beyond the advertisements respecting the vessels that were to sail for Australia; and, unaccustomed to such a thing, he had never once thought of casting his eyes over the ship news. Sick of his confinement—every way weary and dispirited, sometimes provoked at the absence of Ned, and, at others, fearful that some accident had befallen him—he one morning took up the ‘Times,’ which William had brought him, and continued for some minutes to cast his eyes over it without being conscious of what he was looking at. All at once, however, a paragraph struck him, and, in an agitation that defies description, he read an account of the departure of the “John Dixon,” for Melbourne, full of passengers, and with a fair breeze.

The truth was now manifest. Ned had completely deceived him: he was the dupe of an artful villain; and the full misery of his situation burst fully upon him. He had not more than five sovereigns in his purse, and his bill at the inn was unpaid. For awhile resentment against Ned overcame every other feeling, and made him incapable of reflection; and reason returned only to make him sensible of the folly of his indignation against one completely out of the reach of his vengeance, and to convince him of the misery of his position. What was he to do? What steps could he possibly take? He had no one to advise him—no one to whom he could apply. Should he go home and throw himself upon his father’s mercy? No, he was ignorant of what measures his father had pursued; and he durst not venture into Seaforth. For the same reason he did not dare to write to any member of his own family, nor to Willis. As all the difficulties of his situation presented themselves to his mind, his inability to form a judgment, as to what course to pursue, increased. Oh, for the safe and simple paths of virtue! Alas! none but those who have wandered from them can tell how bitter is the tumult of vice when contrasted with the peace that belongs to virtue, and to virtue alone; can tell how fearfully the understanding is bewildered; how the faint heart shrinks amidst the self-imposed perils that encircle them.

The agony of Frank’s mind was too great to escape observation. The kind-hearted William at once perceived that something of consequence had occurred to distress him, and he endeavoured in every way to show his concern and sympathy. Won by his manners, and glad of the assistance of some one, Frank communicated to him as much of his situation, and of the dilemma in which Ned’s flight had placed him, as he thought prudent. William heard his story with honest indignation, and at once volunteered such services as, in his situation, he could render. It was quite clear that Frank could not remain any longer at the inn. William, therefore, proposed that he should go to his mother, who was a widow, living in a back street not far from him, promising him all kindness from her, and shelter till he could find something to do, or better prospects opened upon him.

Frank had no alternative, and he thankfully accepted the offer. The bill was called for and paid, and his luggage removed to Mrs. Webb’s, the

mother of William. The good woman received him kindly, and did her utmost to make him comfortable. But what a contrast was here presented to his own clean, respectable home! He felt almost a loathing as he entered the small sleeping-room appropriated to him at the top of the house; and with a groan, laid his clothes, as he took them off, on the solitary chair that stood there. No thought of his little sister and the button-holes had crossed his mind till now: her words then recurred forcibly to him; and tears, the first he had shed for many years, flowed from his eyes.

He had now been nearly a month with Mrs. Webb, his money was gone, and some of his clothes had been pawned, for he could not bear to live at the poor woman's expense. He would gladly have accepted employment if it had been offered to him, or he could have dared to apply for it, in any respectable shop; but, as it was, every avenue appeared closed to him, and a dread of destitution began to assail him. At this juncture William sent him word that the conductor of an omnibus, belonging to the inn, had been discharged, and that if he would make up his mind to apply for the situation, he would do all he could to assist him in procuring it. At first the pride of Frank revolted against the proposition; but necessity is a stern taskmaster, and his spirit was obliged to submit to its commands. The thought occurred to him that it was possible, through dint of great economy and perseverance, means might yet be found to enable him to reach, if not Australia, at least America. At all events, he could not starve, and something must be done, without delay, to avert such a consequence.

At the appointed hour, the next morning, Frank accordingly made application for the vacant situation, which, on William's recommendation, was given him. The only fear now was, that he might be recognised. A total change of dress, however, so completely altered his appearance, that he bid fair to defy detection. But who may tell the feeling that ran through his frame when, with glazed hat, and rough coat, and shaggy hair (for he had allowed it to grow long, and now entirely altered the style in which he had been accustomed to wear it), he threw the badge of his calling over his shoulder, and mounted the step behind the omnibus! Resentment against Ned, however, was the predominant feeling, and mortification at having been overreached by another; no real ray of penitence for his own errors had yet penetrated into his bosom.

It was not very long after he had been thus occupied, that he was assisting a passenger one evening to descend the step, still holding her by the hand, he stepped on the pavement, and stood immediately in the light of a lamp-post which was near. At this moment a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He started with alarm, concluding himself to be discovered; and, with a spring, bounded after the omnibus, which had driven on, and ascended the step; but not alone—a figure was beside him—a female, miserably, though gaudily clad, continued to clasp his arm.

"Frank," said she, in a low and broken voice, "I know you; you are safe with me; but how do I see you!" and the wretched girl burst into tears.

It was Sally Groves.

"I'll see you again some other night," whispered she: "I know the places where you stop;" and before Frank could either recover from his confusion, or attempt to make a reply, she had jumped from the step, and mingled with the crowd.

[To be continued.]

## CULTIVATION OF PLANTS IN CLOSED CASES.—No. I.



"Foreigners from many lands,  
They form one social shade, as if convened  
By magic summons of th' Orphean lyre."—COWPER.

AMONGST the many interesting and attractive discoveries which have of late years resulted from the enlightened observation of scientific men, there are few which may be considered as more generally and easily available to men in general, or which can be productive of more simple and wholesome pleasure, than that of the mode of growing plants of all climes in closely-glazed cases—a mode of culture which, though more or less within the reach of the poorest cottager, is an acquisition of the highest value to all, of whatever rank, who delight in watching the development of plants, and observing them in their natural state and conditions. For this delightful invention we are indebted to N. B. Ward, Esq., F.R.S. and F.L.S., and we cannot do better than quote his own account of the very simple circumstances which first led his mind to this discovery.

It appears that the science of botany had been made a subject of deepest interest to him in his youth by reading the works of Linnæus, and that one of the earliest objects of his ambition had been to have "an old wall covered with ferns and mosses." With this view he built some rockwork in a yard at the back of his house, placed a perforated pipe at the top, from which water might trickle on the plants; collected and planted a good supply of ferns, mosses, primroses, and woodsorrel, and sat down well-pleased with having as he hoped attained his long-desired possession. But alas! his labour was all in vain; his watching and care all fruitless, for the volumes of smoke from surrounding manufactories utterly destroyed his plants, and not one could be found which could endure the vitiated air. But though baulked in his aim, Mr. Ward was

not altogether deterred from following the pursuit of natural objects. He says:—"When the attempt had been given up in despair, a fresh impetus was given to my pursuits, and I was led to reflect a little more deeply upon the subject in consequence of a simple incident which befel me in the summer of 1829. I had buried the chrysalis of a sphinx in some moist mould contained in a wide-mouthed glass bottle covered with a lid. In watching the bottle from day to day, I observed that the moisture which, during the heat of the day, arose from the mould condensed on the surface of the glass, and returned whence it came, thus keeping the earth always in the same degree of humidity. About a week prior to the final change of the insect, a seedling fern and a grass made their appearance on the surface of the mould."

Mr. Ward was struck by the singularity of the circumstance that one of the very tribe of plants which he had so long vainly tried to cultivate should come up spontaneously when so little expected, and began to ponder on and inquire what were the conditions necessary for its well-doing. "The reply to this was—a moist atmosphere (free from soot or other extraneous particles), light, heat, moisture, periods of rest, and change of air." All these requisites were found in the air-tight glass vessel, the circulation of the air being provided for by a law which he elsewhere describes under the name of the diffusion law; and as it is one of those which most seriously affects the vitality of the vegetable, as well as of the animal being, and on the existence and action of which the principle of our closed cases mainly rests, we must give some account of it.

"If we take two vessels, and fill one with carbonic acid gas, and the other with hydrogen (their weights respectively being as 22 to 1), and then place the light gas perpendicularly over the other, effecting a communication between the vessels by means of a tube not larger in diameter than a human hair, the two gases will immediately begin to mix, and after a short interval will be found equally distributed between the two vessels. If the upper vessel be filled with oxygen, nitrogen, or any other gas, the same phenomena will ensue. If a glass full of carbonic acid be closed by an animal membrane, or sheet of caoutchouc, and then exposed to the atmosphere, a portion of air will pass into the glass, and some of the confined air escape from it; and if the experiment be reversed by confining air in the glass, which is then placed in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, the latter passes in, and the former out of the glass."

"It is scarcely possible," says Professor Daniell, "duly to appreciate in the vast economy of terrestrial adaptations the importance of this mechanism, by which gases and vapours rapidly permeate each other's bulks, and become equally diffused. The atmosphere which surrounds the globe consists of a mixture of several aeriform fluids, in certain fixed proportions, on the proper maintenance of which, by measure and by weight, the welfare of the whole organic creation depends. The processes of respiration and of combustion are perpetually tending to the destruction of the vital air and the substitution of another which is a deadly poison to animal life; and yet, by the simple means which we have described, the poisonous air is not allowed to accumulate, but diffuses itself instantly through surrounding space, while the vital gas rushes, by a counter tendency, to supply the deficiency which the local consumption has created."

Mr. Ward further tells us that he placed his bottle outside the window

of a room in a northern aspect, where the plants, the fern (a *Filix mas*), and the grass (a *Poa annua*) continued to flourish without needing any attention for four years, when an accident destroyed them. Guided by the hint thus given, Mr. Ward now began to try different experiments in growing plants in air-tight cases, and he gives us in his interesting little work an account of the result of several. He obtained specimens of the rare Killarney Fern (*Trichomanes speciosum*) and of the filmy ferns (plants which none of the best horticulturists or botanists had ever succeeded in growing), and placed them in one of his cases. These plants require a peculiar atmosphere, at once humid and pure, and grow only amidst the splash and drip of waterfalls.

He says of the *Trichomanes*—"This plant lived for about four years in a wide-mouthed bottle, covered with oiled silk, during which time it required no water, but having outgrown its bounds, it was removed to some rockwork in my largest fern-house, covered with a bell-glass, and occasionally watered. Here it produced fronds fifteen inches in height by seven or eight inches in breadth—one fourth larger than native specimens, whether from Killarney or elsewhere."

Having tested this mode of culture on more than one hundred species of ferns, Mr. Ward built a small house eight feet square outside one of his staircase windows facing the north, and filled it with a mixture of ferns and flowering plants, amongst which were foxgloves, primroses, woodsorrel, and many more, all of which flowered well. A double white camellia was also found to flower well for three years, when the severity of the winter killed it.

An Alpine case was next provided, and a variety of Alpine plants made to flourish; but here our author made a little mistake. Forgetting that an Alpine summer is shorter than ours, he allowed the plants to be exposed to the sun for the whole year, in consequence of which they became so exhausted that some died, and others failed to bloom. By removing the case, after their flowering, into the coldest and most shady place he could find, until the following season, and thus allowing them their natural hybernation, Mr. Ward rectified this error, and the Alpine plants flourished perfectly.

In order to have a gay assemblage of flowers, Mr. Ward says he filled a case about three feet by one foot, with a collection of brilliant spring garden-flowers—the Chinese primrose, cyclamen, &c.—and placed the case, about the end of February, outside a window with a southern aspect, he says:—"It is not, I believe, possible to see these plants to such advantage in any ordinary garden. Here, undisturbed either by wind or rain, their flowers were developed in the greatest luxuriance, and lasted for a much longer period."

We must, for the sake of brevity, omit many of the most interesting statements connected with this subject, and proceed to give a few hints on the mode of managing, and the construction of these most interesting novelties. The cases themselves admit of almost endless diversity in shape and size. A phial bottle, well stopped with a common cork, or tied over with a piece of oiled silk, may be made available for preserving a minute plant or two, or growing some rare seeds; or you may have a house of twenty or thirty feet in length, filled with palms, cacti, aloes, and other magnificent foreigners; or you may have them of any intermediate size you please, but the same principle must pervade all. All cases, of whatever size or shape, must be impervious to air and moisture.

The air which is imprisoned with the plants placed in them, together with the gases evolved from their leaves, will suffice to keep up a pure and suitable atmosphere around them without any fresh supplies from without being required. By this means all extraneous matter—such as soot, dust, and other materials which would vitiate the air and choke up the pores of the plants—are excluded, and plants will flourish in a window in the most smoky or offensive part of London, as well as if they were revelling amidst their native mountain breezes.

The next rule is, that in most cases no watering is required, and the evil from which so many plants perish—I mean that of an unequal or unsuitable degree of moisture—is avoided. Pet plants are often watered too much or too little, neglected if a press of engagements, or a season of family sorrow arises, and then deluged with water, perhaps of a wrong temperature. All this is avoided by this system of culture. If care be taken that the mould in which the plants are placed is of a proper moisture, the process of evaporation, which by necessity takes place within the case, will keep the plants properly watered, the moisture constantly rising from the earth, condensing on the glass, and returning whence it came, even as the vapours rise into our common atmosphere, gather into clouds, and return again to water the earth in due season. Mr. Ward gives us instances in which he has kept plants even for so long a period as eighteen years in the same case without any fresh supply of moisture; and says that he believes it would be quite possible to fill a case with palms and ferns, placing it in a position where it would always obtain sufficient heat and light, that would not require water for fifty or a hundred years. There are, however, some plants which require to be kept very moist up to the time of their flowering, and afterwards to be nearly dry. Such plants as these should not be placed in the same case with those which require a different treatment. To meet such requirements is, however, easy, by removing the lid, or opening the door of the case, and letting the superfluous moisture evaporate, giving a fresh supply when the season returns at which the plants should again become active.

Care should be taken to keep your case in a suitable position with regard to heat and light, the degree of which must be regulated by the nature of the plant, and every endeavour made to fulfil as much as possible the circumstances of its natural position. If the case becomes mouldy, as sometimes happens, it probably arises from there being too much moisture or too little light, or from these causes conjointly producing a diminution of vital action in the plant, or else it may be from the natural decay of the individual. Whenever this occurs, the case should be opened, and the mouldy leaves removed, and if overmuch moisture appears to be the cause of the mischief, the cover should be left off until the excess has evaporated. If, however, the surrounding air is so loaded with smoke, or other injurious particles, as that the plants would be likely to suffer from exposure to it for a short time, the evil may be gradually remedied by removing the glass at the time when the exhalations are condensed on it, and carefully wiping them off, thus preventing their return to the earth; and by doing this for several successive days, the amount of the moisture will be very considerably reduced. Should slugs or other living creatures get into the mould, they may be destroyed by washing the earth with limewater.

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THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

**A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

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**XERES AND ITS WINES.**

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. A. GUESDON.



**XERES.**

THE day after my arrival, before the heat of the day had set in, I walked through Xérès, to make some little acquaintance with the town, and to look out for any curious or picturesque subject for a sketch; but I encountered everywhere nothing but vast bodegas (wine-stores), which, while they gave me a great idea of the commercial importance of the town, presented, with their long, straight lines of receding roofs, nothing



worthy of being transferred to my sketch-book. I regretted, however, neither my time nor my walk, for from these cellars escaped through the large ventanas (unglazed windows) a delicious perfume, with which the whole town was scented, and which promised by-and-bye to regale the sense of taste, as it now did that of smelling.

I continued my walk through a long street, about the middle of which, and on either side of the way, two large gates of uniform design appeared to belong to one and the same establishment. Turning my eyes in the direction which my nose indicated, I saw that the building to which one of the gates led was composed of bodegas; behind the other I heard the hammering of casks.

Under this gate was a stork; I had never seen one so near before. These birds usually station themselves on the tops of the most elevated buildings, where they have a singular propensity of balancing themselves on one leg, perching, with their face to the wind, on the upper extremities of the crosses, or on the domes of churches, about which they build their large nests of sticks. There is not a single church throughout the whole plain of the Guadalquivir which has not its stork's nest. No one ever molests them; and when in the country they select, for want of a more elevated spot, the roof of a private house, the occupant looks on it as a good omen.

I drew near to examine this one, who, eyeing with a melancholy expression a morsel of boiled meat for his breakfast, instead of some tempting frog that his mother would have presented to him, supported himself on his knees, or rather his shins (so to say), being too young as yet to keep himself long erect on his slender legs.

The stork, by exciting my curiosity, had brought me good luck: the threshold to which it had attracted me was that of the largest and finest establishment in Xères; besides which, its proprietor was a Frenchman, M. de Domecq, who allowed me to visit his immense bodegas and the offices connected with them, as well as to take sketches and explain everything that aroused my curiosity.

The wine of Xères cannot be said to have had any commercial importance before the beginning of the last century. Before this period it was scarcely drank out of the country. Who first exported it it would be hard to say. A Frenchman, Pierre Domecq, the founder of the house which I am about to describe, was one of the earliest to discover its merits, to improve its qualities, and to create a market for it. Ferdinand VII. showed his appreciation of this service by granting sole permission to this house to bear on its coats the royal arms of Spain.

The cultivation of the vine was formerly very limited at Xères, for the Spaniards drink little wine; but it is now become very important. The wine-trade is not conducted as with us, where, frequently, not even the largest merchants possess a single vine themselves, but purchase all their stock from numerous small proprietors of vineyards. Here, where the land is scarcely subdivided at all, and where agricultural industry is far advanced, the merchants (many of them foreigners), in order to have wine to sell, and especially to have it well made and good, are obliged to become landowners, to cultivate their own vineyards, and even to be their own coopers.

The consequence is that, besides producing excellent wines, they become proprietors of extensive establishments, which has no parallel with us. The vineyards of M. P. Domecq, for instance, which by long and constant

efforts have been concentrated so as to form a single concern, extend over several hundred acres of excellent soil. The cultivation of the vines requires the attendance of from nine hundred to a thousand labourers, who come from various quarters, and who, during the whole time devoted to the various and incessant labours which are required, are lodged and fed at the vineyard itself, in buildings provided for the purpose.

The labourers are distributed into parties of twelve and a foreman, for every description of employment. Here may be seen a party poising on their heads baskets filled with the grapes which they have just gathered. In the buildings, half hidden by trees, besides the charming dwelling-house of the master, the requisite presses and a bodega to keep the wine for the first day, is found a chapel to hear mass on Sundays; adjoining which is a spacious hall to stand in during Divine service, and serving in winter as a dormitory. At one end of this hall is an immense stove, round which, in the evenings, a party of cigarette-smokers assemble (for the pipe is absolutely unknown) and listen to the everlasting chronicles of the Cid Campéador, Gusman the Good, and their wonderful sword-strokes, whilst the musical company sing, with a slight nasal twang, but with all their soul, boleros, jotás, or fandangos, accompanying themselves with the guitar.

The guitar, the idolized instrument of the Spaniards, is seen and heard in all places and all times, even in the vilest hovel, where, often enough, a song accompanied supplies the place of a dinner. If you meet a regiment of dragoons, or cuirassiers, you still hear the guitar rattling from the shoulder-belt against the carbine at the trot of the jennet.

In summer, the comfortable, I might say luxurious mattress made of rushes, is carried out of doors and laid under the deep blue canopy of an Andalusian sky, and then every one sleeps wrapped in his manta. A Spaniard is never seen without this garment, which he uses, as occasion requires, either as a cloak, a coverlet, or as a bag.

Here, too, is a kitchen, with all the apparatus and utensils necessary for this army of labourers—apparatus and utensils very simple, consisting of, 1st, Three enormous coppers, in which are cooked, all together, bacon, garlic, allspice by the thousand, gourds, tomatos, and the indispensable garbanzos (grey pease), the foundation of every Spanish dinner, rich or poor: Her Majesty the Queen has them served up every day, if not from taste, at least for policy's sake. 2ndly, Large earthen dishes for holding cocido, or else gaspacho—cold garlic soup, usually taken in the evening. 3rdly, Numerous alcarragas, for holding cold water. Every one is provided with his own spoon, and, be it said without offence, every true Spaniard always carries in his girdle his trusty and too-ready cuchillo. I myself, harmless as I am, have seen three glitter.

Goatskins being formerly the only vessels in use in Spain, and no cooper appearing to supply casks for a refined trade which might shrink from infecting, with the detestable scent and flavour of a goat, the delicious and fragrant wine which had cost so much trouble, every house embarking in the wine-trade set itself to work to fabricate its own casks, in order to keep the valuable merchandise pure and in good condition. These casks are constructed as elsewhere, but the material is carefully selected and wrought; and before the precious liquor is confided to them they are allowed to stand several months, filled with water, which is frequently changed, to remove all flavour of the wood.

In one of the shops is a mirador, or lofty tower, entirely composed

of new cask-staves, exposed to the air to be dried. The inside of this mirador, open at top, is a labyrinth, which it is impossible to traverse without a guide in order to reach the top, which commands a view of nearly all Xérès. It was built, out of work-hours, by the coopers' apprentices, under the direction of one of themselves.

The bodegas, or cellars in which the wine is stored, are well ventilated to secure evaporation. They are all built after the same model, and differ only in extent. For the most part they are very large, since they must be able to hold—1st, The proceeds of four or five vintages, the wine never being sold until it is four or five years old; 2ndly, The wines of all ages, to meet the current demand; and, 3rdly, The wines which are called "mothers of wine," which are always kept in unvarying quantities.

One of the four cellars of M. Domecq contains, stored away in three or four tiers, five thousand botas, each holding a hundred and thirty English gallons, or thirty arrobas, the average price of the arroba being 2*l.* 18*s.*

I cannot describe to you all the different operations which are connected with the vineyards, as the recital would be tedious. They are eight in number, including the vintage, of which alone I intend to speak.

The different kinds of grapes which grow at Xérès produce different kinds of wine; each sort of grape has its own particular harvest; and besides this, in order that the wines may be as good as possible, only the fully ripe grapes are gathered, so that completely to strip a vine of its fruit it must be gone over several times.

The grapes thus carefully gathered, sort by sort, are evenly spread on reed-mats, in a place devoted to this purpose near the presses, and in such a manner that the sun may perfectly dry them and evaporate the watery part of their substance. They are left thus exposed for several days, perhaps eight or ten, according to the heat of the sun, the sort of grape, and, consequently, the wine to be made from it. The clusters are carefully turned every day; and by night, to protect them from dew, they are covered by another set of reed-mats.

The reed (*sparte*, or Spanish rush) is a kind of slender tough rush, which grows on the mountains where nothing else will live. It is used for making ropes, baskets, and a variety of other things, even gun-wads. It forms an important article of commerce, both domestic and foreign.

When the grapes are considered to be sufficiently aired and dried, they are placed, at nightfall, into presses, in order to be trampled under foot, and then submitted to the action of presses. The must, or juice, which is obtained by this operation is immediately put into botas, where it undergoes a spontaneous fermentation.

Towards January, when the fermentation is completed, and the must is become wine, it is racked off from the lees, and left to itself until it has reached the requisite age for exportation, that is to say, four or five years. Some merchants are in the custom of racking it off a second time at the end of a year or two; but others, who know pretty well what they are about, consider this second racking hazardous, or at least useless.

When it draws near the age for exportation it is submitted to a process of clarification, which is conducted as follows. In the whites of twenty eggs are dissolved about four handfuls of a fatty substance, which is found in the country; this dirty compost is poured into each tota; then

in order to mix it thoroughly with the wine it is stirred briskly for a long time with a large iron rod, terminating in a horsehair brush, or wisk. The wine is then allowed to remain until thoroughly settled, after which it is racked off into another bota.

After this operation, there is mixed with it a certain quantity of mother-wine, which is nothing else than very old wine, a perpetual sample of the quality which each merchant produces, and preserved with the most jealous care, for it is the fortune of the house. This mother-wine is to the new wine what leaven is to dough, imparting to it its own character and the direction which it must follow in order to attain excellence. Every year the quantity of mother-wine which is mixed with the four or five year-old wine is made by an equal quantity of other wine, old, but younger than the mother-wine itself.

The wines of Xérès, like those of the rest of the peninsula, could not bear exportation if some increase were not made to their natural strength; so before despatching them they add about a fiftieth or sixtieth part of brandy—that is, into every fifty or sixty bottles of wine they pour a bottle of brandy—a minute quantity, certainly, and hardly credible to drinkers of Xérès wine, who cannot fail to have detected the flavour of spirit in every sample submitted to them. But these will know that I speak only of genuine and good Xérès. These genuine and delicious wines, selling at somewhat a high price because the cost of their produce is high, are imitated far and near, in almost every country, and are then sold cheap.

To mention here the places alone where the imitation is best, I may name San Lucar, Oporto, Santa Maria, and even Malaga, where large quantities are sold; but what a difference!—greater, in fact, in flavour and aroma than in price. The imitation sherries of San Lucar and Malaga are drunk in France in greater quantities than the real. The reason of this is, that few Turkish vessels trade with Cadiz, whilst many go to Malaga for dried fruits, and to Seville for the fine wools of Estremadura.

Among the genuine wines of Xérès are the dry and the sweet, and of each of these there are two sorts. The two dry wines are known under the names of “dry Xérès,” properly so called, the English sherry, and the other “Amontillado Sherry,” or simply “Amontillado.” These two dry wines, though quite different from each other in colour, scent, and flavour, are made (and this is well worthy of note) from the same grapes, and in precisely the same manner, so that very often several botas are filled with must coming from the same presses, and yet some become Amontillado and some dry sherry. This incomprehensible transformation usually takes place during the first, or occasionally the second year, and this without the most skilful manufacturer being able to account for the reason.

Dry sherry has an aromatic flavour quite peculiar, and richer than that of its brother Amontillado, and there are three different colours—straw, golden, and deep golden. The last is much admired by the English, who call it “brown sherry.” Amontillado is straw-coloured and more or less deep, according to its age, the old being the lightest. Its flavour is drier and more delicious than that of “dry sherry,” and resembles that of a filbert or almond.

This wine, which, as I have just said, is the result of a process which takes place during fermentation, is naturally less abundant than the other.

There are some years when very little is produced, or even none at all; and on this account it is dearer. The word Amontillado means, "like that of Mantilla."

Mantilla, in Upper Andalusia, in the vicinity of Cordova, produces an excellent wine, scarcely known, except at the place itself, on account of the want of roads to connect the commercial towns of Spain.

In order to make these two dry wines, the grapes are left on the reed-mats exposed to the sun for two or three days, according to their condition and the state of the weather.

The two sweet wines of Xérès are Pazarète, or Pedro-Ximenès and Moschatel. The first is made from grapes called Pedro-Ximenès, which are sweeter than the sherry grapes, and are left exposed to the rays of the sun ten or twelve days; so that, when submitted to the action of the press, they are nearly reduced to the condition of sun-raisins. The must of this grape abounding in sugar, the fermentation is short and the wine retains its sweetness. Its flavour resembles that of the natural grape, and its colour is very dark.

Moschatel is made with Moschat grapes, in the same way as the last; but, the grape being sweeter, so also is the wine, and the colour much deeper. The longer these two sweet wines are kept the darker becomes their colour—exactly the reverse of what happens to the dry wines.

Genuine sherries will keep for an indefinite length of time, either in casks or bottles. In the depths of one of M. Domecq's bodegas I saw five enormous botas, now more than a hundred years old—botas which would expand the heart and unknit the brows of the most melancholy soul alive. Each of them bears the name of some hero who flourished in the age when it was produced. I tasted that of Napoleon. That of Wellington would probably have poisoned me. I would willingly have run all risks, but it is specially reserved for the English. What shall I say of that which I did taste? Pray send in all speed for a few arrobas, and you shall judge for yourself. Bottle it, cork it tight, let it stand (on end, mind) in a dry place till I return; we will taste a bottle together, and I will imagine myself canopied again by the bright skies of Andalusia, redolent with the perfumes of—but no, I had better leave the perfumes unmentioned; that odious garlic still lingers in my nostrils.

### THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF VEGETABLES.

It has, for a long time past, been suspected that there exists in vegetables a nervous system, in some degree analogous to that of animals; an opinion which microscopic observation has partly confirmed. A French physician, M. Leclerc, Professor in the Medical School of Tours, has recently conducted a series of experiments, which go far to prove that in this respect, at least, the animal and vegetable kingdoms approach within very near limits of each other.

The sensitive plant, *Mimosa pudica*—a delicate shrub very commonly grown in hothouses, which, when touched, has the remarkable property of folding its leaflets together in pairs, and suddenly drooping, as if death-struck—was selected as a fit object to experiment on.

A sensitive plant and several open vessels of ether were placed together under a bell-glass, surrounded with sand, so as to cut off all communi-

cation between the exterior and interior air. The experiment took place in sunshine, and lasted from ten to fifteen minutes. When the bell-glass was removed, after the lapse of this time, all the leaflets of the plant were wide open; but the plant had entirely lost its irritability, no effect being produced by the most violent shock, by acids, fire, or extensive mutilation; though, under ordinary circumstances, the plant is sensibly affected by either of these modes of treatment.

A leaf being cut off and laid on the hand seemed to be favorably affected by the heat, disengaged from its support, and, in a short time, a slight shock produced a movement in the leaflets, which appeared as if recovering from a continued numbness. Another leaf, cut off while the plant was under the influence of ether, was submitted to the action of a current of voltaic electricity, and recovered its sensitiveness more quickly than the first. This fact is well worthy of being noted, if it be taken into consideration with reference to the observations of M. Abeille, which tend to prove that electricity exercises a favourable influence over the effects produced by ether and chloroform.

The presence of sunshine during the experiment appears to have a marked influence on the phenomena, for whilst the effects of ether are evident in from ten to fifteen minutes, under the rays of the sun; in gloomy weather or at night, they are not visible until a much longer time has passed; for then an hour at least is necessary. The experiment must be conducted with some care, for if it be continued too long, the plant is killed.

If the sensitive plant be exposed for several hours to the action of ether, during night, it is always found to be dead when withdrawn from the apparatus, and its leaflets closed, in the position, that is to say, which they held when submitted to the ether; and this proves that inspiration takes place in plants, not only during the daytime, but in the night as well, and during the so-called sleep of plants.

The sensitive plant, which was taken dead from the bell-glass, presented a peculiar appearance, being singularly rigid, and reduced to a temperature much below that of a plant in its natural condition, the coldness remaining until it had parted with all the ether with which it was charged. A portion of the ether which had evaporated during the experiment was detected by M. Leclerc beneath the ground attached to the extremities of the spargioles of the roots, tending to prove that there is in plants a circulation of fluids, and that they have also the power of rejecting fluids through their roots.

It does not appear, from the experiments tried, that there is any centre to the nervous system of vegetables, analogous to that existing in the higher races of animals, but that, as in some polypes, the vegetables is composed of several individuals; for M. Leclerc succeeded in etherising one portion of a plant without affecting the rest, though communication between the parts was in no way intercepted. The effect of chloroform was found to be similar to the heat of ether, only more rapid and violent.

C. A. J.

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HIGH stations tumult, but not bliss, create,  
None think the great unhappy, but the great.

## NO LIE THRIVES.—No. XV



IN the meantime, Frank's flight had operated very powerfully on many at Seaforth. The circumstances connected with it, however, were carefully concealed by the parties most interested in it. Mr. Sharman promised, and faithfully kept his word, that he would not open his lips on the subject; and Mr. Davis, for his own sake, kept the matter a profound secret; but the absence of suspicion in others, obliterated no sense of the real fact from his unhappy family, or lessened the sorrow in which all were plunged. He himself had received a blow, in his son's delinquency, which appeared the more acute as with greater coolness he could reflect upon it; while his wife, who could not but upbraid herself for much that had happened, was sick in mind, and very soon after sick too in body. Could she have learnt any tidings of her son, be they what they might, she fancied (and was, perhaps, correct in the supposition) that she should be happier; but to picture to herself the most distressing calamities that might possibly have befallen him, was constant torture, which, in a manner, consumed her.

At the present moment she stood in too much awe of her husband to converse with him on the subject; whilst to talk to her elder children and to Jane was hardly enough. She had never been on very intimate terms with Mrs. Richmond, for the latter did not encourage either her acquaintance or her confidence: in spite of this, however, she resolved on communicating to her all her distress.

"You know, of course," said she, "what a piece-of-work there has been at Mr. Sharman's? I mean about the loss of the ten-pound note.

I can hardly fancy that my poor boy had any hand in it; and it is not clear to me that Mr. Sharman has any more suspicion than myself."

Mrs. Richmond felt alarmed; and as she professed her total ignorance on the subject, Mrs. Davis repeated the story with such variations as it was not in her nature to avoid making.

"Surely Mr. Sharman does not implicate Willis in any way?" cried she, turning very pale, and trembling with agitation.

"Not that I ever heard," replied she; "but I am surprised that you know nothing about it. Oh! Mrs. Richmond, what a hateful place is that Plough! Perhaps you remember what was said about it and the bagatelle-board, one evening at our house? It was all true enough; my poor Frank was one of the party at that very time; and I may trace all that has happened since to that very thing."

Without further reservation, she then related every circumstance connected with her son. Mrs. Richmond heard her with mingled feelings of sorrow and gratitude, fervently thanking God in her heart for her own son's preservation; while she wept for the misconduct of Frank, and for the distress of his mistaken mother.

"Oh, Mrs. Davis," cried she, "well might I object to out-door apprenticeship!"

"Ah!" replied she, with a deep sigh, "but men will always have their own way; my mind misgave me at the time. No matter—done is done; but I am very much astonished that Willis did not tell you all about it! What could be his reason?"

"He was, no doubt, desired not to do so," replied Mrs. Richmond, quickly.

"Most probably," returned she; "but mothers are not like any one else. I wish you could hear what Willis has to say; there are many particulars that I yet want to know. He won't tell you, perhaps, if you ask him out and out, but you might beat about to discover what I wish, and pray don't keep anything from me—for oh! you don't know what I feel."

"Mrs. Davis," replied Mrs. Richmond gravely, "I never beat about to discover what I wish to know, and—forgive me, I do not mean it unkindly,—I wish you had done the same. In all my transactions, whether as a wife or a mother, I have found that the plain, direct way is, in every respect, the only safe one, the only one that brings comfort and happiness at last. You, I know, do not look upon deceit in the same light that I do. What you consider justifiable, nay, even commendable, I regard as the very reverse. Heaven forbid that I should add in the slightest degree to your sorrow; I speak only as a mother, as a friend even, as one who looks upon your yet numerous family, and fully appreciating your many excellent qualities, dreads the further effect of an example, so dangerous to them, and already so fatal to your own peace and happiness." She paused, and her eyes filled with tears. "I, too," added she, "have cause to deplore it; my poor Ellen must date her illness from the evening that she and your daughter walked to Kingsdale."

"But she is better, I hope?" said Mrs. Davis.

"She will never be better in this world," replied Mrs. Richmond mournfully. "She daily gets weaker, and is a mere shadow."

Mrs. Davis was perfectly sincere when she expressed her sorrow at hearing this account of Ellen: the subject, however, had turned the conversation from herself, to her great relief, and very soon after she took her leave.



When Willis was at home, the following Sunday, his mother told him that Mrs. Davis had called upon her, and had been extremely communicative.

"You know all, then," said he. "Poor Frank! I pity while I condemn him. Ah, my dear mother! what a blessing have I in a parent like yourself. The transactions of the last few weeks have more and more convinced me how deeply I am indebted to you. Do you ask me how? I have learnt it painfully from all that has happened to Frank. He was never straightforward; but to whom does he owe it? Whom may he thank for leading him into the crooked paths of falsehood? Talk of the authority of a father!—the moral influence of a mother is every way more powerful for good, and consequently for evil; a son may despise or rebel against the first, but the latter has become a part of himself, and will cease to operate only with existence. Mrs. Davis has not, I dare say, told you the last affair that came to light. Oh, no! she could not, as it was not known then; of course it is no business of mine, and I must say no more."

The circumstance to which Willis alluded was this. Mrs. Davis was in the habit of running a bill with Mr. Sharman unknown to her husband,—not that he would have denied her anything that she thought proper to desire, but because it suited her inclination to do so. There was a mystery in it, and that of itself was the recommendation. The payment was punctually made through Frank, who, till this last year, had faithfully acquitted himself of the commission, and it was a new and bitter stroke to the unhappy father that mother and son had alike deceived him. For the first time since they had been united, he expressed himself in severe terms of displeasure at her conduct, and commanded that the very name of Frank might not be mentioned either to him or in his presence. Mrs. Davis felt this acutely; it added a new species of misery to the weight which already oppressed her. She had now really incurred that anger which had so often been the subject of her professed dread, but of which she had entertained no apprehension.

The conduct of Willis in the late affair had given great satisfaction to Mr. Sharman, and had won the regard of Mr. Davis. He had been closely questioned by both as to his knowledge of the proceedings of Frank. Every answer he returned was marked with equal candour, kindness, and integrity. What he felt it his duty to reveal was done without exaggeration, yet without reserve. What in justice he could say in his favour was promptly and warmly set forth.

The name of Frank was now, as at his own abode, rarely mentioned, either by Mr. Sharman or Willis, and the excitement that his flight had caused was entirely subsiding. The happiness, however, that Willis would have experienced in the confirmed and increasing esteem of Mr. Sharman was painfully alloyed by the state of his sister's health. She was gently but gradually fading away, like a beautiful object, which is almost imperceptibly lost in the shades of evening; but though the trial was severe, it was salutary to him. The defects of his temper, though subdued, were not eradicated; he was no longer, indeed, subject to those violent bursts of anger which had once been so peculiar to him, but he was often made sensible that vigilance on his part was necessary to keep his ancient enemy under control. Ellen's sweetness, her patient submission to the will of Providence, her placid cheerfulness, and, above all, her tender admonitions, wrought silently but powerfully in his heart.

Her own allotted task—a due preparation for eternity,—was in appearance nearly complete : was she withheld from her reward, he sometimes thought, that she might yet be serviceable to himself? The idea served still further to soften every remaining asperity and impatience of temper, while it strengthened and confirmed the more amiable parts of his character. To his mother and sister alike his behaviour was most considerate, tender, and dutiful.

The term of his apprenticeship was now nearly completed, and an arrangement had been made that he should go to London, Mr. Sharman having obtained him a situation in a large house with which he was connected. He felt that his absence would be a great loss to those he loved so dearly, but both encouraged him to do that which was so clearly for his interest. The worth of Emma Sharman's affection for each was now enhanced in the eyes of the whole party, and it was a real consolation to Willis that his mother would always have one near her in whom all confidence could be placed. The parting, therefore, though sad, was soothed by many considerations, and hope, breathed through the lips of Ellen as she bade him adieu, was too precious not to be cherished, whether it might prove fallacious or not. Mr. Sharman parted from him as from a son, and Willis, fully appreciating all the kindness that had been shown him, felt that he was taking leave of a parent.

For a little time after his arrival in town, he was almost as uncomfortable as he had been when he first became an apprentice. Every thing was different from what he had been accustomed to, things were conducted on a different plan, and he felt a stranger even to his own business. He could not but own his inferiority to many of the young men with whom he was associated, and he was soon made sensible that his manner and style of dress partook of a provincial character. He was secretly annoyed that he had not waited till he came to London before he had ordered a new suit of clothes, and the light, though not ill-natured observations made on their "country cut" tried him more than he would have been willing to acknowledge. He had the good sense and the correct principle also, however, not to allow himself to be betrayed into any unnecessary expense. His coat he knew would wear out in time, and he quickly acquired the manners of those who were worth imitating. The varieties of temper, too, that he met with, had a beneficial effect upon him, though it put his resolution to the most severe test, and compelled him daily, and almost hourly, to exercise the command he had acquired over himself. The solid worth of his character was soon discerned and duly estimated by those whose judgment was of value, and he found himself, as he had done before, reconciled to the change. Happily, his heart was in his business; he desired improvement, and he succeeded in his efforts to attain it. His assiduity, civility, and regular habits, attracted the attention of one of the partners of the firm, and he took care to afford him every possible opportunity of forwarding his laudable wishes. His letters, therefore, were not only a solace but a source of pleasure to his mother and sister, while theirs, in return, were equally valuable and cheering to him.

Mrs. Davis, in all the restlessness of an anxious heart, frequently called on Mrs. Richmond. Not, indeed, for the sake of the latter, for she stood in too much awe of her to derive much pleasure or comfort from her society; but she was very fond of Ellen, and there was always a lurking hope in her, irrational, probably, in the eyes of others, had she expressed

it, that she might hear something of her unhappy son through Willis. London was a very large place, and Frank might be thousands of miles distant, but it was not less common than wonderful, she reasoned with herself, that tidings of absent friends were gained in places and from persons in a way that might pass all belief.

Having one day heard that Mrs. Richmond had received a letter from Willis, she lost no time in paying her a visit with her daughter. She asked many questions about him, again and again turned the conversation, when it had been diverted from the subject nearest her heart, to the contents of the letter, to any point, in fact, that could bear on the end she had in view. All, alas!, was in vain; and taking an affectionate leave of Ellen, she and Harriet pursued their way home.

"Poor Ellen!" said Mrs. Davis, when they were at some little distance from the house, and for the first time breaking silence since they left it, "her stay amongst us is short. I perceive a great change for the worse in her."

"Why, mother!" cried Harriet, "you told Mrs. Richmond that you were pleased to see Ellen looking so much better!"

"To be sure I did," replied she; "why should I distress her by telling her what I thought? the blow will come quick enough upon her, without my giving her warning of it. No, no! the truth can't be spoken at all times, especially in cases like these; and if there is ever so faint a hope in a mother's breast, who could have the heart to crush it! She gave a deep sigh as she spoke, walked on a few paces, and then abruptly said,—

"But what were you and Ellen talking so earnestly about?"

"When?" returned Harriet, slightly colouring.

"When you were on the sofa, sitting close to her as possible," said she; "you were talking in a whisper, it is true, but—"

"Oh! I recollect now," cried Harriet, "it was about a book she had lent me to read; we were exchanging opinions on some parts of it."

"Why! I thought I heard you say something about Willis?" returned Mrs. Davis.

Harriet shook her head, then suddenly, as if recollection had all at once returned to her, she exclaimed,—

"Oh, yes! you are right. Ellen was telling me what Willis thought of the book."

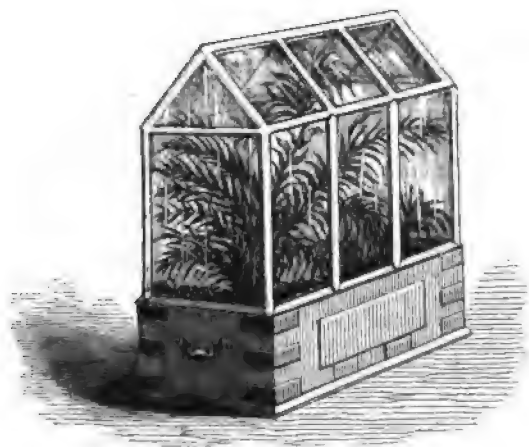
Truth and falsehood were here mingled. Harriet was by no means indifferent to Willis, and she never failed to endeavour to gain as much information respecting him as she possibly could from his sister. She felt no shade of remorse for the deceit she had practised: she had just been assured that the truth was not to be spoken at all times, and she had learnt before this to profit by the licence held out to her. Not that she often availed herself of it either to Mrs. Richmond or Ellen; the strict love of truth they inculcated and practised, made her careful of what she said in their presence, and she respected in them a virtue, the absence of which in her mother gave her no uneasiness, nor awoke the slightest concern that it was equally a stranger to her own bosom.

Mrs. Davis was quite correct in her opinion respecting Ellen. Mrs. Richmond had been very unwilling to summon Willis from town: no change in Ellen had escaped her, and in her letters to her son she had cautiously guarded against any expression that might tend to mislead him. Her last letter had been such as to give him the most serious alarm, and had it been any other time of the year, he would have asked a week's

leave. As it was, he knew it would be very inconvenient to his employers if he were absent only a day or two, and he resisted the yearning desire he felt to go at once to Seaforth. The sadness of his countenance, however, struck Mr. Langton, the junior partner in the firm before mentioned, and he inquired the cause. No sooner was this known, than he called for him, and, in the kindest manner, gave him permission to go into the country immediately. There was time to save the post when Mr. Langton spoke to him. He immediately, therefore, wrote to his mother to apprise her of his intended visit, and to bid her prepare to see him late in the following evening.

[To be continued.]

## CULTIVATION OF PLANTS IN CLOSED CASES.—No. II.



"It will be enough, after having led the way on a new territory of investigation, we shall select one or two out of the goodly number of instances, as specimens of the richness and fertility of the soil."

CHALMERS' 'Bridgewater Treatise.'

In our former Number we described the principle and mode of management of the Wardian cases; we must now add a few words concerning their construction and uses.

We will take as our example a case of moderate size, fitted for standing in a drawing-room.

A box, or trough, of about two feet and a half in length by two in width, and from four to six inches in depth, should be provided, the dimensions being of course fixed by the size of the place it is to occupy and the will of the owner. This trough should be about half filled with loose brick or other rubbish for draining, and then filled up with such mould as may be considered suitable for the kind of plants for which the case is designed; a few pieces of ornamental stone to break the level, and afford crevices for the roots of ferns and such plants as grow among stones, improves the appearance of the whole. It is better to have this trough lined with zinc as the moisture is apt to rot the wood, which not only injures the case, but causes an unpleasant and unwholesome smell in the

room where it stands. There should be one or two holes in the bottom of the trough fitted with corks, to allow of an exit for superfluous fluid in case you should require to use lime-water. Closely fitting to the top of this trough, and fitted to a groove so as wholly to exclude the outer air, and to confine the internal atmosphere, should be either a bell glass or a well-glazed frame, like a tiny green-house. This should also be perfectly air tight; no other apparatus is required.

The advantages of this close method of growing plants we have already stated. Mr. Ward does not claim the credit of originality, although we should be wrong in not awarding it to him. "The closed cases," he says, "are as old as the creation. We are told that the snow itself affords shelter to the productions of those inhospitable regions against the piercing winds that sweep over fields of everlasting ice. Under the cold defence of the snow plants spring up, dissolve the snow a few inches round, and the part above being again quickly frozen into a transparent sheet of ice, admits the sun's rays, which warm and cherish the plant in this natural hothouse until the returning summer renders such protection unnecessary."

But the utilitarian will ask "where is the gain? what advantage can be reaped from this discovery?" Perhaps the mere utilitarian, who looks on things only in the light of profit, will not be disposed to admit that it is any gain to have discovered the means of adding one source of simple and innocent pleasure to the lives of those who, from sickness or other circumstances, are precluded from entering much into the active duties of life, or from any cause are shut out from intercourse with nature, and the enjoyment of watching the growth of plants in their natural homes. Yet surely it is no small thing to add a joy to those who for weeks and months together never rejoice in the sight of the fair meadows and sunlit woods, with their bright canopy of spreading branches, their lovely carpeting of flowers and ferns, of tender mosses and grasses; and, doubtless, there are many among our readers who will deeply enter into the feeling expressed in the following extract which originally appeared in the 'Quarterly Review':—"For the utilitarian we will hereafter find reasons which will induce him to look with favour on our glazed cases, and lead him to admit that the introduction of this new principle is likely to be advantageous to science and commerce as well as amusing to the invalid and the recluse."

"Who is there," says our author, "that has not some friend or other confined by chronic disease or lingering decline to a single chamber, one, we will suppose, who was a short time ago among the gayest and most admired of a large and happy circle, now, through sickness, dependent, in her lone state, for her minor comforts and amusements, on the angel visits of a few kind friends, a little worsted-work, or a new quarterly, and in the absence or dulness of them, happy in the possession of some fresh-gathered flowers—in watering and attending a few pots of favourite plants, which are to her as friends, and whose flourishing progress under her tender care offers a melancholy but instructive contrast to her own decaying strength. Some mild autumn evening her physician makes a later visit than usual, the room is faint from the exhalation of the flowers, the patient is not so well to-day, he wonders that he never noticed that mignonette or those geraniums before, or he should never have allowed them to remain so long. Some weighty words on oxygen and hydrogen are spoken; her poor pets are banished for ever at the word of the man of science, and the most innocent and unfailling of her little interests is at an

end. By the next morning her flowers are gone, but the patient is no better; there is less cheerfulness than ever, there is a listless wandering of the eyes after something that is not there, and the good man is too much of a philosopher not to know how the working of the mind will act upon the body, and too much of a Christian not to prevent the rising evil if he can; he hears with a smile her expression of regret for her long-cherished favourites, but he says not a word. In the evening a largish box arrives, directed to the fair patient, and superscribed 'keep this side uppermost, with care.' There is more than the common interest on box-opening in the sick chamber. After a little tender hammering and knot-loosening, Thompson has removed the lid, and there lies a large oval bell-glass fixed down to a stand of ebony, some moist sand at the bottom, and here and there over the whole surface some tiny ferns are just pushing their curious little fronds into life, and already promise, from their fresh and healthy appearance, to supply, in their growth and increase, all the beauty and interest of the discarded flowers without their injurious effects. It is so. These delicate exotics—for such they are—closely sealed down in an airtight world of their own, flourish with amazing rapidity, and in time produce seeds which provide a generation to succeed them. Every day witnessing some change, keeps the mind continually interested in their progress, and their very restriction from the open air, while it renders the chamber wholesome to the invalid, provides at the same time an atmosphere more suited to the development of their own tender frames."

The modes in which science and commerce are to be benefited by means of this simple contrivance are chiefly, though not wholly, to be found in the facility they afford for the interchange of plants with foreign climes. Most plants require to be kept growing during their voyage home from distant lands, and a great difficulty has always existed in providing means for their safe transmission, the majority of those shipped perishing from the variations in temperature, the influence of the salt in the atmosphere, or of the salt water splashing on them, and the want of suitable supplies of water.

It will be obvious that the closed cases would obviate all these several difficulties. Mr. Ward tells us that he sent two cases with ferns, grasses, &c., to Sydney. Once, during the hot weather near the equator, these received a light sprinkling of water, but that was all. They were placed on the poop of the vessel, and continued there all the voyage (from June to November), and all, with the exception of two or three ferns which appeared to have faded, grew and thrived to admiration. These cases were refilled at Sydney, when the thermometer was between 90° and 100° in the shade; the thermometer fell to 21° at Cape Horn, and the decks were covered a foot in depth with snow. At Rio Janeiro the thermometer was at 100°, and in crossing the line at 120°. Eight months they were on the voyage, and arrived in London when the thermometer was at 40°; they were on the deck, and not once watered during their voyage, but were in a perfectly vigorous state.

Coffee and tea plants have been abundantly supplied to the possessions of the Honourable East India Company in the Himalayas. Mr. Fortune, an agent employed by them to collect plants in China, writes thus:—"We have done wonders with your cases in India as well as in this country. . . . When I tell you that nearly twenty thousand tea-plants were taken in safety, and in high health, from Shanghai to the Himalayas, you will have an idea of our success. The same success attended some cases packed by me for the United States. A large number of large and beautiful

trees and shrubs, sent by me at different times to that country, have arrived in the best order, scarcely a species has been lost."

A lamentable contrast to the success above described is given in the report of M. Guillemin, who was sent by the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce at Paris to Brazil, to obtain information concerning the management of the tea-plant, and to import some into France. Induced by several reasons, but chiefly by a mistaken view of economy, he decided on conveying the plants in boxes with sliding panels: eighteen of these boxes were filled and shipped on the 20th of May, arranged two and two in a suitable situation. "The vigour of my tea-plants and the verdure of their foliage," says M. Guillemin, "had been generally admired at Rio, and I fondly anticipated the most prosperous results from my expedition. But short-lived was this satisfaction. Two days after heavy north winds drove us off our course, the sea became more boisterous than is usual in these latitudes, and the necessity of closing the ports, lest the spray should irrevocably injure my plants, caused them a great injury by the necessary exclusion of light."

Things went on from bad to worse: by the 11th of July most of the plants had lost their foliage, and the stalks of some had quite dried up. Towards the end of the voyage there was a deficiency of water on board, and though the captain gave an increased allowance for the shrubs, they no doubt suffered in part from that circumstance; and had the voyage been protracted, or the deficiency greater, they must have perished from that cause alone, whereas if they had been in closed cases none would have been required, and the crew would not have been straitened for the supply of the plants. The voyage was of but a few days more than two months; but the plants were reduced to about one-third of their original number before they reached Brest, the port for which they were bound.

Some very interesting details of experiments in growing ferns from seed are given in a letter from Mr. Deane, with which we will close our remarks. Mr. Deane obtained some peculiarly fine and soft sandstone, which he prepared by breaking it into pieces of from one to two inches square, and less than one inch thick. Before sowing the seeds on them he had these prepared stones baked in an oven "to destroy any organic life that might be lurking about them." They were then piled in dishes, moistened with distilled water, and covered with bell-glasses preparatory to receiving the seed. He says, "The seed to be sown was obtained from a recently-gathered frond, laid fruiting side downwards between two sheets of white paper, on the top of which was laid a book, or piece of board, to keep them in place. In the course of three or four days the seed was discharged from the capsules, and removed to the damp stone by turning the stone down upon it, of course taking care that the seed did not lie too thick. In about sixty hours germination had commenced, and thenceforth daily progressed into maturity. In this way I have raised several species of fern without a failure: abundant means being thus afforded for observing their development from the commencement of germination up to the perfect plant."

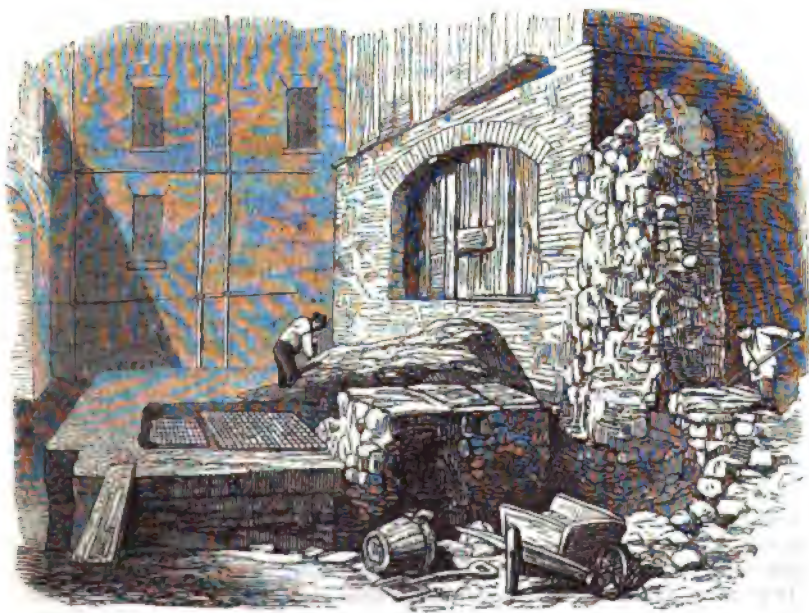
We cannot doubt that these details will be interesting to the readers of the 'Home Friend,' and we hope that many who peruse them will be led to provide themselves with means of testing the value of these pretty diminutive gardens. Children and poor people who cannot afford to have a regularly-constructed case may make the same principle as that on which they are constructed available for growing seeds, or obtaining shelter for

some pet plant, or for growing cuttings (in which this system is eminently successful), by putting a little mould into a deep plate or saucer, and covering it with a bell-glass, or broken wine-glass or tumbler, the cracks or holes being well stopped with putty, or covered with a bit of oiled silk or gutta percha paper. The glass may be turned up on the saucer, when the plants or seeds have been placed in the mould; and if it does not fit closely to it, a spoonful of mutton fat melted, and allowed to run over the edges of the glass and saucer, so as to unite them, will make the little case quite air-tight, and the experiment as perfect as it could be under any circumstances. It must, however, be remembered that the saucer in which the mould is placed must be glazed, so as not to be in the least degree porous, as if it is the moisture will sink through and evaporate, and the plants will not grow. A common tea-saucer or small glazed pan will answer well.

A propagating glass placed thus on a plate of earth, and the whole made air-tight by means of laying a piece of cotton cord dipped in melted bees-wax, and placed whilst warm, so as to touch the edges of both glass and plate, answers admirably, and looks better than mutton fat for those who can obtain it, and is also less liable to crack.

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#### ANCIENT LONDON.—No. X.



ROMAN PAVEMENT AND REMAINS OF TOWER ROYAL.

THE most recent discovery of Roman London took place in the beginning of April 1852, in the excavation on the north side of Cannon Street, for the new thoroughfare between St. Paul's Churchyard and King



William Street. The workmen employed on the site a little to the east of Basing Lane, at the depth of twelve feet six inches, laid bare a Roman tessellated pavement, a space of about twenty-seven feet being exposed. It was composed of the common red tesserae and without pattern, embedded in a thin layer of fine cement and pounded brick, underneath which was a thick stratum of coarse sand cement. A cutting, contiguous to the site of the pavement, exhibited a section of chalk foundation interspersed with Roman tiles, over which, supporting part of a brick building in the course of demolition, were the remains of a strong chalk wall about ten feet high, and four feet in thickness. About eighteen feet from the Roman pavement was a circular shaft or well, similar to that discovered among the Roman remains on the site of the present Corn Exchange, near Billingsgate. This shaft was built of chalk and lined with hard stone. A large vault, constructed of blocks of chalk, had been demolished by the workmen before the writer had an opportunity of examining it. The length of the cutting was one hundred and forty-two feet by about eight feet, and in depth, about twenty below the level of the street. The soil was greatly impregnated with animal and vegetable matter, black and humid.

Throughout the whole length of the cuttings was a series of piles, on which were Roman foundations constructed with unhewn blocks of chalk, cemented with hard mortar, over which were laid courses of large tiles. Among these walls were quantities of horns, bones, teeth and tusks of boars, oxen, goats, and other animals; the shells of oysters, mussels, and cockles were abundant. Fragments of scored flue-tiles and flanged tiles were found, and among the debris of pottery and glass, some perfect specimens of the former were picked up, the chief of which consisted of an amphora, a black cinerary urn, vessels of stone-coloured ware, mortaria studded with quartz, with the potter's name, a black urn, diamond pattern, a small Samian vessel, an earthen lamp, a small vessel used, probably, for balsams or other funeral offerings.\*

At the bottom of a cross trench was found a human skeleton lying east and west six feet below the chalk. The interest of these discoveries was enhanced by the association of the aforementioned superstructure of chalk, which rose over the tessellated pavement, with the locality formerly occupied by the fortress of Tower Royal, this being the spot, according to a careful survey of the surrounding bearings, on which it must have stood; the wall being in all probability a vestige of that edifice. Stow places Tower Royal in the parish of St. Michael; but it appears, by a grant thereof by Richard III. to the Duke of Norfolk, to have been in St. Thomas's. Maitland quotes this from an old ledger book, which states "that the king granted unto John Duke of Norfolk, messuagium cum pertinencia, voc. le tower, infra parochiam Sancti Thomae Lond." It is not known when Tower Royal was founded, but it was evidently an occasional residence of the kings of England from an early period. Stow states that it was inhabited by Stephen, but by the time of Edward I. it had been discastled, and was at that time held as a tenement by one Simon Beawmes. It acquired the title of *lan Royal* in the time of Edward III., who made it his residence, but afterwards bestowed it on the College of St. Stephen, Westminster. It reverted to the crown, and in the time of Richard II. was called the Queen's Wardrobe, when it appears to have been a place of strength; for when the followers of Wat Tyler had obtained possession of

\* Figured in the 'Illustrated London News,' April 17, 1862.

the Tower of London, it afforded shelter to the Princess Joan, the king's mother, and here took place the interview between Joan and her royal son, after he had, by a degree of firmness and presence of mind not borne out by his subsequent career, suppressed a rebellion which had well nigh proved fatal to his crown and heritage. Leon III., King of Armenia, when expelled his kingdom by the Turks, was lodged and entertained with kingly generosity in Tower Royal by Richard II. in the year 1386. This place was afterwards used as stabling for the king's horses, and finally it was portioned into mean tenements, which were swept away by the great fire of 1666. The fragment of chalk wall presumed to have been a portion of it, had been incorporated with the structure of a house built immediately after the fire.

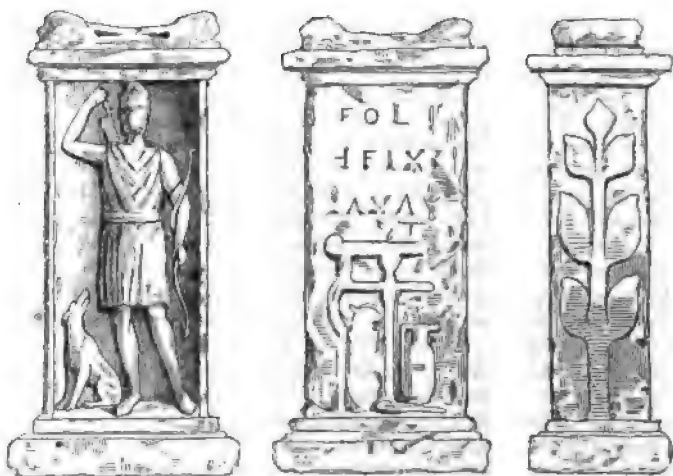
It will be seen by the record of vestiges which at various times have been brought to light, that beneath the foundations of modern London lie, thickly strewn, tokens of the closely-seated population and common life of the ancient colonists; of the busy market where the slave stooped under his burthen, and the freedman bustled amid the throng of traffic;

the bath and its appurtenances, the wholesome luxury which<sup>\*</sup> habit rendered a necessity of Roman life; of the crowded dwellings of the ordinary classes, and edifices of greater pretension, whose ornamented floors appear designed for the tread of patrician feet; and for these we fondly and upon slight inferences claim the designation of a basilica or a palace; but the genius of oblivion, who rules over the unrecorded centuries of their busy existence, mocks the vain effort, and we confess the theme to be a cipher, the key to which is wanting. One feature not yet touched upon is the light which research or discovery may have shed upon the temples of Roman London. It is true that we are told by the grandiloquent Geoffrey, that "Malmutias Dunwallo, son of Cloton, Duke of Cornwall, having vanquished his competitors and established himself on the throne, caused a temple to be erected, called the Temple of Peace;" and we are further informed, by a subsequent authority,<sup>\*</sup> that its site was "on or near the place where Blackwell-hall, or, as some will have it, St. Paul's, now stands;" but with this wide mark we are left to shift for ourselves as regards the means of corroboration. The latter site has been claimed for a temple of Diana; and Wren, who sought for but failed to discover any vestiges of such an edifice, in digging for the foundations of the present church, was induced to dismiss the belief in any such temple, and likewise to include the other temple of Apollo, said to have occupied the site of Westminster Abbey, in the sweep of his scepticism—the logic of his conclusion being that finding no remains of a temple in St. Paul's Churchyard, there was no temple of Diana, and there having been no temple of Diana, neither was there a temple of Apollo. Perhaps it would have been judicious in the great architect to have limited his negation to the site examined, and so left the subject open to further investigation.

Tradition has assigned to Diana a tutelary character in connection with London; and this is further supported by the striking words of Flete, a monk of Westminster, who, recording the anarchy which ensued on the departure of the Romans, says, "The British religion and justice decaying sensibly, there landed in all parts of Britain a prodigious number of pagan Saxons and Angles, who at length overspreading the whole island, and becoming masters of it, they, according to the custom of their country, erected to their idols fanes and altars in several parts of the land, and

<sup>\*</sup> Seymour's 'Survey of London.'

overthrowing the Christian churches, drove them from their worship, and spread their pagan rites all round the country. Thus was restored the old abomination wherever the Britons were expelled their place; London worships Diana, and the suburbs of Thorney \* offer incense to Apollo."



ALTAR OF DIANA.

This passage, claiming for Christianity a strong root previous to the departure of the Romans, points, likewise, distinctly to a general and early-grounded belief in the establishment of a temple dedicated to Diana in London; and it is not to be supposed that the Romans had maintained their seat in London for six centuries without having founded a fane to so popular a deity. Flete's pointed reference conveys the inference that Diana had been distinguished by especial worship in the one place, as Apollo was in the other. The root of this Diana-worship in London is to be found in the story of Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas, who, having by accident slain his father, fled forth from Greece and came to an island called Legrecia where there was a temple to Diana. Here he offered sacrifice to the goddess and prayed for her further guidance. This prayer, and the response of the oracle, are embodied in a Latin poem by Gildas, who flourished in the fifth or sixth century, for in which is not certainly ascertained, but whose long priority to Geoffrey of Monmouth secures that part of the story from the imputation of its being one of the devices of the latter. The translation is given by Milton in his 'History of England carried down to the Norman Conquest':—

"*Diva potens nemorum.*"

"Goddess of Shades, and Huntress, who at will  
Walk'st on the rolling sphere, and through the deep,  
On thy third reign, the earth, look now; and tell  
What land, what seat of rest, thou bidst me seek;  
What certain seat, where I may worship thee,  
For aye, with temples vowed, and virgin quires."

\* Subsequently called Westminster, on the erection there of the church or minster.

To whom, sleeping before the altar, Diana in a vision that night thus answered :—

“Brute, sub occasum solis.”

“Brutus, far to the west, in th’ ocean wide,  
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,  
Seagirt it lies, where giants dwelt of old :  
Now void, it fits thy people. Thither bend  
Thy course : there shalt thou find a lasting seat ;  
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,  
And kings be born of thee, whose dreaded reign  
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.”

It has been already stated that one of the names attributed by the Welsh authorities, is *Dian Belin*, or *City of Diana*. Selden fancifully construes London, *Llan Dien Templum Dianæ* ; and in reference to skulls of oxen, sacred to Diana, is mentioned “the digging up in the churchyard (St. Paul’s), in Edward I.’s reign (as we find by our annals) an incredible number of ox-heads, which the common people at that time, not without great admiration, looked upon to have been Gentile sacrifices, and the learned know that the *Tauropalia* were celebrated in honour of Diana.” Horns of stags, sawn through, and tusks of boars, were dug up, along with a variety of Roman remains, in 1675, near the north-east corner of St. Paul’s Churchyard, and between the Deanery and Blackfriars was found a small figure of Diana herself. These circumstances, bearing more or less upon the fact of Diana-worship in London, corroborate to a certain extent the presumption that her temple stood, if not on the site of St. Paul’s, at least at no great distance from it, and this was brought home by the discovery, on the site of the present Goldsmiths’ Hall, in Foster Lane, of an altar of Diana, which lay among the foundations of a Roman building of considerable dimensions and strength. The altar is deposited in Goldsmiths’ Hall. It is among the most elegant specimens found in this country, and the spirited action of the figure of Diana, carved upon the face, resembles that of the celebrated statue in the collection of the Louvre. “The goddess is represented in the act of drawing an arrow from the quiver over her right shoulder ; in the left hand she carries a bow, and at her feet appears a dog, partly crouching and looking up as if waiting for a signal to pursue the game. The figure is draped in a short garb, folded to the girdle, and leaving the legs free from the knees downwards. It is sculptured on the face of the altar, which is slightly concave behind the figure. The sides of the altar contain the type of a tree, and on the back are the remains of an inscription nearly obliterated, in the lower part of which the remaining indications of letters hold out some temptation to a reconstruction of their straggling members into the word *Diana*, with the appendage of the letter *V* for *Venatrix* ; but the evidence is too indefinite for any other exercise than the indulgence of a degree of fanciful speculation. Below the inscription are a tripod, a sacrificial vessel, and what appears to be a hare squatting upon its haunches. The height of the altar is one foot eleven inches ; the breadth at the base eleven inches, and the depth of the side is seven inches and a half.”\*

This fine and highly-interesting vestige was, on its discovery, erroneously described as an altar of Apollo. It was found among the extensive remains of walls and foundations of such strength, as to require the use of

\* ‘Vestiges of Old London,’ by J. W. Archer.

gunpowder to effect their dislocation. The altar had been thrown into a cart, with a quantity of rubbish, and would have been lost, but for the curiosity of a gentleman present, who, remarking the shape of the stone, was induced to remove the clay so as to reveal the features of the sculpture upon it. The appearance of the site gave positive indications of its having been occupied by a Roman building of importance; and but for the unaccountable misappropriation, by those who noticed the discovery, of the altar to Apollo, it must have struck any intelligent observer that here was the fane of Diana of London, a site evidently eligible for the temple, not without the walls and contiguous to a cemetery as it must have been had it stood on the ground of St. Paul's, but just within the walls and near where the ancient British road,\* going out by the northern gate, led into the great forest of Middlesex, and where the hunter might invoke at his departure the goddess of the chase, or, returning, propitiate her with an offering of his spoils.

A 'Letter from A. J. Kemp, Esq., F.S.A., to Sir Henry Ellis,'† describes a fragment of a presumed Roman column found in the progress of some recent works at Christ's Hospital, which, it is very probable, originally appertained to the superstructure of the temple, being no great distance from the site where the foundation and altar were discovered. "The relic," says the writer, "is a fluted pillar, the original circumference of which must have been at least four and a half or five feet; and it presents an interesting and not inelegant instance of a departure from the regular forms of ancient classic architecture, having been adorned (no doubt at intervals throughout its whole length) with bands of pendant leaves of the lotus kind, so that it assimilated in some degree with the Egyptian style. One side of this column has subsequently been worked into a triform cluster of pillars, if I judge correctly, about the time of Henry III. Now it will be recollected that the Franciscans, or Friars Minors, came into England in the year 1225, nearly about the same time with the Dominicans, or Preaching Friars: and that on the site of Christ's Hospital they founded an asylum by the liberality of John Edwin, a citizen of London. Here, about 1239, was erected for their use a spacious church, on or near the site, I presume, of some important Roman edifice, whose ruins still encumbered the spot, or were revealed by the slightest excavation. Of this building the column under consideration was probably a member.

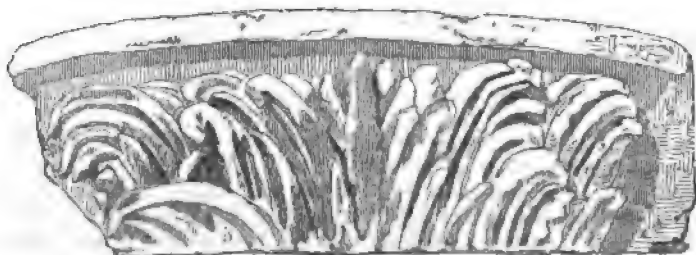
The Grey-Friars Church was immediately contiguous to the precincts of St. Martin's-le-Grand, where in 1819—when the foundations of the New

\* Called Ermin, or Hermin Street—of Hermes, the Greek Mercury, whose adoption in this country is of Germanic origin. Hermes, among other attributes, was the protector of roads; and statues were erected to him at the junction of highways. Those statues were originally square pillars of stone, surmounted by the head of the deity, under which form, called Emissul, or pillar of Hermes, he was worshipped by the Germans. A token of the worship of Thoth, the Egyptian Mercury, may be inferred from the repeated occurrence of the word Tothill, or Thoth-hill, in various old towns in this country, and which may be relics of the Druids' time; Thoth, or Teut, being one of the Druidical deities. The eminences so distinguished may have been dedicated in reference to his attribute as god of eloquence, in places where proclamations were made and popular assemblies harangued. It may perhaps be going too far to attribute a similar origin to the term "touters," by which the class is designated who ply at the doors of auction marts, cheap provision shops, at watering-places, &c.

† 'Archæologia.'

Post Office were preparing—I myself saw very extensive vestiges of Roman vaultings; and in vol. xxiv. of the Society's 'Archæologia,' p. 300, an altar is engraved, bearing the figure of Apollo,\* which was discovered in erecting the Goldsmiths' Hall in Foster Lane, close by. The Franciscans, it seems probable, took all convertible advantage of the remains of some Roman building in the immediate vicinity of their precinct when they were erecting their new church and offices, as the canons of St. Martin's-le-Grand had shown them the example; for in confirmation of their possessions without Cripplegate, by a charter of King Stephen, they actually obtained a grant of certain stones of the wall of London, which had fallen down and encumbered the highway running through their land.

The situation of Goldsmiths' Hall is nearly closely proximate to the Post Office, on whose site the Roman vaultings were seen, and doubtless the remains of masonry were only different portions of the same fabric; in short, the foundations, &c., of the temple of Diana in London.



FRAGMENT OF ORNAMENTAL ARCHITECTURE AT GUILDHALL.

The fragment of a column, noticed by Mr. Kemp, is one of the very few remains of ornamental architecture of the Romans which have been found in London. Another fragment of remarkable character stands at the entrance to the Guildhall library—found in the City, and conveyed to the City stoneyard (the limbo of antiquarian waifs and strays): it has been subsequently rescued, to be placed in its present situation, but under what circumstances, or in which exact locality discovered, is not recorded. It appears to be part of a pediment; the ornamentation, composed of reeds, suggests the impression of a dedication to the god Pan, but one solitary stone goes but a little way to the building of a temple.

A neighbouring fragment at Guildhall was found in digging a sewer in Nicholas Lane, near Cannon Street. It is part of an inscription, the remainder of which was visible, but it was not thought worth while, by those engaged in the work, to bestow the trifling exertion of rescuing it, although, from the magnitude of the characters, it might have proved, if entire, a record of considerable importance; as it stands, it is like last words cut short by death, whose meaning the grave holds in dumb suspension.

In reference to the preoccupation of the site of Michael's Church,

\* It is remarkable how near this comes to the identification of the temple of Diana, which must have been evident but for the misappropriation of the altar, and this needs but to be seen to speak for itself. It would appear as if the resolute scepticism of Wren had blinded all succeeding investigators on approaching the subject.

Crooked Lane, by a Roman temple, a witness of discoveries made on the removal of the church\* supplies us with information, in which the following particulars are worthy of notice. The writer alludes to the custom of the Romans in selecting elevated situations for their sacred buildings, and describes the evidence of sacrifice as appearing in the discovery of horns of



FRAGMENT OF ORNAMENTAL ARCHITECTURE AT GUILDHALL.

rams, goats, &c., three bushels of which were found within the walls of the ancient church,† a piece of plain red tessellated pavement, fourteen feet square, was found just under the church, and under the early English remains distinguished by lancet windows, were massy fragments of Roman architecture of sandstone; the surface having been painted of the favourite Roman colour, bright red. Sacrificial remains were also found under the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, in 1730. Other remains were found as far west as the site of St. Martin's in the Fields, where, in 1722, a Roman arch was brought to light with several ducts, fourteen feet under ground; and Gibbs, the architect, reported the discovery of buffaloes' heads. Sir Hans Sloane had a glass vase, bell-shaped, that was found in a stone coffin in digging the foundations of the portico.

\* 'An Account of Roman Antiquities discovered on the Site of the Church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, &c., communicated by Alfred John Kemp, Esq., in a letter to Henry Ellis, Esq., F.A.S.' See 'Archæologia,' vol. xxiv, p. 190.

† This had been a consecrated site from time immemorial. The recent church was erected after the great fire, on the site of a church built in the beginning of the fourteenth century, to replace a yet earlier edifice of small dimensions, the remains of which were visible below those of the two others.

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AFFLICTION is the good man's shining scene,  
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;  
As night to stars, woe lustre adds to man.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

**A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

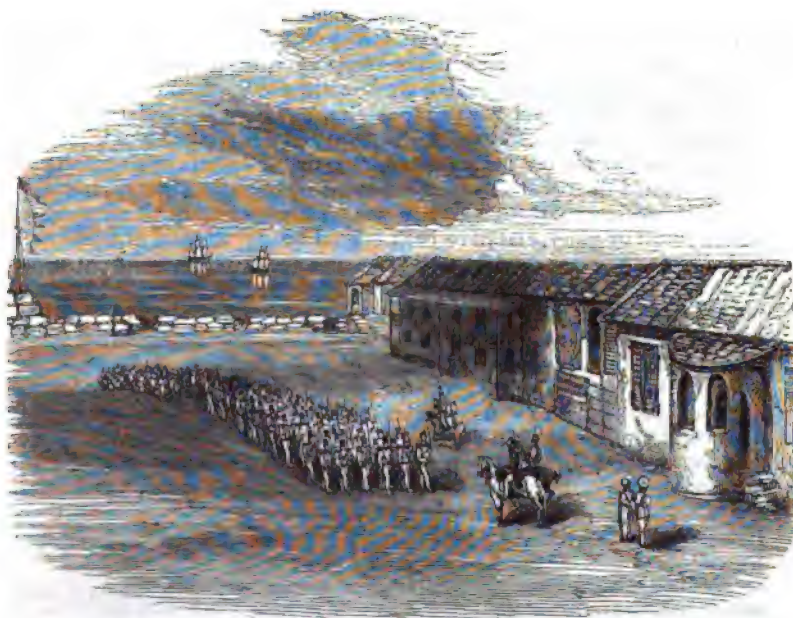
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BRITISH INDIA.—No. XII.

VIZAGAPATAM—NORTHERN PARTS.



FORT AND PARADE.

VIZAGAPATAM, or Vizay, as it is familiarly termed, is the next seaport town of importance at which we arrive, coasting northward, after leaving Massulipatam. Under the name of Vizagapatam is generally included the large civil and military station of "Wattair;" but, in point of fact, these two places are as distinctly apart as London is from Brighton—taking the average space of time occupied by special-train transit into consideration,



and remembering that only palanquins, slow coaches, and tattoos,\* are at one's command in India. They differ in the nature of the country, the nature of the climate, the class of inhabitants, their vocations, occupations, and amusements; therefore, for the behoof of the uninitiated, I shall commence with Vizagapatam Proper, or that space included within the fortifications, and a mile round the fortified town. First and foremost, the good ship "Catherine" has come to an anchor within gunshot of the sea-battery of the fort; and after a little wrangling with the boatmen that have landed you, and haranguing the bearers destined to carry you in a rickety hack tonjou, you get in, are carefully shaken and taken, and in ten minutes deposited at the door of your future home, one of a long line of houses running parallel with the small but neatly-preserved parade-ground. Standing in the verandah to look about you, you embrace, almost in a single glance, the whole extent of what constitutes Vizagapatam Proper. On the opposite side of the parade-ground, just facing your door, are the barracks, the canteen, the reading and mess-rooms of the privates of that wing of the European invalid regiment which is permanently stationed in the fort. Behind this row of buildings you can see the thatched tops of the houses of such of the soldiers as have wives and families; and beyond these, again, the suburbs of the town, gardens and garden-houses, huts and broken-down hackeries, cocoa-nut trees, and paddy-fields, all terminating in a not very distant range of hills. To your right is the sea-battery, displaying six or eight goodly-sized cannon, a flag-staff, a signal-house, and a solitary soldier, old in years and misery, yet treading with a martial step the ramparts to and fro; behind him is the sea, and beyond the sea the horizon, on which the white sails of an occasional vessel rise and disappear; to your left is the officers' mess of the invincible vets (veterans), who, though they have long since relinquished all hopes of advancement or glory, and have been broken upon the wheel of misfortune and disease, still affectionately cling to occasional reunions at the mess-table, as a last fond souvenir of what they had been used to in brighter and better days, when youth and the world was before them, and fate had not cut off the pathway to glory. Next to the mess-house is the adjutant's quarters, then the pay-office, the commissariat, in which is included the armoury and cannon foundry, &c.; and beyond these, again, is the lake—a dirty puddle of water—with a model ship-of-war, and a few hungry ducks cruising about. Besides all these, there are the houses in the same row with your own, terminating to the right with the ramparts and the sea, and to the left in a multitude of huts, hovels, magazines, storehouses, bazaars, bakers' shops, butcheries, the market, and a fountain. All these four sides and the suburbs put together constitute the town of Vizagapatam.

The house mine host occupied was in a very central position; it possessed many advantages over the others in the same row, and was allotted to the use of the Judges of Appeal and Circuit, three in number, whose head-quarters were at Massulipatam, and who by regular rotation visited Vizay and the Zillahs in the interior. The house was commodious and coolly situated, with a large backyard and extensive outhouses; besides which it had a terraced roof, on which, in the cool of the evening, we were wont to promenade. But its situation, on the other hand, exposed us to three downright nuisances: the first of which was the vicinity of the

\* Native ponies.

huge gun, that was regularly fired morning and evening, and the loud roar of whose report, bursting, as it often did, unexpectedly on the ear, was enough to palsy one's nerves for life, besides the deafening effect it had upon the tympanum, and causing the house to be seized with a fit of ague.

The second nuisance was a sequent on the first—a natural result from a cause. The gun fired, either because it was early dawn, and therefore time for the soldiers to turn out to get mustered and paraded, or else because it was eight o'clock at night, and therefore time for these soldiers to turn in; consequently, scarcely had the last vibration of the cannon's report died away, before the odious music of drums and fifes, painfully close at hand, and distinct and clear at those quiet hours of the day, burst upon the ear, tattooing and screeching for a quarter of an hour without intermission. This was the second nuisance.

The third nuisance arose from a very different cause to either of the foregoing. Just behind our yard there was a day-school—an institution under the patronage of some charitable individuals, where little niggers, in "flannel veskets" (to quote old Weller), and moral pocket-handkerchiefs, learnt musical tasks, somewhat after the practical system so much patronized by the renowned preceptor of Dotheboys' Hall. Soon after sunrise these urchins used to commence work under the auspices of a bucket of cold water and some hard soap, the master and mistress setting the example, and the urchins, male and female, ranged in couples, and following leader. The first start was a grand march round the back courtyard of the schoolhouse, starting from the washing-tubs and troughs, and making the circuit till they came opposite to them again. This march was accompanied with much stamping of the feet and vocal demonstration of what they were about for the benefit of the neighbours in general, the words of the splendid anthem being—

"This is the way we go to school,  
Go to school, go to school;  
This is the way we go to school,  
Every day in the morning."

Then the operation of washing and scrubbing and combing, &c., ensued, each successive branch of the toilet being accompanied by an appropriate verse—as, for instance, "This is the way we wash our face," &c.

These ablutions being duly performed, the work of the day commenced in earnest, with a plentiful and wholesome breakfast—meals being the only thing the children were not required to sing about, as a crust of bread in the mouth was supposed to interfere with the voice.

During the day we were continually being favoured with solos, duets, and full choruses, none being particular as to who finished first or last. These were sung to airs once very popular. Many of those that made the greatest impression upon us at the time we still remember; and we remember them well, because we used deeply to deplore our ignorance of the key-bugle, or any other nice loud instrument which might have effectually drowned the eternal squealings of these untuned children of song.

"I love little pussy," was a regular accompaniment to 10 A.M., by the large clock; half-past ten was the forerunner of a glee, sung to the air of "Let the bumper toast go round," the words being so arranged as to instil into the juvenile and weak minds of the children the elements

of Euclid—an idea from which the professor at Addiscombe might take a hint; and we therefore contribute so much of the song as we can remember.

Children, with right hand resting on left shoulder, and left hand under right elbow.

“ Here’s an angle ; here’s another ;  
Here’s an angle ; here’s another ;  
Rising, falling, slanting, rising,  
All three parts one size comprising,  
Here’s a circle wheeling round.”

As the latter line is sung, the position of the right arm is changed, and the hand describes circles in the air.

Thus, as we said before, we were subjected to three nuisances, the most torturing of which was certainly the charity-school. Had the unhappy little urchins been taught any useful art, by earnest application to which in future days they might earn a pittance, even though they were at it tooth-and-nail, or hammer-and-tongs, learning to be carpenters, blacksmiths, tailors, cobblers, &c., many of the neighbours would have cheerfully overlooked the riot and noise, and still more cheerfully contributed to the support of such an establishment; but it was a nuisance and a folly to bring up poor destitute creatures, and accustom them to every comfort of home and good wholesome food till they became habituated to such easy living, and then turn them adrift on the world, too ill instructed to compete with native clerks; too nicely brought up to bend to manual labour. Their main accomplishments consisting in being able to read and write a little, and sing, *à l’Indien*, without ear or taste for music, a few Psalm tunes, and “Goosey, goosey, gander.”

The officers and gentlemen residing within the fort were always on the best of terms. The distance between it and Wattair in a great measure excluded them from mingling in the gaieties of the latter place; and in addition to this, with only one or two exceptions, they were literally invalids—shattered remains of men who, had an Indian climate suited their constitutions, once promised to be ornaments to their profession, and were possessed of an equal chance with others of some day getting to the top of the tree. Ill health and disappointment had acted their part with regard to them on the stage of life. The hoary-headed lieutenants, who would now never aspire to higher grades in the service, were daily encountering majors, nay, even lieutenant-colonels junior to them in length of service. This embittering memento of the shadow of past hopes in a great measure induced them to seek for and prefer retirement; and the gaiety of the world was a bitter mockery to many who felt with acutest anguish, that either misfortune or the follies of youth had for ever excluded them from the hope of again setting their eyes on the loved and distant shores from which they were doomed to a perpetual exile. An occasional dinner at their mess, or at the house of the civilian residing in the fort, with a quiet game at whist in the evening, was the *acmé* of their pleasure; and they kept up a bowing acquaintance with the more *élite* residents at Wattair by paying a quarterly round of visits, which were always well received and returned by those to whom the Fates had been more propitious.

The arsenal was under the charge of a very efficient officer, who had by his own merits and bravery risen from the ranks to the grade of lieutenant, and who is now a captain on the invalid establishment. To pay his office

a visit during the daytime was a source of great amusement to the lounge. The armoury shining like resplendent diamonds; the gunpowder manufactory, through which, however, we hurry for fear of an explosion; the cannon-foundry, and the endless quantity of diminutive models of gun-carriages, cannon, matchlocks, rifles, and pistols; the rockets, the port-fires, the pyramids of cannon-balls, and formidable-looking bomb-shells. At all and each of these the gallant old soldier stops, and, regarding them with enthusiastic delight, falls into a reverie that leads him to long-past scenes of bustle and bloodshed; and if you like to listen to such tales he will never tire in gratifying you, recounting both personal and read-of adventures, commencing with the battle of Sallamander (Salamanca), as he calls it, and finishing at the storming of Rajahchikirimikeripoor, or some such jaw-breaking name, where he was one of a forlorn hope, and where, as he tells you with ecstasy, he got his fin put out of joint—meaning thereby his left hand, which has been run through in two places by the enemy's "bagonets."

Vizagapatam is justly celebrated for the very fine workmanship displayed in the manufacture of its sandalwood and porcupines'-quill boxes and baskets. Not even the Chinese, adepts though they be, can surpass the natives of Vizagapatam for chaste, rich taste, and exquisite finish. Desks, ladies' workboxes and workbaskets, watchstands and paper-weights, are a few among the variety of articles daily exposed for sale by this ingenious and industrious people. The workshops present a scene of busy life and confusion, and the workmen are divided into different classes, or grades, according to their various skill and acquirements. The young men new to the trade are simply employed sawing and shaping the wood into different forms and sizes adapted for the skeletons or framework of the various articles manufactured; those a step more advanced collect and sort these pieces according to the instructions of an overseer; joiners then take them in hand and join them, putting in additional ribs where strength and durability are requisite; fine workmen are, meanwhile, occupied in forming in their lathes the costly and richly-scented sandalwood, which is used for lining the whole of the interior of the boxes, divisions, drawers and all; whilst others are shaping and carving the ebony and ivory, serving as tasteful borderings to the work; and after these in importance come the pickers, sorters, and polishers of the quills, on whose dexterity and precision as to size, colour, and strength, much of the beauty and excellence of the work depend. The skeletons, or framework, being put together, they are then separated into different partitions: desks being allotted to men peculiarly skilled and well practised in their formation; workboxes to another set, and so on throughout. Each framework is placed in a basket, together with the quills, sandalwood, and ebony or ivory bindings, all picked, worked, and polished for immediate use. The head workmen have nothing to do but put them together. The quills are first taken in hand, which, with the assistance of a large caldron of glue, always on the boil, and emitting an effluvia enough to knock a horse down, are speedily stuck into the numberless gimlet-holes, ready drilled for their reception; and so closely are they put together that on the nearest inspection you can with difficulty discover space sufficient for a hair to protrude between them. Thick coarse brown paper, ready cut in long, narrow slips, is then stuck with glue to the inside; and against this, in turn, is attached the sandalwood, which constitutes the lining. The ivory or ebony borders

are then, by the same process, fastened on; and the whole being bound together with thick layers of twine, the boxes and their covers (which are yet in want of hinges, partitions, locks, &c.) are laid aside on a shelf to dry till the next day. When perfectly dry, the twine is taken off, the partitions are let in, and the boxes are handed over to a silversmith, who completes the work by adding the necessary little silver hinges and small silver knobs to the covers of the different small departments of the box, and the indispensable silver lock and key. This done, the boxes undergo a thorough scrubbing and polishing, and are then sent to a magazine, or storehouse, where they are carefully kept, wrapped up in silver paper, till a favourable opportunity occurs for disposing of them at a premium.

The ladies' workboxes, in addition to all the foregoing processes, pass through the hands of a looking-glass manufacturer, who gives a finishing stroke to their elegance by the insertion of appropriately-sized glasses in the lids of the boxes, which are neatly framed in satinwood.

The town of Vizagapatam is not so healthy by any means as the neighbouring station of Wattair, owing to its low and confined position: it is, nevertheless, an elysium in comparison to Massulipatam; and the "doctor," as the sea-breeze is facetiously called in India, which is a very regular and welcome visitor, sets in, generally, about two hours after midday.

Tamul and Telagoo are the languages most in use, though Hindostanee will pass muster very well.

The gardens in the suburbs yield abundant supply of fine fruits and vegetables, and there are a few decently-stocked shops, amongst which Hoffman's claimed the precedence. This man had, amongst other articles of use and curiosity, a queer old German clock, which literally astonished the weak minds of the natives and half-castes and Portuguese in the neighbourhood. It consisted of a sea of glass in perpetual motion, so long as the clock was going; a ship at anchor; a battery, on which a solitary soldier marched to and fro; a high watch-tower, whose diminutive clock indicated the hour; and a little boat, with four men and an officer, whose perpetual occupation was to row to and fro between the ship and the battery—a distance which occupied them an hour either way. When the boat arrived at the battery the hour struck, the soldier presented arms, and a savage little band of music rushed out, blowing defiance at the ship and the boat to the tune of "Blow, warder, blow!" The moment the music finished, the musicians retreated precipitately backwards into the watch-tower, and the boat, which pulled in a circle, was returning by rather a circuitous route to the ship: the instant it got alongside the tower clock struck the hour, but no ruffians rushed out this time, it was the ship's turn to do something wonderful; up flew a red flag with Death's head and marrowbones to the gaff, and six little bullets as big as peas, supposed to be fired from the pirates' gun, were shot by some skilful mechanism against the battery, which they all hit at the same instant, and so disappeared beneath a yawning glassy wave, which on close observation we found to be the only one stationary on the whole sea.

It was certainly a very ingeniously-managed toy; and old H., who persuaded the people that he had made it himself, was regarded as a regular pishash\* by all the native inhabitants of Vizagapatam.

\* Devil.

## ON GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.\*

THE display of gems in the Great Exhibition was one of unexampled magnificence. To give a mere catalogue of its riches would occupy more than the hour appropriated to this lecture. My object will therefore be, to describe separately a few of the principal specimens there exhibited, premising only such observations on their history and distinctive characters as may be easily followed by those who are not acquainted with the technicalities of the subject; and then, in a general view of the remaining gems, to intersperse some remarks on the physical characters of each, and to conclude with an account of the principal localities in Brazil where by far the larger proportion of the diamonds of commerce are found; an exemplification of the mode of valuing them, the means of distinguishing the artificial from the genuine, &c.

From the earliest ages of the world's history the mineral treasures of the earth appear to have been, to a certain extent, known to man. In the second chapter of Genesis we read of the land of Havilah, "where there is gold," and where also is "bdellium and the onyx stone" (Gen. ii. 12); and in the Book of Exodus is a particular description of the breastplate of Aaron, enriched with many precious stones. These are distinguished as sardius (or ruby), topaz, carbuncle, emerald, sapphire, diamond, ligure, agate, amethyst, beryl, onyx, and jasper (Exod. xxviii. 17-19); but probably these names are now differently applied. The way in which precious stones are referred to in the Holy Scriptures, as well as in other ancient records, proves that they were always highly esteemed, either for their scarcity or their beauty, and were reckoned among the most valuable productions of the earth. Succeeding ages have confirmed this estimate, so that one of the common marks of opulence and taste in all countries is the selection, preservation, and ornamental use of gems and precious stones.

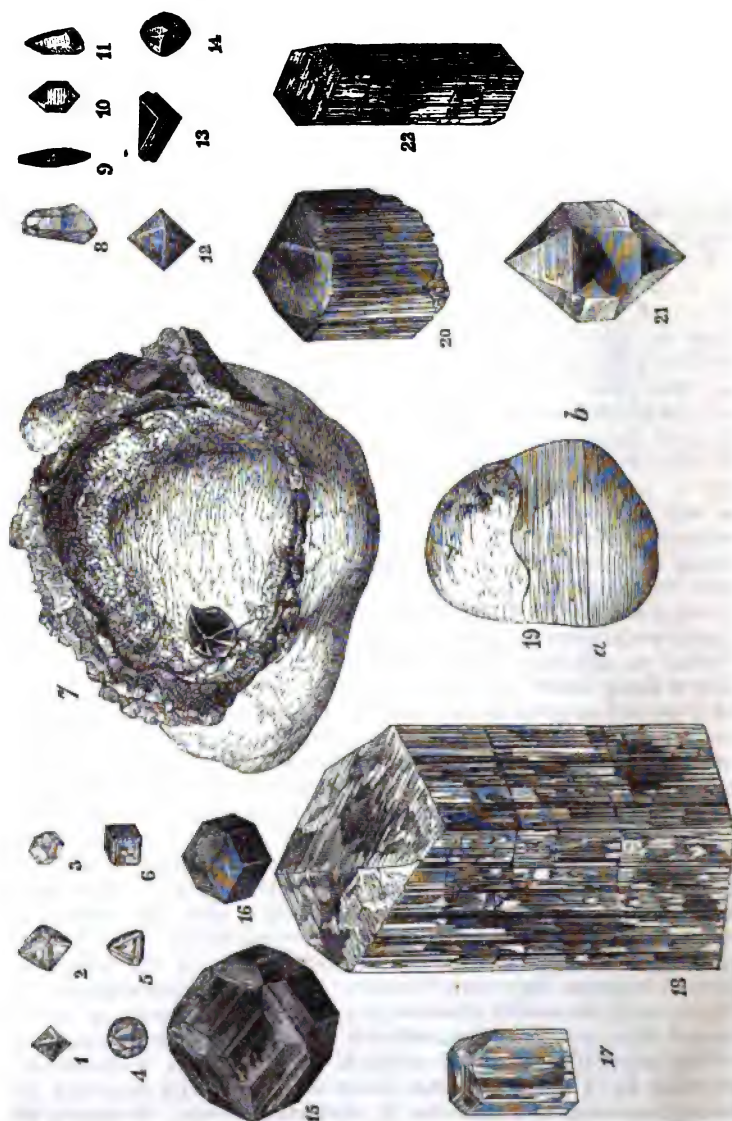
That we may have some precise idea of the substances which I propose to bring under your notice in this lecture, I will state the definition of a mineral as given by Mr. Phillips, viz., "a mineral is an unorganized body, and one which differs from an organized or living body in respect of structure, the manner of formation, and of increase or growth. Organized bodies increase by means of their internal organs, which allow of an internal circulation, approximating and assimilating what is beneficial, and rejecting what is useless; unorganized bodies, on the contrary, increase externally, and possess no internal organization, the particles composing them being attached by mere juxtaposition." In organized bodies, also, you rarely perceive plane surfaces and right angles, such as are presented by the large group of crystals before you: but while such forms in organic nature are extremely rare, in the inorganic or mineral kingdom they are of constant occurrence; every mineral substance, under favourable circumstances, having the property of assuming some definite crystalline form, which it retains as a distinctive character.

The crystalline form of minerals, which I have endeavoured to represent by a series of rough paper models, is very important to be known; inasmuch as it preserves the distinction between substances which

\* Extracted, by permission, from a lecture by Prof. James Tennant, F.G.S., delivered at the Society of Arts, March 24, 1852.

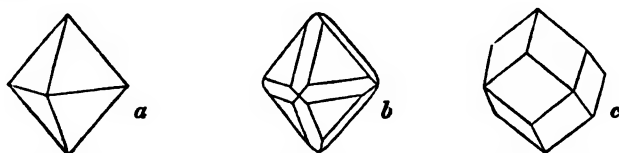
## PLATE I.—THE MOST COMMON CRYSTALLINE FORMS OF GEMS.

From Specimens exhibited by Mr. Tennant, in Class I., No. 14.



1 to 7, Diamonds ; 8 to 11, Corundum ; 12 to 14, Spinel-ruby ; 15, 16, Garnet ; 17, 18, Topaz ; 19, Water-worn Pebble ; 20, Tourmaline ; 21 Quartz ; 22, Beryl.

occasionally resemble each other in many respects. By attending to the forms of the crystals we are quite sure that we shall not find the emerald, sapphire, zircon, or topaz, in the form of a cube, octahedron, tetrahedron, or rhombic dodecahedron; nor the diamond, spinel, or garnet, in that of a six-sided prism, terminated at either end by a six-sided pyramid. For want of a knowledge of the crystalline form of the diamond, a gentleman in California offered 200*l.* for the small specimen of quartz which I have here. He knew nothing of the substance, except that it was a bright shining mineral, excessively hard, not to be scratched by the file, and which would scratch glass. Presuming that these qualities belonged only to the diamond, he conceived that he was offering a fair price for the gem; but the owner declined the offer. Had he known that the diamond was never found crystallised in this form, namely, that of a six-sided prism, terminated at each end by a six-sided pyramid (see fig. 21, Plate I., which is the exact size and shape of the stone), he would have been able to detect the fact, that what he was offered 200*l.* for was really not worth more than half-a-crown. Greater experience would have also taught him that diamonds, in their natural state, are devoid of that brilliancy which is given to them by artificial means. The finest crystals of quartz are more brilliant than those of the diamond. From the inferior lustre of the latter in their natural state it is extremely probable that numbers of diamonds are overlooked in the search for gold in Australia, California, and other gold-producing countries. Crystals of diamond are numerous; the three following forms are most common, the faces of which are often curved:—



*a*, the regular octahedron; *b*, the octahedron, having the edges replaced, forming the passage of that solid into the rhombic dodecahedron, fig. *c*.

In Plate I., figures 1 to 7, are also given figures of the exact size of the diamonds exhibited in my case. There is also before you a specimen (fig. 7) which was presented to your notice on a former occasion, about three years ago, when I read before your Society some notes on the probability of discovering diamonds in California. It is a mass consisting of water-worn pebbles of quartz, diamonds, and gold, cemented together by oxide of iron, from a river in the Brazil. The frequency of the occurrence of the several crystals of diamond may be inferred from an experiment made with an average parcel containing one thousand diamonds. There were one of the form fig. 6, ten of that of fig. 5, fifty similar to fig. 4, and the remainder resembled figs. 1, 2, 3, in about an equal proportion. With regard to the size and weight, five hundred out of the thousand were found smaller than fig. 1, which is the exact size of a diamond weighing half a carat; three hundred were of the sizes 3, 4, 5, 6; none exceeded a carat in weight. Eighty were of the size of fig. 2, each of which weighed a carat and a half. One only was as large as fig. 16: this weighed 24 carats. The remainder varied from 2 to 20 carats, a carat being equal to three grains and one-sixth troy. In the mineralogical department of the British Museum, the case No. 4



affords the best opportunity of studying this gem in all its varieties. This department of our Museum has been greatly enhanced in value within the last two years by the addition of the very fine collection of crystallized diamonds formed by the late H. P. Hope, Esq., and described in Mr. Hertz's catalogue of that collection.\*

The Great Exhibition afforded special opportunities for the study and comparison of precious stones. From the invaluable contributions of her most gracious Majesty the Queen and those of other sovereigns, down to the collections of the various jewellers of this and foreign countries, the display was such as can never be forgotten by persons of taste sufficient to appreciate its exquisite beauty. Conspicuous above all was the Koh-i-noor, which, owing to imperfect cutting and fractures produced by rough usage, disappointed many a high-raised expectation. Those who were fortunate enough to see it when the sun's rays fell upon it, from two to three o'clock, were gratified with its brilliancy; but at other parts of the day it was so devoid of lustre as to excite the suspicion in many minds that it was no diamond at all—in fact, nothing but a piece of glass. In this case, as in many others, it was necessary to know at what hour of the day the gems could be seen to the best advantage; for example, the diamonds in the Russian department were in their greatest brilliancy at twelve o'clock. The Koh-i-noor was worn by its former owner, Runjeet Sing, as an armlet, and was considered in itself an ornament of such extraordinary value as to allow the wearer to dispense with the decoration of many other jewels. The Hon. W. G. Osborne, describing a visit to the hall of audience of this potentate, says, "The whole space behind the throne was crowded with Runjeet's chiefs, mingled with natives from Candahar, Caubul, and Affghanistan, blazing with gold and jewels, and dressed and armed in every conceivable variety of colour and fashion. Cross-legged in a golden chair sat Runjeet Sing, dressed in simple white, wearing no ornaments but a single string of enormous pearls round the waist, and the celebrated Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, on his arm."

This diamond, in common with many other jewels of great price, was occasionally used to adorn the favourite horses of the potentate. A jewelled bridle, saddle, and other accoutrements, were displayed by the East India Company; and we find from the account given by the Hon. Miss Eden,† that the decorations of such accoutrements were exceedingly valuable. Describing the favourite horses in the Maha Raja's stable, she says, "The jewelled trappings of the horses were of the most costly description, the jewels being chiefly emeralds of immense size and value, hanging round the neck, covering the forehead, and fastened on the front of the saddle. The jewels and ornaments were said to have been worth about 300,000*l*. The Maha Raja was passionately fond of horses, and he would make war on a province to procure the surrender of any that were reputed of peculiarly pure breed. He kept them, highly fed, in large numbers, and was in the almost daily habit of inspecting them; adorning them on occasions of particular display with the finest jewels of his treasury, including the celebrated large diamond called Koh-i-noor,

\* In the museum at Cambridge is probably the second best collection in England. This collection of diamonds was formed by the late Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., and a catalogue with eighty figures, by M. le Comte de Bournon, was published in 1815.

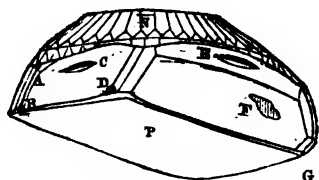
† *Portraits of the Princes and People of India*,\* 1844.

or Mountain of Light." With great kindness he sent this diamond, with other precious stones, to the camp of the Governor-General, for the inspection of the ladies, and thus Miss Eden was enabled, from actual measurement, to make a drawing of the Koh-i-noor at a time when there was no reason to suppose it would ever make its appearance in this country. On the annexation of the Punjab, however, it was given up to the East India Company for the Queen of England, and was brought over to London in 1850. Its beauty was greatly marred by its irregularity of form. On closely examining it yesterday at Buckingham Palace, in company with my friend the Rev. W. Mitchell, I found that two of the larger faces were cleavage planes; one of them had not been polished, or it had been so slightly polished that the effect was not discoverable. By measuring the stone with this simple instrument, called a goniometer, and ascertaining the inclination of its larger faces,  $109^{\circ} 28'$ , I could tell which were the cleavage planes and which the cut planes of the diamond. Upon further examination I found two other cleavages, which, like the former, are parallel to the planes of an octahedron. The octahedron being the only crystalline form which represents all the cleavage planes, and parallel to the planes of this solid it is easily broken.

I will now refer to the flaws in the Koh-i-noor, which are shown on the following figure.

P, a large plane at the base of the diamond, which is a cleavage plane.

F, also a large cleavage plane, produced by a fracture—this had not been polished—and being inclined to the plane P at an angle of  $109^{\circ} 28'$ , affords a satisfactory means for determining the direction of the cleavage planes of the stone.



A, shows a flaw running parallel to the cleavage plane F: this constituted the principal danger to be apprehended in cutting the stone, and was most skilfully ground nearly out before any of the facets were cut. This flaw seemed to proceed from a fracture marked B.

C and E were little notches cut into the stone for the purpose of holding the diamond in its original setting.

N, a small flaw, which almost required a glass to see it, evidently parallel to the plane P.

D, a fracture from a blow or fall, showing at its base a cleavage plane.

There is every probability that the Koh-i-noor is only a portion of the original diamond of that name, as procured from the mines of Golconda. My own opinion is, that in its original form this diamond was a rhombic dodecahedron, and that in its present state it is about one-third of the original size. I am confirmed in this opinion by Tavernier, who states that it originally weighed  $787\frac{1}{2}$  carats; after having been broken or cut, it weighed  $279\frac{1}{8}$ ; and if we make allowance for the difference between the French and English grains of that period, it would reduce it to 252 carats of the present time.\* If we give Tavernier credit as to the original

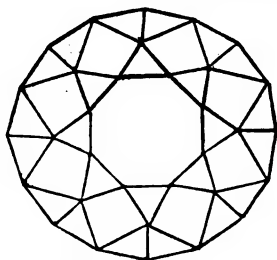
\* 'Les Six Voyages, &c., Seconde Partie, Paris, 1676.' Tavernier, at page 249 of this volume, states the weight of the diamond to be  $787\frac{1}{2}$  carats; but at page 334 he calls it 793 carats.

weight of the stone, we may indulge in a very reasonable supposition that two other remarkable existing diamonds once formed part of it. Dr. Beke, in a paper read before the British Association at Ipswich, in 1851, says, "At the capture of Coochan, there was found among the jewels of the harem of Reeza Kooli Khan, the chief of that place, a large diamond slab, supposed to have been cut [*broken?*] from one side of the Koh-i-noor, the great Indian diamond, now in the possession of her Majesty. It weighed about 130 carats, showed the marks of cutting on the flat and largest side, and appeared to correspond with the Koh-i-noor." Another diamond, which singularly corresponds with the Koh-i-noor, is the great Russian diamond; and it is not improbable that they all formed one crystal, and that, when united, they would, allowing for the detaching of several smaller pieces in the process of cleaving, make up the weight described by Tavernier.\*

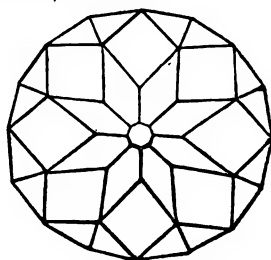
\* Since the date of my lecture the recutting of the Koh-i-noor has been successfully accomplished by the Messrs. Garrard. The brilliancy and general appearance of the diamond have been much improved, but the weight has been reduced more than a third. As exhibited in the Crystal Palace, the Koh-i-noor weighed  $186\frac{1}{4}$  carats, and now weighs  $102\frac{1}{4}$ . I am indebted to Messrs. Garrard for the following account:—

"In cutting diamonds from the rough, the process is so uncertain that the cutters think themselves fortunate in retaining one-half the original weight. The Koh-i-noor, on its arrival in England, was merely surface cut, no attempt having been made to produce the regular form of a brilliant, by which alone lustre is obtained. By reference to the figures, which are the exact size of the Koh-i-noor, it will be clearly understood that it was necessary to remove a large portion of the stone in order to obtain the desired effect, by which means the apparent surface was increased rather than diminished, and the flaws and yellow tinge were removed.

#### THE KOH-I-NOOR IN ITS PRESENT STATE.



UPPER SURFACE.



UNDER SURFACE.

"The process of diamond-cutting is effected by a horizontal iron plate of about 10 inches diameter, called a *Schuf*, or *mill*, which revolves from two thousand to three thousand times per minute. The diamond is fixed in a ball of pewter at the end of an arm, resting upon the table in which the plate revolves; the other end, at which the ball containing the diamond is fixed, is pressed upon the wheel by moveable weights at the discretion of the workman. The weights applied vary from 2 to 30 lbs., according to the size of the facets intended to be cut. The recutting of the Koh-i-noor was commenced on July 16th, 1852, his Grace the late Duke of Wellington being the first person to place it on the mill; the portion first worked upon was that at which the planes P and F meet, as it was necessary to reduce the stone at that part, and so to level the set of the stone before the table could be formed; the intention being to turn the stone rather on one side, and take

Mr. H. T. Hope's blue diamond, weighing 177 grains, was an object of high interest. It combines the beautiful colour of the sapphire with the prismatic fire and brilliancy of the diamond. It is tastefully mounted as a medallion, with a border *en arabesque* of small rose diamonds, surrounded by twenty brilliants of equal size and shape, and of the finest water, averaging four grains each.

The remaining specimens were remarkable for their beautiful arrangement rather than for extraordinary size. You all remember a magnificent diamond bouquet, and other ornaments, exhibited by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, the former of dazzling brilliancy, and capable of being taken to pieces even to the petals of the flowers, and converted into seven brooches. Also the bouquet of rubies and diamonds exhibited by Messrs. Morel and Co., which was extremely beautiful, and capable of division

the incision or flaw at E, and a fracture on the other side of the stone, not shown in the engraving, as the boundaries or sides of the girdle. The next important step was the attempt to remove an incision or flaw at C, described by Professor Tennant and the Rev. W. Mitchell as having been made for the purpose of holding the stone more firmly in its setting, but pronounced by the cutters (after having cut into and examined it) to be a natural flaw of a yellow tinge, a defect often met with in small stones. The next step was cutting a facet on the top of the stone immediately above the last-mentioned flaw; here the difference in the hardness of the stone first manifested itself, for while cutting this facet, the lapidary, noticing that the work did not proceed so fast as hitherto, allowed the diamond to remain on the mill rather longer than usual, without taking it off to cool: the consequence was, that the diamond became so hot from the continual friction and greater weight applied, that it melted the pewter in which it was imbedded. Again, while cutting the same facet, the mill became so hot from the extreme hardness of the stone, that particles of iron mixed with diamond powder and oil became ignited. The probable cause of the diamond proving so hard at this part is, that the lapidary was obliged to cut directly upon the angle at which two cleavage planes meet, cutting across the grain of the stone. Another step that was thus considered to be important by the cutters was removing a flaw at G. This flaw was not thought by Professor Tennant and Mr. Mitchell to be dangerous, because, if it were allowed to run according to the cleavage, it would only take off a small piece, which it was necessary to remove in order to acquire the present shape. The cutters, however, had an idea that it might not take the desired direction, and, therefore, began to cut into it from both sides, and afterwards directly upon it, and thus they succeeded in getting rid of it. While cutting, the stone appeared to become harder and harder the farther it was cut into, especially just above the flaw at A, which part became so hard, that, after working the mill at the medium rate of 2,400 times per minute, for six hours, little impression had been made; the speed was, therefore, increased to more than 3,000, at which rate the work gradually proceeded. When the back (or former top) of the stone was cut, it proved to be much softer, so that a facet was made in three hours, which would have occupied more than a day, if the hardness had been equal to that on the other side; nevertheless, the stone afterwards became gradually harder, especially underneath the flaw at A, which part was nearly as hard as that directly above it. The flaw at N did not interfere at all with the cutting. An attempt was made to cut out the flaw at A; but it was found not desirable, on account of its length. The diamond was finished on September 7th, having taken thirty-eight days to cut, working twelve hours per day without cessation."

By permission of her Majesty, models of the Koh-i-noor, as it arrived in this country and in its present state, have been placed with the diamonds in the mineralogical department of the British Museum; Case No. 4.

into stomacher, head-dress, brooches, and bracelets. The articles exhibited by the Messrs. Garrard showed a high degree of skill and good taste. Among them were several splendid opals and brilliants, arranged as necklace, stomacher, earrings, and bracelets; also some large and very pure brilliants, arranged, with fine Oriental pearls, as a tiara. It is impossible to particularise further; but the merits of our English jewellers (the above-named with many others) were fully appreciated by the Jury, and will always be remembered by the numerous visitors who, to their own personal inconvenience, thronged around the attractive objects displayed.

While giving all due praise and honour to our own jewellers, we must, however, confess ourselves equalled, if not surpassed, by those of France and Russia. The exquisite taste of many of their productions, together with the beauty of the jewels themselves, drew forth exclamations of delight from the mineralogist as well as from the general spectator. The diamond wreath in the Russian department, in imitation of the leaves and fruits of the bryony, was exceedingly beautiful. The fruit was formed of long pear-shaped emeralds. Another beautiful wreath represented currant branches in diamonds, with polished uncut rubies suspended as the fruit. This, with a bouquet of diamonds of singular beauty, representing eglantine and lily of the valley, brought great fame to Messrs. Kämmerer and Zeffigen, jewellers to the Imperial Court of Russia. A magnificent diadem, in the same department, exhibited by Messrs. Jahn and Bolin, contained a dazzling display of 1814 brilliants and 1712 rose diamonds, with 11 very beautiful opals and 67 rubies.

Among the jewels in the French department the most remarkable were those exhibited by M. Lemonnier of Paris, executed for the Queen of Spain. A profusion of precious stones were arranged as flowers, foliage, and ribbons, with great simplicity and harmony of effect. A large proportion of these were diamonds, but by their clever arrangement there was no appearance of crowding or over-elaborate display.

#### NO LIE THRIVES.—No. XVI.

WILLIS's heart beat as he approached the station at Seaforth. He had crossed the platform, and was hurrying through a gate which led to the road, when his arm was arrested, and, turning sharply round, he beheld Mr. Sharman. The truth at once flashed upon him, he turned deadly pale and sank on a bench near him. Mr. Sharman seated himself by his side.

"It is even so, my dear Willis," said he, in a tone of the deepest sympathy. "Your gentle sister is gone, where I hope in due time you and yours, and I and mine shall follow. Her death, like her life, was peace, and no suffering attended it." His voice shook, and the tears started into his eyes. "Your poor mother," he was unable to proceed and covered his face with his handkerchief. But the sight of his emotion acted beneficially upon Willis, and he found relief in those kindly drops which man, the heir of woe, is entitled to shed for his misery.

In a few moments, however, he was sufficiently recovered to walk to his home with Mr. Sharman, who left him as soon as the door was opened. In another instant he was clasped in the arms of his mother. But sorrow like theirs must be sacred. It is not the harrowing picture of human anguish that amends the heart, but the lesson learnt from the meek

submission of the Christian. Mother and son were a support to each other, for the trust and confidence of both were in the God and Saviour whom they alike adored. Willis stayed to pay the last sad rites to his beloved sister, and then prepared to depart. He first, however, proposed that his mother should accompany him and take lodgings near him; but the idea was painful to her, and it was finally agreed that Emma Sharman should take up her abode with her for a month, at the end of which Mrs. Richmond promised that she would either visit London, or take a little journey to see some friends who had long solicited her company.

Before Willis left Seaforth, Mr. Sharman, with all the confidence of a parent, had spoken very freely to him respecting several circumstances that concurred to annoy him. The parting with Willis had been a very serious loss to him, and many vexations had sprung up in the shop which he could neither have foreseen or guarded against. The death, too, of Mrs. Sharman, which had occurred some months only before Willis left Seaforth, had made not only a great inroad in his happiness, but was attended with disadvantageous results to him in all other respects. It was very evident that nothing could have rejoiced him more than again to have had Willis under his roof; but it was equally clear that he scrupulously avoided giving even a hint of such a desire. The young man, however, at once put the question.

"Shall I return to you, sir?" said he, "I will do it with pleasure; my mother, too, will benefit by such an arrangement."

"No, Willis," replied he, "it is better for your future prospects that you should go back to London. It has been a relief to me to talk freely to you, but I should be ashamed to profit by the affectionate concern I have aroused in your mind. We know little what part Providence designs us to play in life's great drama: but of this we may be sure, it is never true wisdom to force ourselves upon the stage, and prematurely hasten the plot. Let us wait: the good and wise hand that directs all will guide succeeding events for the best as it has done through the past. In the mean time I will keep nothing from you. Young as you are, you have given me such proofs of discretion, fidelity, and personal attachment, that I feel justified in speaking to you with the freedom more suitable to your superior in years, and with my own equals in other respects."

Mr. Sharman then proceeded to remind him that he and his brother George, who was a tradesman in the county town in a much larger business than himself, had been in the habit of occasionally accepting bills for each other.

"A more honourable and punctual man of business cannot exist than my brother George," said he; "I could trust him to any amount, and in fact he had made a considerable sum of money. He had talked of giving up business altogether, and I believed that such would have been the case, when a short time ago I had a visit from him. His two sons, it seems, have lately been putting their father to a very great expense; the mania for speculation has seized them, and to save them from disgrace, their father has settled several accounts for them to his own inconvenience, I know. Reports have reached me of an unsatisfactory nature, as to the solvency of a firm with which he has had large dealings."

"And I fear you have accepted some bill, that gives you uneasiness?" said Willis, perceiving that Mr. Sharman made a pause.

"More than one," replied he; "and I own I am very uncomfortable. George would never let me be the loser of a shilling if he could avoid it;

but men in business, above all others, have little command over events and circumstances."

"But they are not short bills, I hope?" said Willis, anxiously; "and that both you and your brother will have time to turn yourselves."

"I hope so, too," replied Mr. Sharman; "but my dear Willis, rely upon it there is no time so quick in arriving as that which brings the day of appointed payment. For some weeks to come I have nothing very much to fear, though it is impossible to divest myself of anxiety. George's accounts are not like mine, but complicated, and his business lies wide."

It was in the power of Willis to listen only respectfully to what was confided to him, and to feel honoured by the compliment. He said but little, though still that little was to the purpose.

"I am almost ashamed," said Mr. Sharman, "to relate to you another annoyance to which I am subjected, because the meanness of the man should shield me from feeling his conduct; but in truth Cartwright makes such a point of insulting me, and, as far as he is able, of injuring me, that my patience is sometimes tested almost beyond endurance by his behaviour."

"And have you not spoken to him in such terms as he deserves?" said Willis quickly, and with something of his former flashing eye.

"No, never," replied he; "there is no mistaking his aim, then why should I reveal his success by my words, which he cannot perceive by my manner? Besides, Willis, it is a good saying, 'When you can't remedy an evil, take care that you do nothing to increase it,' which I look upon would be the certain effect of any intemperate speech or action on my part." He paused, and then with a sigh added,—"Besides this, I have none near me who is what you were to me for a considerable time past."

"Whatever I may be," cried Willis, warmly, "you made me. He who is served faithfully by those under him, has, I have already had sufficient experience to prove, himself to thank; the employed is generally pretty much what his employer has moulded him into."

"Poor Frank!" said Mr. Sharman, "who is to blame for his misconduct? I made no difference in my behaviour between you."

"My mother," replied he, "strengthened your influence, *his* mother I fear counteracted it, at least if I may rely upon what he told me respecting the deceit that was practised in his home upon his father, and in turns upon every member of the family. I would not make one of Frank's sisters my wife, for all that."

"Not Harriet?" said Mr. Sharman, fixing his eyes on him.

"No, not Harriet," replied he; "good-humoured and pretty as she is, and endowed, too, as she is with many amiable qualities."

"And why not?" asked the other.

"Because I cannot help feeling that she and her sisters," replied Willis, "must have been so accustomed to deceit from their earliest days, that the moral sense alone of the rectitude of truth must be greatly injured, if not entirely destroyed in their bosoms. The girl I should choose must be one who resembles my dear mother, and," he added, in a low voice, "my dear sister."

"Harriet was a good deal with them both," observed Mr. Sharman.

"She was," replied he; "and so was—" he stopped short, coloured, and then, evidently to turn the conversation, inquired after Mr. Davis.

"This sad affair," said Mr. Sharman, "has added years to him; for

one so tall—he was very upright you know—he now stoops : but I scarcely ever see him, for he avoids me if he can when we meet anywhere but at the Bank. As for Mrs. Davis, I never in my life saw a woman so altered in appearance in so short a time. They have heard nothing of Frank, but conclude that he is gone to Australia. Ned, we know, sailed for Melbourne a few days after he left this place.”

The parting between Willis and his mother was very sad ; but there was comfort in their grief : they felt that though a blessing had been taken away from them, each had a blessing left in the other, and both owned deep cause for gratitude to God for such mercy.

When Willis reached the terminus in London, he suddenly encountered Mr. Davis, and respectfully touched his hat to him. Mr. Sharman had told him no more than the truth—he was indeed very much changed in appearance. To his surprise Mr. Davis accosted him, for on other occasions he had only returned his bow if they chanced to meet.

“ If I had known,” said he, “ that you were returning by the same train, we might as well have travelled together.”

This arrangement would not have suited Willis, for he was a second-class passenger, and Mr. Davis a first-class passenger, but he was gratified at the manner in which the latter had spoken to him. He immediately offered to look after his luggage, but was answered that he had only the carpet-bag which he held in his hand.

“ To what part of town are you going ?” said Willis. Mr. Davis told him. “ Then let me see for an omnibus. Look, it is pouring with rain, in another minute there will be scarcely a conveyance to be met with.”

Willis immediately disappeared, and almost as quickly returned. Mr. Davis hastened towards him ; when the former hurrying him forward, seized the carpet-bag, and they reached the omnibus just in time to obtain two places. Willis drew aside to let Mr. Davis get in, and then springing after him took his place beside the door. They had not gone far before a passenger desired to be set down. Willis with his umbrella struck the arm of the conductor, and gave him the required message ; soon after he again touched him and said, “ You pass the —— Hotel, do you not ? This gentleman,” looking at Mr. Davis, “ wishes to be set down there.”

In another minute or two the omnibus stopped. “ Now, sir,” said Willis, giving his hand to Mr. Davis. They stood by the step ; Mr. Davis drew forth a shilling which he gave to the conductor. The man's hand was wet and cold, and as Mr. Davis received the sixpence from him, a sort of feeling of disgust passed over his countenance ; he wiped the coin with his glove, which he had taken off to draw out his purse, and was stepping on the pavement, when his foot slipped, and he would probably have fallen had not the conductor caught hold of him.

“ Thank you, young man,” said he, and the omnibus drove on. Turning to Willis as they stood at the entrance of the hotel, Mr. Davis took a friendly leave of him, promising at the same time to inform his mother that he had arrived in safety. Willis thanked him, and pursued his own way to Regent Street.

The appearance of Sally Groves on the evening formerly mentioned had powerfully affected Frank. He did not fail to look for her at the place she had named, but some weeks elapsed before he again caught sight of her : he had no sort of regard for the unhappy girl—their acquaintance had begun in folly, and had ended in disgrace ; but she was the only



being whom he knew, or who he believed really cared for him in that city of worlds, in which he found himself alone; and when he fancied that she too had left him to his fate, a pang, though a selfish one, was awakened in his heart by the thought. One evening, however, she was suddenly at his side.

"Oh, Frank!" cried she, "I have watched for you most evenings, and yet missed seeing you; I don't ask where you lodge, you have nothing to fear from my visits. But you are in distress, and that's enough for me. I know more about Ned and the cause of your leaving home than you suppose. He is a villain every way, and has made both you and me tools for his own base purposes. Here! take this, and if ever you think again of Sally Groves pity her."

She was out of sight in an instant; the little soiled packet she had thrust into his hand remained as she had deposited it there; still he continued to gaze after her. Several speaking to him at once, and angrily complaining of his inattention, he hastily put the packet into his pocket, making no reply to the reprimand he had received. It was late, and he was very weary when he went to rest. He thought no more of Sally and the packet, till, on dressing himself the next morning, he accidentally put his hand into his pocket; he drew it forth and opened it—it contained three shillings.

He stood gazing at the money, and a feeling ran through his frame, which he had never before experienced; a hue of the deepest crimson overspread his face; shame, sorrow, admiration, claimed each a share in the sensations which filled his bosom. For a moment he felt truly humbled, and could he have recalled the past, as concerned Sally especially, he would have been most thankful.

"Poor girl!" sighed he, again folding the silver in the dirty piece of paper she had given him, "does she think I could make use of these? No, let me starve first!" and so saying he put the packet into his waistcoat pocket, intending to return it to her when he should next see her, which he made no doubt would be very soon. In this, however, he was much mistaken; months passed and he saw no more of Sally. Tired and disgusted with his occupation, he resigned it, and sought other employment; but after many humiliating changes, and having endured great distress, he once more applied to William, the waiter at the inn in ——— Street, and after some delay succeeded in obtaining his former situation.

It was not till he had been really compelled by necessity that he had appropriated any part of the little sum Sally had given him to his own use. One shilling yet remained when he obtained employment, and this, still enclosed in the piece of paper in which it had been at first wrapped, and made yet more secure by a second covering, he continued to wear in his pocket, firmly resolving to return the other two shillings as soon as he was able. He was now every way wretched. The society with which he was compelled to mix was hateful to him, while the thought of Seaforth and of all he had sacrificed by his conduct, stung him nearly to madness. Sometimes he had recourse to drink to drive away the harassing reflections that tormented him, and if a bright colour now glowed on his cheek, it was no longer that of health and ripening manhood.

[To be continued.]

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## THE HEPATICÆ, OR LIVERWORTS.—No. I.

THERE is a small tribe of plants, consisting of only six genera, but of a large number of species, some of which are so minute as almost to have escaped the notice of any except the most advanced botanists, yet so exquisitely delicate and beautiful in their appearance when closely examined, so peculiar in their structure, and many of them emitting, when trodden on, so remarkable a fragrance, as well to deserve an attentive study.

The organization of these tiny plants is of a very simple character, but its perfection is such as to challenge praise and adoration for their Maker; and did earth exhibit no other proof of the existence of a God than a careful microscopic examination of these diminutive specimens of vegetation would afford, there would, or ought to be, sufficient in them alone to refute the cavils of the most learned sceptic, and to prove beyond dispute that the hand of a Divine and Almighty Creator originated them.

The order of which I speak is that of the Hepaticæ—a tribe which forms a sort of link between mosses and lichens, its genera descending in a beautiful and obvious gradation from the one of those families to the other.

The Hepaticæ are small, cellular plants; their leaves, where developed, are often lobed, or divided, almost always without the least trace of midrib or vein, often forming one substance with the stem, and the whole plant differing from mosses by being much more loosely cellular in their structure than plants of that tribe.

The different genera which compose this order vary very materially in their fructification, some bearing capsules more or less resembling those of different descriptions of mosses, others having their fruit imbedded in the substance of the frond, like some kinds of lichens.

The fruit is a theca, destitute of a lid, or operculum, such as we have described as forming part of the capsule of mosses, but furnished with a calyptra, or veil. This theca opens by two or four valves, which rupture at the apex; and the calyptra, instead of being carried up on the summit of the capsule, as in mosses, divides at the point, and allows the theca to rise above it. This theca is either sessile, or mounted on a seta, or on a common receptacle. The sporules are sometimes free, and sometimes collected round a columella, or central spike, but more often they are accompanied by elastic spiral filaments, called elaters, of highly curious and singular formation, by means of which the sporules are dispersed on the opening of the theca.

The habitats selected by the Hepaticæ are various. In boggy places, in the rocky beds of torrents and watercourses, in mountain rills, and on moist rocks, plants of this tribe delight to dwell. Sowerby says, "Some cover with a rich lucid-green coating the otherwise bare surface of the ground; some grow among mosses in swamps, clothe the decaying trunks or roots of trees, under the shelter of damp woods and plantations, or fill up the interstices of the grass in similar places." They are also to be seen lining the insides of caverns, and coating with a living green the stonework which surrounds wells and fountains, that without this vegetable clothing would be wholly bare and uninteresting. "When wet," says Sir J. A. Smith, "many of this tribe diffuse a powerful

aromatic odour, familiar to most people in a grove or shady grass-plot after rain, or whilst the morning dew is on the ground; yet few are, perhaps, aware of the minute vegetables to which this fragrance is almost entirely owing."

We have said that there are six genera of British Hepaticæ: these are—1st, *Jungermannia*; 2nd, *Marchantia*; 3rd, *Targionia*; 4th, *Anthocerus*; 5th, *Sphærocarpus*; 6th, *Riccia*. On each of these we must say a few words, accompanying our remarks with some drawings of one or two of each genus.

The *Jungermannia* is by far the largest of the genera, numbering about one hundred British species, most of which have very much the habit of mosses, the chief difference being in the absence of the operculum, or lid, and the columella, in the permanent attachment of the calyptra, and in one or two other points, but chiefly in the presence of some curious spiral filaments, with which the sporules are connected. Some of the species have distinct leaves, whilst in others the leaves form one substance with the stems, from which they are not distinguishable. The leaves are often accompanied by stipules.

The species of *Jungermannia* differ very much from each other both in size and colouring, some being so minute as to be scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, whilst others extend to the length of several inches. Their hue is often of a most brilliant green; sometimes, we find them of a deep purple tint. One species varies from a silvery hue to a pale yellowish-brown, or nearly black; and yellowish-green, purplish-brown, tawny, and many other colours are found among them.

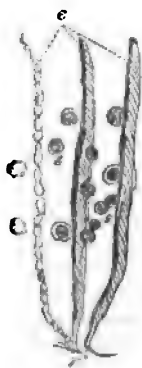
Man has so often pronounced things to be "of no use" which afterwards and more experience have shown to be articles of high importance in the economy of nature, that even those who are sceptical, or forgetful of the truth that God has created nothing in vain, have now become afraid of committing themselves by saying that the plants which form the different families of this minute genus are useless. They, therefore, more wisely, because more humbly, say of the *Jungermannia*, "uses unknown." Certainly no quality, or other characteristic that might make them service-

able to man has as yet been discovered; but no doubt they have an office assigned them in affording food, shelter, or some other benefit to some or other of God's works, either in the animal or vegetable kingdom.

We have alluded to the elaters, or spiral threads, which are found in most of the Hepaticæ. Before we proceed to the delineation of different individuals, we must give a rather more detailed account of the formation and functions of these singular organs. The spores, or parts answerable to the seed, are formed, as in mosses, in parent cells, the rupture of which leaves them free in the hollow of the capsule; but in the Hepaticæ there are other cells formed amongst them which do not produce spores, but compose spiral threads, much like the spiral air-vessels in other plants, but free and more elastic (fig. 1).

When the cells have attained their full maturity, the membrane which divides them gives way, and the spiral threads have then a tendency

Fig. 1.



to spring up, but are prevented from doing so by the pressure of the spores which surround them on all sides, and are now mixed up with them. When, however, the spore-case opens at the top, this difficulty is removed, and the elaters suddenly lengthen and jerk out the spores which may be adhering to their coils, thus assisting in dispersing them (fig. 2). These spores are possessed of a strong hygrometrical power, and expand or contract in a beautiful manner under the influence of moisture, or its reverse; so much so, that even breathing on them will alter their position.

Fig. 2.



Besides the usual mode of fructification by spores, some species of Hepaticæ occasionally produce organs of a very different character, called gemmæ; these—which consist of little granules, forming small balls either at the point or in the axils of the leaves (fig. 3)—are prolific, and from them the plant is in some instances propagated.

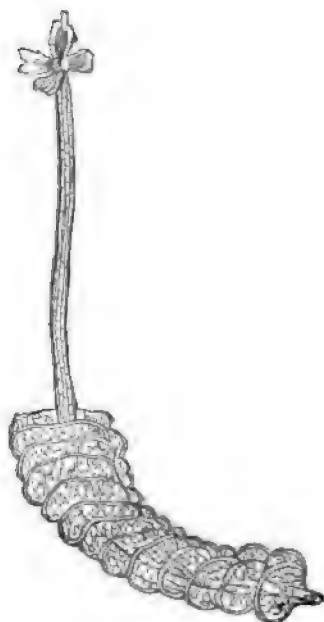
Fig. 3.



Let us now notice a few of the most interesting and remarkable species which are ranked under the genus *Jungermannia*. One very minute species (*Jungermannia Sphagni*, or Bog-moss *Jungermannia*), which is not unfrequent on spongy heaths, is peculiar in its growth. It overruns the sphagna and other aquatic mosses, to which it attaches itself by means of numerous radicles, thrown out from the under side of the slender, unbranched stem, which bears only short, lateral shoots, from which the fruit proceeds. The leaves are nearly globular, pale green, with a pink tinge, chiefly on the under side. Another species (*J. crenulata*) forms spreading tufts on bogs and moist heaths. This also produces nearly globular leaves, but it is tinged with purple, the thick, crenulated appearance of the margins (whence its specific name) arising from the outer series of its cells being larger than the rest. The theca when ripe is black.

The compressed, upright *Jungermannia* (*J. compressa*) is a native of mountain rills and rivulets; its compact structure and the mossy substance of its leaves well suiting it for meeting the swift, strong currents which

Fig. 4.



it has to encounter in such situations (fig. 4). It grows, when not disturbed by the force of the stream, to a height of from two to six inches, forming broad tufts. The leaves form two erect rows, very closely pressed to the stem, of a purplish-green colour, the young shoots exhibiting stipules, but small and distant. Our figure shows the singular, flower-like appearance of the fruit when the spore-case has opened.

*J. turbinata* is frequent in limestone and marly districts, growing in moist, shady spots on banks. Its hue is pallid, but the large and conspicuous reticulation of the foliage renders it remarkable.

There is one of our species which is to be met with chiefly on moist rocks in the Alpine districts of Ireland, Scotland, and North Wales, which is very remarkable in its appearance. The stems, which are loosely tufted, and grow interspersed with mosses, extend four or five inches in length; the leaves are closely set, and their lobes so deeply divided as that they might be taken for separate leaves. The longer lobes, which imbricate the sides of the stem, are ovate, and spread horizontally; all are of a deep purplish, or yellowish-brown colour, marked with close reticu-

lations, and beautifully fringed at the margin with tooth-like ciliae. It emits a fetid odour when drying. This species is the Flat-leaved *Jungermannia* (*J. planifolia*).

Another species (*J. pusilla*, or the Dwarf *Jungermannia*) grows on moist, shady banks in a clayey soil. Its stems are short and creeping, throwing out numbers of long purple radicles from the under side. The leaves, which are comparatively large, are closely set in two spreading rows, and very irregular and angular in their outline. The theca is globose, separating into four thin, irregular, jagged valves, and one peculiarity of the species is, that sometimes two or three thecae arise from the same perichæstium, which in this kind is large, bell-shaped, and plaited. The perichæstium is the sort of involucre from which the theca springs. The fruit of *J. pusilla* appears in the autumn and spring.

*J. platyphylla* selects quite a different position from those which we have before cited. It is frequent on trunks of trees and old walls; its growth, too, is peculiar, inasmuch as its fruit is borne laterally, and starts from the sides, or points of the convex leaves (fig. 5), which are disposed in a pinnate form on the stems. Its hue is usually of a bright green, but varies in different habitats.

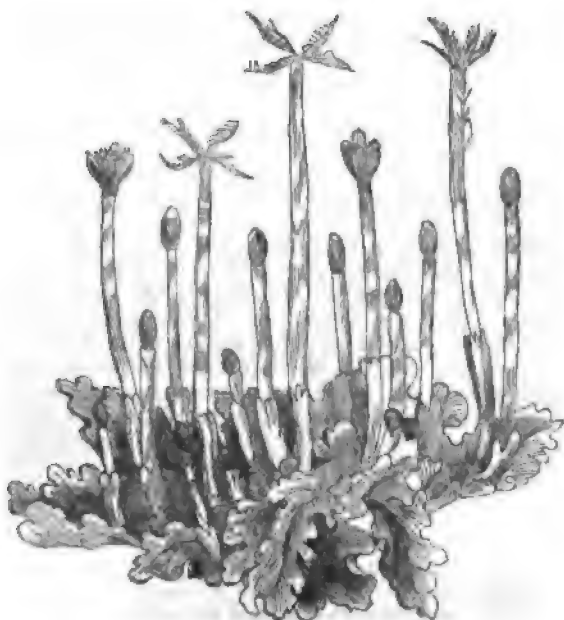
We must pass over many interesting species without notice, and hasten on to a division of the tribe so different in appearance and in some

Fig. 5.



points in structure as almost to lead us to expect that they would be classed under some other head than that of the *Jungermannia*. These are called Frondose, or Leafy *Jungermannia*. *J. pinguis*, or the Fat

Fig. 6.



*Jungermannia*, of which we give a figure (fig. 6), has a tumid, oblong frond, very fleshy and slippery, and the whole plant is described by Sowerby as "of a wet, slippery substance, tender, like boiled vegetables."

The seta, which springs from the lower part of the frond near the margin, is thick and pellucid, the theca oval and black. It is pale green, and grows in loose patches in moist places during the summer.

There is another species, somewhat similar in its slimy and damp character, which is found in wet places, on heaths, and by the sides of ditches. This is *J. multifida*, or the "many-lobed *Jungermannia*." The whole plant is much smaller than the last named, and the setæ more slender; the form of the theca, when opened, is also different.

*J. Blasia*, or the Flask-bearing *Jungermannia*, is a very curious species, not uncommon on moist heaths that are occasionally overflowed with water in mountainous and subalpine parts of the kingdom. The fruit in this species is originally concealed in an oval cavity in the substance of the frond, near the point of the rib: eventually the frond bursts towards the apex, and part of the calyptra, with the whole of the seta and theca, is protruded through an irregular opening. The true fruit is very rarely produced, but the plant propagates itself by means of two sorts of gemmæ. One of these is lodged in a hollow at the extremity of the rib, which terminates in an erect, tubular beak. The gemmæ of this kind are globular, reticulated, and of a pale green, and flow in considerable numbers through the mouth of this beak. The other kind consists of small, black, spherical masses of a granular or pulpy substance, which appear within the epidermis, or skin, on the under side of the frond.

This genus takes its name from Louis Jungermann, a German botanist.

Our next paper will give some account of the *Marchantiæ*, and other genera of this singular tribe, on which we have not now space to enter.

[To be continued.]

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### MAGNITUDES AND DISTANCES OF THE SUN AND PLANETS.

THE dome of St. Paul's is a hundred and forty-five feet in diameter. Suppose a globe of this size to represent the sun; then one of nine inches will represent Mercury; one of seventeen inches and a half, Venus; one of eighteen inches, the Earth; one of five inches, the Moon; one of ten inches, Mars; one of fifteen feet, Jupiter; and one of eleven feet and a half, Saturn, with his ring four feet broad, and at the same distance from his body all round. Then as to distances: suppose the Sun to be at St. Paul's, then Mercury might be at the Tower of London; Venus at St. James's Palace; the Earth at Marylebone; Mars at Kensington; Jupiter at Hampton Court; and Saturn at Guildford.

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ONE murder made a villain;  
 Millions a hero. Princes were privileg'd  
 To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.  
 Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?  
 And men that they are brethren?

PORTEUS.

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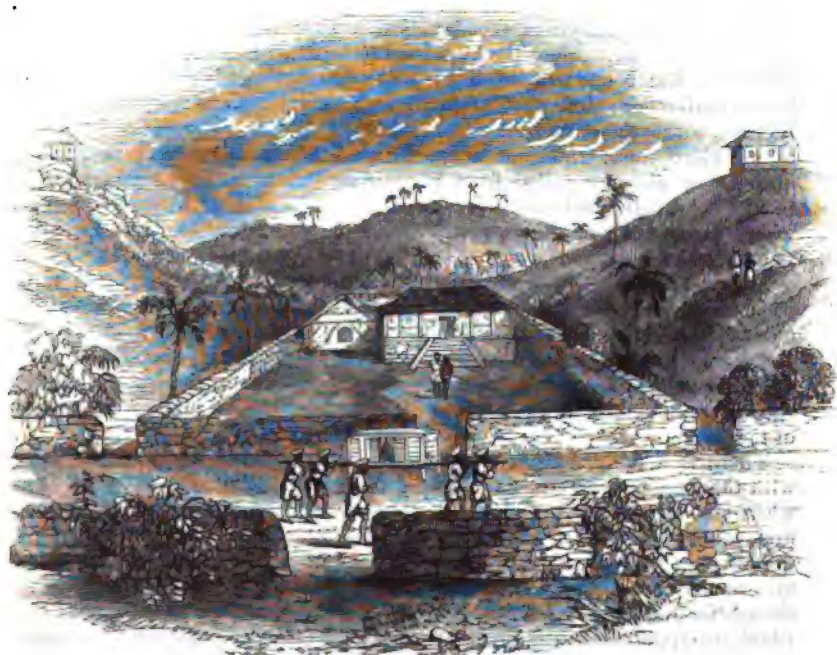
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BRITISH INDIA.—No. XIII.

WATTAIR—THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF VIZAGAPATAM.



WATTAIR.

ABOUT an hour and a half's ride or drive brings the traveller from Vizagapatam to Wattair. The road is a gradual ascent, and on first leaving the fort-gates leads through an extensive lane of garden-houses and other buildings. After leaving these, we emerge into an open country, divided into fields for the cultivation of Indian corn and grain—the latter being a species of grain much resembling in size and appear-



ance the lentil, and used exclusively to feed horses and sheep upon. Over the gracefully-waving stalks of the Indian corn you have an uninterrupted view of the deep blue ocean to your right, and to the left a distant range of mountains. In the fields are occasional knots of dwarf palm-trees, to the branches of which scores of pilfering old crows, taken in the very act, hang dangling in the air, to scare away their race from the neighbourhood. Besides these there are many other and still more successful contrivances set up by the wary husbandmen for the preservation of the grain; and amongst these the one that creates the greatest terror to the feathered tribe is a tall bamboo, planted upright in the ground, on the top of which is a whirling perch, so finely balanced that the weight of a sparrow is sufficient to set it in motion. The perch is very much in the shape of the reel used for winding-off silk; and at the end, on either side, are suspended small bells and tin rattles, which create a tremendous din on the slightest impetus being given to the perch.

After traversing these fields, which are all on a gradual slope, we come upon the confines of that portion of Vizagapatam called Wattair. The first place we pass is a magnificent and extensive park, with a large dwelling-house in the centre, the property of a wealthy and much-respected Tamul gentleman, Gooday Soriah Precarsha Row, now, we are sorry to say, dead. Here the high road leads by a rather circuitous route outside of the boundaries of this extensive property, which is many miles in circumference; but the lamented and amiable proprietor, during his lifetime, threw the gates of his park open for the free ingress and egress of all Europeans: thus not only saving a weary mile to those whom business or pleasure called from Wattair and Vizagapatam, but affording them a most delightful carriage-drive of an evening all through the park, where rare trees and flower-plots varied the monotony of the everyday public-road drive.

Precarsha Row's house was in good keeping with the garden and the park. An elegant marble basin, in which revelled shoals of beautiful goldfish, was kept continually supplied with water by a fountain in the centre, perpetually overflowing from the crystal shower of a *jet d'eau*. On either side of the basin rose two stupendous banian trees, whose wide-spreading branches threw a pleasant shade far around during the heat of the day.

There is a fabulous story, not generally known in India, connected with the banian-tree; and its aptitude was never better appreciated than, when standing under the shade of these veteran trees, we contemplated, first, the innumerable crystal drops that fell in an incessant shower from the lofty jet to the surface of the clear waters below, and then turned our eyes to the branches overhead, and there perceived the equally plentiful, though far less beautiful drops, formed by the twigs, of all sizes in growth, which, in apparent contradiction to the laws of nature, grew downwards from year to year, without leaf or other outward sign of life, till they penetrated into the bowels of mother earth, and there firmly planting their many roots, increased in course of time in bulk and strength, till the fragile twig, easily severed by a small penknife, rivalled in dimensions the mother trunk from which it, with its thousand brethren, sprung. It is a well-known fact that there are some of these banian-trees in the interior of India so large that one tree has been calculated to be all-sufficient to afford shelter to a troop of cavalry, horses, men, and all: and whilst upon this subject we may be permitted to remark that these

young shoots of the banian-trees seem to possess a quality highly beneficial to the teeth and gums. The sap, or milk of the tree is much in vogue amongst native doctors; but the Indians, who are noted for possessing excellent teeth, and to whom tooth-ache and gumboils are utter strangers, invariably make use of the delicate twigs of the banian-tree for cleaning their teeth. They are so plentiful that they indulge in the luxury of a clean toothbrush every morning; and we imagine that the delicate sap contained in the twig (the head of which is bruised with a stone) has some hidden property, which by the aid of chemistry might be found highly beneficial as a substitute for the trash sold now-a-days for tooth-powder.

But to return to our fable. "The first banian-tree," so goes the tale, "which ever grew upon earth, was not of the same nature and form as those seen now-a-days; for though a stately tree, it was, like the generality of its neighbours, possessed of only a single trunk, instead of the dozens it has now: and the weeping-willow, its neighbour in the garden of Eden, was a sprightly young tree, with all its branches growing straight up in the air, like a stiffnecked gentleman with a military stock on. Now these two young gallants, discontented with their position in nature, though stout and robust, and a good head and shoulders taller than the usual run of trees, were always complaining and condoling each other with their hard fate—the banian complaining that Mother Fountain, who was always making such a noise about her arduous duty in being obliged to supply all the trees in the garden with water, never took the trouble of sending any of her streams to quench his thirst, which was sometimes intolerable of a summer day; and there's no knowing what would become of him if it was not for his friend Dew, who sent him a liberal supply of drink every night.

"'Friend Banian,' quoth the Willow, 'I consider your misfortunes a trifle in comparison with what I suffer from that odious old witch,' meaning the fountain; 'in faith there is not an hour but what she sets her cap at me, and sends one of her nasty wet nymphs to come and cajole me into a marriage. It is really very provoking; my shoes are continually damp, and I'm afraid I shall catch my death of cold through her.'

"'Ay,' says the Banian, 'I wish I could stoop like her sister *jet d'eau* does, and put on a wig of frightful ugly ringlets, like those she is continually wearing; would not that drive her mad, eh? ha! ha!'

"'Upon my word so it would: ha! ha! and I'd join you with all my heart; but my confounded stock' (in the original, 'neck') 'is so dreadful stiff that I can hardly bring my eyes on a level with the old thing.'"

And these two mockers were taken at their word;—the banian grew awry all of a sudden; and, in lieu of false ringlets, saw its own branches dropping ugly little shoots in every direction; and the willow's neck was loosened, and his head fell over his shoulders, and his branches grew mournfully over the cool water, longing to sip a little (for the streams had left off calling to see him)—a drop only to quench his terrible thirst.

"This," says the fable, "was the way that Vishnu punished the naughty trees, and thus naughty and discontented people are punished to this day."

And now return we to the dwelling-house of Gooday Precarasha Row, or rather to the basin in front of his house. A neatly-kept gravel walk

leads all round, and under the banian-trees are ranged gaily-painted garden-seats. A wide flight of stone steps, of a chequered pattern, with marble balustrades, leads up to the large open verandah, along which are ranged choice European flowering-plants in open work; China vases and birdcages full of little warblers are suspended from the lofty beams of the terraced roof by chains with pulleys like lamps; a lustre is suspended from the centre beam, and is lit regularly every evening with cocoanut-oil-trimmed lamps, which burn throughout the night. The sum that this light annually costs for oil alone was something quite astounding; but then every other apartment in the house had a similar chandelier, besides wall-shades and other lamps innumerable, the conjoint expenses of which amounted annually to something that would have been a very comfortable income to any half-dozen ordinary families. But then Soriah Precarsha Row lived in a princely style; and moreover, this superabundance of lights, besides the effect it produced on the minds of the natives, had something to do with religious ceremonials. The hall was a vast room, fitted up with very costly furniture. There were no carpets, for the heat of the climate did not admit of these costly luxuries; but in lieu thereof a costly China mat covered the floor; and from fine marble-slabbed tables, tall pier-glasses, richly gilt, reached up to the ceiling; the sofas were rich satinwood, inlaid with ebony, and the cushions and covering of the finest damask. But what struck the eye more than anything else was the amazing variety of clocks, of all sizes and shapes, which were placed in every available nook and corner of the room: and here the native shone forth conspicuously; everything else was arranged after a taste wholly European. Miraculous clocks they were, too, startling you every now and then with a cunning display of their mechanism: old gentlemen, à la Gog and Magog, who were seated quietly on a stone bench on the top of the clock, started up suddenly in the wildest frenzy, and fought each other with clubs, every blow telling, not on their respective bodies, but the hours. Cuckoos flew out, and so did other strange birds—strange, at any rate, in an Indian clime. At the further extremity of this room was a large arch, which led into a pleasant alcove, overlooking a tastefully-arranged flower-garden, with the richly-scented *Malia Poo* (Indian jessamine), and the Bengal rose twining in and out of the window-blinds. Here the good man of the house was wont to sit of a sultry day, and read or chat with such gentlemen as paid him a morning visit.

His lady wives were secluded from view, and occupied a house separated from his own, and shut out from view by a long, stone-built passage, arched over with light trelliswork, and thickly covered with the leaves of the Burmese and other Indian creepers.

Soriah Gooday Precarsha Row was a man of very good intellect, and one deeply read. He was a good English scholar, and also well versed in Sanscrit and other native languages. In addition to handsome features and a fine, manly form, he possessed manners the most courteous and agreeable; was a perfect gentleman in every sense of the word, and possessed the bright and rare virtue of charity. Many of the poorer natives lived entirely upon his bounty; many more were indebted to him for their means of success, and all deplore his premature removal by death from the sphere of his truly benevolent actions.

After driving through Precarsha Row's park, we enter the cantonment of Wattair, consisting of a great number of straggling houses, built on

the left side of the highway, alternately on the top of a high hill and in a valley. To the right of the highway, though the ground is a considerable elevation above the sea, it is a level surface, and is laid out in extensive compounds, with bungalows and outhouses, occupied by the civil and military officers of the station.

On first entering Wattair, we pass the last place we go to in this world—the churchyard. It occupies a considerable space of ground, and is walled in all round. It contains some very handsome tombstones; and the greater proportion are to the memory of females and children; for though Wattair be about as healthy a station as any in India, old age and infirmities dwell there as elsewhere. A little further on, and we come to the Protestant church; and opposite to this, in a small valley between two very high hills, on either of which is perched a house, occupied generally by some of the officers in cantonment. This is the convalescent bungalow, allotted to the Judges of the Circuit Court, who have thus the option of either living in the fort or at Wattair. In a tent behind this bungalow we rusticated for several months—for the bungalow was too small to afford accommodation to so large a party as we made. The tent was very agreeable at nights, and we seldom resorted to it during the daytime, except for the afternoon siesta, a luxury which the very crows and house-squirrels—those two noisy plagues of India—indulge in.

From the elevated position of Wattair, strong gusts of wind and whirlwinds, or pishashes, were of frequent occurrence; and under the influence of one or the other of these our tent came down on three several occasions; the snapping of the ropes that sustained it giving us loud and timely notice to make a precipitate retreat through the doors into the open air, and thus avoid the unpleasant risk of being smothered by the wet and heavy canvas, or getting knocked on the head by the corpulent tent-pole. These whirlwinds were of short duration, as they sped on their circular flight, raising a dense cloud of dust, and whipping up huge empty wine-baskets, and other light wickerwork, which chance had placed in their way, to an incredible height in the air, till they looked like mere specks. These were sometimes carried over a space of more than a mile's distance, and the fishermen on the seaside were not unfrequently astonished by sudden showers of straw, bits of rags, fragments of baskets, and other light materials of a similar nature.

The setting in of the monsoon at Wattair was a grand spectacle to witness. Bank upon bank of heavy, cumbrous clouds rose up in the direction of the coming squalls—sure forerunners of the wet season. The day was extremely sultry; the night uncomfortably hot; sheet-lightning was incessant, and the distant growl of thunder perpetual. By-and-by the low moaning sound of the breeze was heard as it came over hill and dale—a first gentle indicator of what was to follow. Every one rushes out of doors to get a sniff of this cool and balmy air, for it smells of freshly-mown hay, and there is coolness and vigour and health in its breath. Dried leaves and decayed stalks fall thickly beneath its increasing pressure, and the vanguard of the storm, in the shape of dark, ominous clouds, detached from the distant dark bank, float swiftly overhead, darkening for minutes together the glory of the sun, and dropping occasionally fat drops of rain in their onward flight: the swallow flies along the surface of the earth, and tiny little birds seek refuge in the thickest part of the thickly-set milk-hedges; the lowing of cattle resounds from all

sides, and the cawing of large flights of crows is heard high up in the air, as they wing their way home to tops of cocoanut-trees, many miles away; a detachment of screaming hens, running and flying over the nearest hill, where they have been all the morning on a foraging party, now come in search of shelter, nearly swept off the ground by the impetus of the wind, and followed by the stately old cock, who, with tail distended in the air, is in a towering rage, endeavouring vainly to maintain his accustomed dignified strut; a small fleet of turkeys, in full sail before the wind, heave in sight round the corner of the house, making more noise about the tempest than ever did shipwrecked mariners. These are brought to an anchor in the henroost, and then the rapid dispersion of the large banks of clouds, which now spread a sombre pall all over the heavens, and the distant sound of wind and rain, pronounce the arrival of the monsoon. Natives in the streets take to their heels, and run in the direction of the nearest shelter; young officers are seen scampering up hills on their winded tattoos towards their respective homes; everybody gets in doors, and everybody lends a hand to fasten and bolt and bar every window and door in the house; the cat crouches in the corner of the sofa; the dog composes himself to rest under a chair; there is a bright gleam of red glaring light, and the house trembles again beneath the appalling and almost instantaneous crash of thunder. For a second all is black and perfectly still; then the whole might of the tempest bursts with fury around; the wind roars; the rain falls in torrents; lightning and thunder, rain and wind; wind and rain, thunder and lightning. Half-an-hour elapses, and the elements get exhausted; the sound of the thunder grows fainter and fainter; the wind decreases; the rain is not near so heavy as it was; you venture to open a window, and then a door; and the sun peeps out from behind a cloud, and every new green and fresh-looking blade of grass has a tear in its eye, as though weeping with joy and gratefulness for this timely supply to their wants from the rich fountain of ever-watchful bountifulness: and so do the flowers and leaves of shrubs and trees; and all parched nature looks thankful—all except man entertain this sentiment, and he is grumbling because he cannot get out for his evening's ride, or some other such frivolous disappointment. What does he want with rain? He never drinks water, and has sixty dozen of ale in his cellar, besides endless bottles of wines and liquors.

There is something, however, in the soft sweetness of the prospect, the fresh, cool breath of heaven, which brings a gentle gladness, verging on a thankful spirit, to the heart; at least, the man that is not inspired with a feeling of this kind can have no more sentiment than yonder duck, who is standing on one leg by the brink of a gloriously muddy pond, with one eye cocked up in astonishment towards the sun, as much as to say, "What business have you out on such a wet day as this?"

The monsoon has set in, and the weather being cooler, the gay season at Wattair commences. Dinners, balls, quadrille parties, are now of frequent occurrence. The officers of the native infantry regiment give a dinner to the Circuit Judge, who is the great man of the place; and the ladies are invited to a ball in the evening, to meet Mrs. Judge. All the males meet at the mess-table, as guests of the hospitable officers; all the females meet in the ball-room, and "wonder when those wretches mean to leave their wine," for they can distinctly hear the jingling of glasses and rattling of knives and knuckles against the table, as emblems

of applause, as the colonel, in a long-winded speech, in which he has proposed the health of their respected guest the Judge, winds up with, "than whom a better friend, or more hospitable, generous man never existed, nor a wiser judge ever sentenced a criminal to be hanged." The band tunes up, the conviviality ceases, white kid gloves flourish in every direction, the gun fires (not as a signal for the ball, but because it is eight P.M.); for a few seconds nothing is heard but the noise occasioned by the winding up of several scores of watches. The band strikes up, and the first set of quadrilles are danced; then follow waltzes, gallops, &c., and the hot musicians have no quiet or peace till the hour of midnight arrives. Supper is then announced; the band has supper brought to them, and oceans of cold punch—just to strengthen their lungs, poor fellows. After supper every one is in capital spirits; and in the supper-room a little boy with a large basket is collecting the champagne corks. Rather expensive affairs these balls and suppers; at least, so sighs the junior ensign, as his eye glances over the mess-bill at the end of the month.

The last ball for the season has been given, and so has the last large dinner-party. The hot weather returns, and the mess library has been besieged with applicants for new novels, magazines, and other periodicals. Gentlemen with limited incomes begin to retrench their expenses, and live small for a few months, limiting themselves to half-a-dozen bottles of beer per diem, a bundle of cigars, and a chicken curry.

Occasionally the season winds up with a wedding, which sets all the bachelors and unmarried ladies in a flutter for a month or six weeks. Sometimes a funeral is the melancholy termination, and then everyone looks sedate and pensive.

So passes the year at Wattair; and in comparison to the greater number of what are termed up-country stations, Wattair certainly claims pre-eminence.

#### NO LIE THRIVES.—No. XVII.

It was in that feverish state of mind consequent on previous intoxication, that he stood at the terminus of the — Counties Railway, with his omnibus, the morning that Mr. Davis and Willis reached London as before related. He recognised his father immediately, though probably through agitation, he did not perceive that it was Willis who accompanied him. When, however, he obeyed the stroke of the umbrella, and inclined his head to receive his instructions, he gained a full view of his countenance, and knew him at once. Such was his perturbation, that he was scarcely able to maintain his footing. His hand touched that of his father, as he returned the change, and a sensation amounting to faintness overcame him. Every object swam before his eyes, and whether Willis or another passenger who got out at the same time, paid him or not, was unknown to him.

The state of mind in which this rencontre had thrown him during the remainder of the day, was such as might have awakened the strongest pity in the heart of a parent. Eat he could not, drink he did, not to a degree that overpowered him, but which rendered him irritable and quarrelsome. It was late when his day's work was done, and he had

some distance to walk, but he resolved, notwithstanding, to go to the hotel where he had set his father down, and make out what he could respecting him. Framing, therefore, a plausible excuse for his inquiries, he addressed himself to a waiter, and from him learnt that the elder of the two gentlemen was in the house, of the younger he knew nothing, except that he heard he was going to Regent-street. "The gentleman is gone to bed," added he, "but if you like to call to-morrow morning, I will deliver any message you require." Frank thanked him and withdrew.

He had not left the hotel more than a few yards, when the shriek of a female rung loudly in his ear. Several persons were assembled round a man and woman, between whom the most abusive language was passing.

"You not only accused me of robbing you, which I never did," cried she, "but you struck me,—see how I bleed—coward as you are!"

"And I'll strike you again," exclaimed he, raising his arm and flinging himself forward. He dashed the spectators aside, and the woman, again shrieking loudly, stood so as clearly to be seen. Before the blow had fallen, an arm had felled her accuser to the ground. It was Frank's; he had recognised in that wretched woman Sally Groves, and he had obeyed instantly the impulse to defend her. Seizing her by the hand he was leading her hastily across the street, when the man, recovering himself, rushed after him, and in his turn knocked him down on the ground; at the same moment, the wheels of a carriage which was proceeding at a quick rate, passed over his body and one of his legs. He was dragged upon the pavement insensible, and immediately conveyed to the Hospital.

It was soon ascertained that he had received a severe internal injury, though its exact nature was not apparent, and his right leg just above the ankle was broken. He uttered deep groans, and his pain was excessive for many days. Concurring circumstances of an unfavourable nature produced fever, and several months elapsed before he was able even to leave his bed. Part of this time he was scarcely conscious of what was passing. He was skilfully and kindly attended and nursed, but it was a time of bitter trial to him. Sally went several times to see him, and never without being the bearer of some little proof of consideration on her part. It was in vain that Frank forbade this. "I have no other pleasure," said she, one day in reply to his remonstrance, "and you would not deprive me of it, would you?" Pleasure!—alas! she could have told him that she was most wretched; but she suppressed every hint of her misery, lest the self-reproach which it was natural he should feel, might aggravate his sufferings.

Her manner on one of these visits was so very sad that Frank was immediately sensible of it, and he inquired into its cause. It was evident that something lay heavily on her mind which she had not the courage to communicate.

"Sally," said Frank at last, "what is it you would tell me? suspense is worse than the knowledge of the truth."

"I have bad news for you," replied she, looking mournfully at him; "can you bear to hear it?"

"What have I just told you?" said he, trembling; "go on."

"I met a friend of mine yesterday," replied she, "who is lately come from the country." She stopped.

"What is the matter with my relations?" asked he, endeavouring to grasp her arm. "Who is ill? who is —"

Sally burst into tears. "Your mother—oh, Frank!"

"What of her?"

"She died last week."

The words fell heavily on the ear, on the heart of the unhappy young man; he clasped his hands together, turned deadly pale, and fainted away.

The information that Sally had thus given him was indeed correct. For some weeks Mrs. Davis had been in a declining state; the anxiety that she had unceasingly felt on her son's account, the alteration in her husband's manner towards her, had preyed on her constitution, and gradually consumed her. Her altered appearance so struck all who knew her, that no one was surprised when it was known that she was obliged to keep her bed. Jane, faithful in illness as in the happier days of health, was her nurse night and day. Neither Harriet nor her other daughters were positively deficient in tenderness to her, but they never scrupled to excuse their attendance when it suited them, and that on such pretences as were easily seen through by one who had been accustomed to resort to them. Their insincerity was indeed perceived, and the detection carried its sting to the heart, which but too well understood all.

Mr. Davis was exceedingly distressed at the illness and danger of his wife. He had ever been exceedingly attached to her, and their present alienation, if such it might be called, was nearly as painful to himself as to her. His attention and tenderness to her were again extreme; but though Mrs. Davis was very grateful to him, and to a certain degree happy in the apparent restoration of his affection, she knew him too well not to be aware that she had forfeited his confidence, which above all other things was her boast; and every proof of his solicitude for her conveyed reproach to her mind. The interdict respecting the mention of Frank's name was not removed, and the strictness with which it was enforced was anguish to her.

Mr. Courtenay, the medical man, who had attended the family for many years, was well acquainted with most of the circumstances connected with the absence of Frank, and well knew that the grief resulting from these at once caused the illness of his patient, while it baffled every effort of his skill. He learnt as much from Jane as was consistent with her duty to communicate, and he made the best use of his knowledge both towards Mrs. Davis and her husband.

"Oh, Sir!" said Jane to him one day, "what a comfort are you to my poor mistress, and to us all!—your medicines are the least part of the blessing your presence brings."

Mr. Courtenay smiled. "It would be strange," said he, "if I were not to endeavour at least to be a comfort to those who intrust me with their welfare. Mind and body are so dependent upon each other, that he who would benefit the one must be regardful of the other. Besides this, few men see so much of the miseries and afflictions of their fellow-creatures as those of my profession; yet rely upon it, the most lengthened acquaintance with sickness, and the sorrows entailed upon it, does not stifle or deaden in us the feelings of pity and sympathy. It would be foolish to say that we weep with every one that weeps, or that the sight of any degree of suffering unnerves us. We are men in whom, as a body, the goodness and mercy of God may be distinctly traced—if it were not so, we should be seen brutal as the natural effect of constant familiarity with human woe and human suffering."

"If we could but hear some news, no matter how trifling, of Mr.



Frank," said Jane, "it would be a great thing in my poor mistress's favour; but I don't know that she feels this worse than my master not allowing any conversation about him."

"I was in hopes Mr. Davis had relaxed in that respect," replied Mr. Courtenay. "I wonder that he can carry his inflexibility so far."

"You would not, Sir," returned Jane, "if you knew as much as I do. My master was very fond of Mr. Frank, and had great expectations of him. Everything that was good in him was exaggerated by his mother, all that was blamable or could give a parent anxiety was entirely withheld, so that the blow he received, when it fell, was dreadful. It was a great pity, for if my master and mistress had acted together, all might have been happy now,—but there is Mr. Davis, if you wish to speak to him."

Mr. Courtenay immediately joined him. The purport of his present visit was to propose that he should bring an intimate friend of his, a physician of celebrity in London, whose society he expected for a few days, to call on Mrs. Davis with him. Mr. Davis gladly accepted the offer, and it was agreed that Dr. Luxmore should see Mrs. Davis the next morning. Before they reached the house, Mr. Courtenay had briefly informed the Doctor, under what state of feeling his patient was labouring.

"Poor thing!" said the Doctor, when he had finished, "the physician has little prospect of gaining credit in cases of heart sickness. I see this every day in my visits to — Hospital: young and old of both sexes from this cause, sometimes known to us, sometimes hardly suspected, defeat the science, and baffle the energies of the most skilful amongst us. Singular circumstances, too, respecting individuals occasionally present themselves; and if instances of human depravity call forth our indignation or sorrow, bright sparks of worth, shining often in the dark caverns of the human heart, like diamonds in a mine, reconcile us to our kind, and change contempt or abhorrence into pity and commiseration. You smile as if you thought I was taking a flight in the regions of fancy—smile, if you like—my remark was drawn from nature, and from certain recollections of a case in the Hospital; I shall not repeat the particulars, nor how I became acquainted with them. The parties were a young man, who had received very serious injury from the wheels of a carriage having passed over his body, and a poor girl who occasionally visited him, and to whom he was really indebted, for her kindness was indeed most disinterested. I shall think of poor Sally.—By-the-by, she comes from this neighbourhood."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Courtenay, who till now had allowed his thoughts to wander; "what is her surname?"

"That is more than I can tell you," replied the Doctor. "If I ever knew it, which I should suppose too that I did, I have forgotten it."

"And the young man's?" asked Mr. Courtenay.

"Clarke, certainly," replied he.

"Then I am at sea again," said Mr. Courtenay. "I positively began to think I had obtained a clue to our fugitive. If it be Sally Groves that you have seen, she knows something of Frank Davis, I am convinced. Are you likely to fall in with her again?"

This the Doctor told him it was impossible for him to say; but he promised that he would make some inquiry after her as soon as he returned to town, which would be in about three weeks, and would inform him

if he had anything worth communicating. Mr. Courtenay mentioned the circumstance to Jane, but forbade her to say a word to her mistress about it—an injunction which the agitation produced in her own mind by such a surmise, rendered unnecessary—for it showed her clearly what would be its effect on her more sensitive mistress.

Mrs. Davis was worse that day than ever Mr. Courtenay had seen her, and neither he nor Dr. Luxmore gave the family any hope of her recovery; indeed, her end was fast approaching. The greater part of that afternoon she had been unusually inclined to talk to Jane; one subject alone, however, occupied her thoughts—she could speak of no one but Frank.

"I shall never see him again," said she, taking the handkerchief that lay on the sheet beside her, and wiping her eyes; "hope of that is gone; but if I could but know what is become of him, I could be reconciled to the thought. Sleeping or waking, I have him always before my eyes. Sometimes I see him in the waters, struggling with the waves, and drowning. Sometimes I fancy frightful-looking wretches are murdering him; and I think I echo the shriek in my sleep that I dreamt he was uttering. Sometimes I see him dying of hunger, and hear him calling on his mother for food. Oh, Jane! often when you have urged me to eat, thoughts of my poor Frank it was, that made me turn heart-sick from the dainty morsel."

She held the handkerchief again to her eyes, and for a few moments was silent; nor did Jane think proper to speak to her.

"Are you there, Jane?" cried she. The faithful creature took her hand.

"I wonder what could have made such a youth as him go astray so sadly?" She paused, and Jane was silent. "And to hide all from me," she resumed; "from me who was always so indulgent to him. Let him have deceived whom he might, he should not have deceived me—should he?"

She looked at her earnestly, but Jane was silent.

"There was no excuse for his deceiving *me*, Jane, was there?" asked she.

But Jane saw not the working of her heart, though something in her own intimated that there was more meaning in these questions than the mere words conveyed.

"Will you be displeased," said Jane, at last, "if I tell you honestly and truly what I think?"

"I promise you I will not," replied she; "tell me all; there is more here" (and she laid her hand on her heart) "than will ever be known, if you do not speak out now—more than ever I shall afterwards find words to say."

"Oh, my dear mistress," cried Jane, tears starting from her eyes, "if I must speak out, I will. I grieve to say that I cannot but blame you in some things, kind and good as you have been. If you yourself had kept to the plain, simple path of truth, it would have been better for us all—children and servants would have done their duty more truly, and much of our present unhappiness, if not all, would have been avoided."

Her eyes had been fixed on her mistress's countenance all the time she was speaking, and a glance of displeasure would have checked her; but no such expression was discernible, nor did her words seem to give pain. On the contrary, her features became more lightened, and something of her former animation returned.

"Good creature!" exclaimed she, extending her hand to Jane, "you are right; the fault lies with me. I have seen it; I have felt it for some time; but I could not own it. What a relief is this to me! Oh, Jane! I have acted very wrong. It is ~~I~~ who taught my children, and poor Frank especially, to deceive; and that by telling half truths, and giving false colouring to what I said. Yes, yes, I do but drink the dregs of the cup I gave so constantly to others. I thought it wisdom, and I find it folly, not to say more, as I might, to use any subterfuge. I prided myself on my dexterity, in this respect, and now I look back upon it with shame and sorrow." I cannot own this to my husband, nor to my children; I cannot bear that he should think more meanly of me, than I fear he does, when I am gone; and they would not understand me; perhaps, would not give me credit for what I say—that is a bitter thought. Oh, Jane! if you can do anything to correct the habit I know they are all guilty of, for my sake, for your mistress's sake, use your utmost endeavours to effect the good purpose. Your master will never part with you; and it will be a comfort to me to hope that my errors may be counteracted by your steady virtue."

Jane had sunk on her knees by the bedside—she kissed the hand that grasped hers, and bathed it with her tears.

"I will do all—I will do anything you wish," sobbed she.

"Enough," said Mrs. Davis, with a faint smile; "I am satisfied. I thank and bless you. Now, listen to what I am going to say." Jane obeyed her mistress, and sat down in the chair beside her. She then gave full instructions to her respecting Frank, in case he should return; and when this was done, she desired her to give her a pair of scissors, and to help her to sit up. Cutting off a lock of her hair, she put it into Jane's hand, with a charge that she should deliver it to Frank, with the love of his dying mother. "I would add forgiveness," said she mournfully; "but, poor boy, I need his pardon, perhaps, more than he needs mine."

She again laid her head on the pillow, wept for some minutes, and then sunk into a sleep. Jane stood to watch her. Presently she heard the step of her master; and, gently motioning him to make no noise, she pointed to the other side of the bed. For some moments he contemplated his wife in silence.

"Is she worse?" asked he, speaking more loudly in his alarm than he would otherwise have done.

The voice aroused her; she opened her eyes, and recognised him. The expression of her countenance overpowered him, and the stern man wept as he laid his cheek to hers.

"Only this once," murmured she, with difficulty. "Frank—forgive—"

It was the last effort of nature; the sentence remained unfinished; the seal of death was on her lips.

[To be continued.]

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Soy, the well-known sauce, is prepared from the seeds of an East Indian plant, *Dolichos soja*; the seeds, having some resemblance in shape and colour to a beetle, have probably given rise to the sailors' joke that soy was made from beetles or cockroaches.

ON GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.—No. II.

THE mode of estimating the value of the diamond is by its weight in carats. If we have a diamond of the first water, *free from flaws, and properly cut*, its value is as the square of the weight in carats multiplied by eight. Diamonds of from one to five, or even ten carats are readily sold at that price; for diamonds of a larger size it is not so easy to find customers. A diamond of one carat is worth 8*l.*; a diamond of two carats is worth 32*l.*; one of ten carats is worth 800*l.*

Comparing the diamond with those substances which are of the greatest utility to mankind, we find the money value of the latter, as compared with their utility, to be in an inverse ratio. Take a substance very similar to the diamond in composition, namely, coal. To express the value of an ounce of coal we have no coin sufficiently small; it is the same with iron and lead (metals of inestimable importance). An ounce of copper may be worth a penny; an ounce of silver may be worth five shillings; an ounce of pure gold, four pounds. But the very refuse of the diamond—that which is only used for the purpose of breaking up into small particles for cutting other stones, is worth fifty pounds an ounce.*

In India there are modes of estimating the value of precious stones quite independently of their money value. The Hindoos have various superstitions respecting them, medicinal and other virtues being attributed to certain stones, which are frequently pierced and worn about the person as charms.†

The working for diamonds in the Brazils, as described by Mr. Mawe, consists in first scooping out gravel and alluvial soil from the beds of rivers, and then allowing a current of water to pass over the same, which is arranged in troughs, and continually raked up to the head of the troughs, so as to be kept in constant motion. By this means the earthy portions are first washed away, and the remaining gravel is carefully searched for diamonds. These, when below the water, resemble pieces of gum, and are very easy to be recognised by any one who has once seen them.—See ‘*Travels in Interior of Brazil*,’ by J. Mawe, Lond. 1812.

Dr. J. E. Cliffe, the owner of a diamond mine in the Brazils, who was in London last year, has kindly furnished me with the following

* The annual value of the iron and coal raised in this country is about twenty million pounds sterling; whereas the whole annual value of the gems and precious stones imported into England does not amount to half a million pounds sterling.

† The diamond is supposed by some to be a preservative from lightning, and to cause the teeth to fall out when put into the mouth; but this is objected to by one author, on the ground that diamond-powder has been used for tooth-powder with no bad effect.

The medical properties of the sapphire are supposed to be remarkable: “it purifies the blood, strengthens, quenches thirst; it dispels melancholy reflections; and as a talisman, averts dangers, insures honour and competence.”

The medical and talismanic properties of the emerald are, averting bad dreams, giving courage, curing palsy, cold, &c.—*Oriental Accounts of the Precious Minerals*, translated by Raja Kalikishen; with Remarks by James Prinsep, F.R.S., &c., in the “*Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*,” page 353, vol. i. Calcutta, 1832.

particulars of the mode of washing for diamonds on his property and in the neighbouring district:—

“On the third of the great north and south range of mountains from the sea-coast, going westerly, and commencing at the village of Itambé, in Minas Geraes, and thence northerly to Sincora, on the Paragussu River, province of Bahia, a region comprised between $20^{\circ} 19'$ to 18° of south latitude, diamonds are found in greater or less abundance; but the principal working, so long known as the diamond district, is the high, mountainous, and sterile tract of country situated between the heads of the northern branches of the River Doce, the heads of the River Arassuahy, the heads of the River Jequetinhonha, and the heads of the great river of San Francisco. The prevailing rock is the itacolumite, or mica schist, occasionally intersected with irregular quartz veins, running in all directions. Portions of those mountains, with the occasional mountain flats or plains, the valleys of the watercourses, as well as the beds of the streams, have always been considered the most productive in fine stones, both for quantity, size, and quality; and this has been more remarkably so where the rocks are pointedly appearing upwards, and projecting from 1 to 10 ft. in height, but are characterised, at the same time, as being deeply weather-worn, as though the teeth of Time had literally bitten pieces out of them, many having holes completely through them; others contain cavities, which, if laid horizontal, would hold many quarts of water. In those parts of the mountain where the mica schist is either at an angle to the plane of the horizon, or in flattened layers, and smooth in its articulations and surfaces, very few, if any, stones are found. In several instances in this mountain range, stones occur on the truncated cones of the larger groups of rocks or rocky mounds, rising out of the mountain plain, especially near the village of Datas; but the beds of watercourses, both ancient and modern, and even those from small springs, as well as large rivers, with their adjoining flats, have been washed for diamonds very extensively. Many places have proved to be highly rich, such as Curralinho, Datas, Mendanho, Cavallo Morte, Caxoeira do Inferno; these are not only remarkable places from their having produced many diamonds of superior quality and size, but are literally surrounded with those pointed rocks projecting from their rocky bases. In the Jequetinhonha, with its numerous heads, the richest diamonds have been regularly found; but only on one side of the river, viz., the left-hand going downwards to about twenty-five leagues, where they gradually become so small that many are required to make a grain weight: some are fragments, but many are perfect crystals. For a few leagues the river is barren, but at the junction of the Itambicuruçu (a river which rises in the mountains of Grao Mogul) diamonds again appear, and becoming smaller and smaller, gradually disappear some few leagues farther down. Gold dust and platina are found in the river, and seem to have followed the same laws of motive power. Gold is no longer washed for when the fineness is such that it literally floats away in endeavouring to separate it in the washing-bowl. Three leagues north-west from Diamantina a clay vein exists of some considerable length: it is very soft, and of the breadth of 19 ft.: it was rich in diamonds for about 200 yards in length, and 60 ft. in depth. At present it is washed below the level of a brook; the owner finds, as the depth increases, the produce is materially lessened. There is a good deal of sameness in the colour and the leading features

of the crystallization of diamonds from each range or locality, and also in quality, but not in size. In the gravel (*cascalhão*, diluvial), at the bottoms of the rocky rivers, or watercourses, especially the large ones, there is a mixture of all sorts of stones from the upper, but none found from the lower ranges. The rivers are usually turned by ingeniously building a dam, with triangles of timber and fascines of stones, enveloped in grass, and channels, formed laterally, by walls of the same material, sufficient to carry off the water, leaving, with the aid of a pump and water-wheel, the bed of the river dry. The workings of the river have, firstly, a depth of sand, and recent matters from the washings above, varying from 6 to 20 ft. in depth, intermingled with rocks of all sizes; then a yellowish gravel (*cascalhão*), composed of water-rounded quartz, jasper, and sand and ironstone, forming a uniform thickness, lining the bed of the river. Usually, the upper surface is tolerably even, and regular in thickness for miles together in extent; thus the rocky bottom of the river may be said to be coated with this gravel. This contains the diamonds and a little gold, and is carefully carried out as long as the dry weather lasts, which is from April to the middle of October, and then washed after the rains commence, which immediately destroy all vestiges of the washings. Occasionally holes, waterworn (*panelas*), exist in the bed of the river, coated with conglomerate (*cança*), which are often rich in diamonds and gold. Five years ago, one of these holes (which had escaped detection in previous washings) was found by accident in the river: nearly 10 lbs. of superior stones were found in it, and 28 lbs. of gold dust. A place called *Pimentos* is also rich in diamonds; it had been once the bed of the river, but it was worn so deep and narrow that a large rock choked up the entrance, and for the river a new channel was formed, which was found, on washing it, to be without the diluvial gravel, or *cascalhão*. An accident gave rise to the tracing out of the old bed about six years ago, which nearly throughout was exceedingly rich in stones, remarkable for their size, as well as their uniform good quality. The *Bigonias* River, a branch of the River *Pardo*, and a confluent of the *San Francisco*, was also very rich, and is situated on the most Alpine rocky place I have ever seen: in some places, for a mile or two, a snuff-boxful of earth could not be found. Here the *débris* contains the most perfect-formed octahedral crystals of rutile; in fact, from their specific gravity and analogous shape, and possessing something of the metallic lustre of the diamond, more difficulty exists in separating the small diamond from them in the washings. *Sincora*, in the province of *Bahia*, which, a few years ago, gave such large quantities of stones, is no longer worked, as the expense of provisions, the pestiferous climate, the extraordinary class of people, of many nations, who took possession of the most likely places, the great mortality, the inferiority of most of the stones, and the consequent depreciation which ensued from their abundance, in some cases to nearly one-eighth of their value, soon brought it into disrepute. The stones here were characterised as being found superficially, and by having their crystallization extremely perfect, and highly polished on the planes. A considerable quantity of a black substance was found, of specific gravity like the diamond, but lamellar, or rather composed of a series of lamellar plates, and vesicular, but generally in fragmentary pieces. It was too imperfectly crystallized to be cut, although possessing brilliancy in places, and it admits of being pounded as dust for polishing other stones. It was termed '*carbonado*' by the

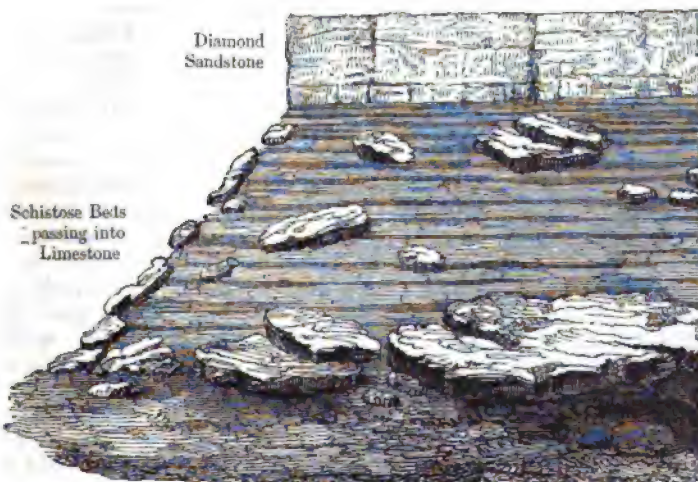
discoverers, from its charcoal-like appearance. In washing for diamonds, they are generally spread out over such a large extent of country, that there is no difficulty in finding some of them; but the real difficulty consists in finding a place which is commercially worth working; and, within a few months from the time of being found, they are slowly, but safely, transmitted to the coast, and are then forwarded to London, a very few only being consigned to Havre. They are mostly sent to Holland to be cut, then back to England to be set, and afterwards distributed over the world in their new form and brilliant appearance. In ordinary seasons, eight persons finding one half-ounce of three-grain stones are considered to have been fairly remunerated. It is said that in 10,000 diamonds only one is found exceeding 20 carats in weight. The washing or cleaning of the gravel is always imperfectly done, as every year some of it is again rewashed, and frequently as many as six or seven different times. But the process is imperfect, the specific gravity of the diamond being little above the rolled quartz pebbles, which constitute the mass of the gravel. The present mode of washing is by forming an inclined plane, where a small stream of water can be brought when required; the length is about 5 ft. by 2 ft. in width. A wheelbarrowful of the gravel is then thrown on the head of the place, which is defended by two sides of board, and also another piece at the head; a series of these is formed parallel. At the termination is an oblong catch-pit. In this pit people stand and throw water from a bowl, with some force, to the foot of the heap of gravel, as if trying to force it backwards. As the water runs off, it carries away with it a portion of sand and earthy matters. The larger stones are picked out by hand, and the process repeated till about half a cubic foot of the washed matter remains. It is then washed by hand in a bowl in the catch-pit, similar to gold-washing, and the diamonds, as they appear, are picked out. The contents of the catch-pit are rewashed as often as there appears to be a chance of its paying the cost. The gravel, broken rocks, sand, and all other matters, are carried in bowls on workmen's heads, or, if the work-people are sufficiently numerous, are passed in files from hand to hand; occasionally a double file, one passing the empty bowls. Hitherto no machinery has been found to answer, either from being improperly adapted, or imperfectly used."

Mr. Maiden, who is an extensive importer, has subsequently informed me, that "the mines of Surua and Sincora, in the province of Bahia, also produce diamonds. The washings of the former place have been abandoned on account of the smallness of the production and badness of the quality of the stones, the greater part of which appear to me to be crystallized, and to have the appearance of having been exposed to the action of fire. The Sincora mine was discovered about the year 1843 by a mulatto miner, who had previously been engaged at the washings of Surua. On retiring from Surua, he proceeded into the interior alone and with but fourteen days' provision, in search of other washings, which he succeeded in finding in a few days. After labouring with success for some days, he found that his provisions were barely sufficient to carry him back to his home. He was therefore obliged to relinquish his labours, and return with the stones he had collected, which he offered for sale to some of the parties who had been engaged at the Surua mine. As the stones were of a different quality and shape to any they had seen before, they taxed him with having discovered a new mine. For some

time he strongly denied having done so, but on being thrown into prison, and accused of having stolen the diamonds, he confessed his discovery, and, on promise of making it known, was released. Six or eight months after, from ten to fifteen thousand persons had collected on the spot. The production was so abundant, that, for the first two years, it is supposed that nearly 600,000 carats were extracted, and forwarded to Europe. In consequence, the prices of rough diamonds fell from 38*s.* and 40*s.* to 18*s.* and 20*s.*, and, some eight months after, went down as low as 12*s.* and 14*s.* The decrease in value, increased difficulties of finding, and high prices of provisions, together with the unhealthiness of the climate, caused many of the miners to retire; in consequence of which the production has considerably diminished, and may at this present time, 1852, be, on an average, about 130,000 carats per annum. The quality of the Sincora diamonds is inferior to those found in Minas Geraes or Cuyaba. Since Dr. Cliffe's article was written, a new mine has been discovered, in the province of Minas Geraes, on the margins of the River Patrocinho. It is denominated Bagagem, and has produced some large stones.* A stone was found there in 1851, weighing 117 carats, and in the months of January or February 1853, one of 254½ carats was found in the same river by a negress.* It is said to be one of the largest and finest diamonds ever found, and was sold in the city of Rio de Janeiro for the sum of 30,500*l.*

In a paper 'On the Fossils of the Eastern Portion of the Great Basaltic District of India,' by the late J. G. Malcolmson, Esq., printed in the 'Transactions' of the Geological Society of London, second series, vol v. p. 537, 1840—will be found a description of the geological "Age of the Diamond Sandstone and Argillaceous Limestone" of India. We have subjoined the woodcut from that paper, illustrating the formation.

DIAMOND MINES IN THE TABLE-LAND OF BANGNAPILLY.



Having dilated so largely upon the diamond, time will permit me to

* It was brought to England in February 1854. Google

give only a brief notice of the other precious stones. I will first describe Corundum. It consists almost entirely of pure alumina, and is next in hardness to the diamond, from which it differs in crystalline form, occurring commonly in six-sided prisms, as indicated by figs. 8, 9, 10, 11, page 368, sometimes terminated at one or both ends by six-sided pyramids. In some respects these crystals resemble those of quartz, but may be distinguished therefrom by being more elongated: they are also of a superior specific gravity and hardness. The presence of certain metallic oxides in minute quantity imparts colour to this substance. When of a pink colour, it is called the Oriental ruby; when violet, Oriental amethyst; when yellow, Oriental topaz; when blue, it is called a sapphire. You will remember of these gems many rare examples in the Indian and British departments, particularly several magnificent sapphires. Diverging rays of light are also exhibited by this stone, whence it is called *Asteria*, or *Starstone*. Some very fine specimens, exhibited by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, formed a portion of Mr. Hope's collection. The Oriental ruby, when of fine colour and free from imperfections, is more valuable than a diamond of equal weight, and a larger price is given for it in India. The finer varieties of corundum, as used in jewellery, are chiefly brought from Ceylon.

The Chrysoberyl, or Cymophane, is next in hardness to corundum: it is not much worn, although a beautiful stone, frequently possessing a milky or opalescent appearance; when cut *en cabochon* it exhibits a floating white band of light, from which the name cymophane is derived. Some choice examples gave visitors an opportunity of becoming acquainted with its appearance.

I next allude to the Spinel. This is found crystallized as in figures 12, 13, and 14, page 368: its red varieties are occasionally mistaken for the Oriental ruby, but may be distinguished by a less degree of hardness and specific gravity.

The Great Exhibition contained some remarkable specimens of Topaz of different colours, consisting of white, yellow, pink, and blue. It is found in rhombic crystals, often deeply striated in the longitudinal direction of the prism, as shown in figures 17 and 18, page 368. White topazes are obtained from New South Wales, Ceylon, and Brazil. The majority from Brazil are of a yellow or pink colour: the latter may be produced artificially by the application of heat to the yellow variety. There were some large topazes, sent as pebbles from the Cairngorm mountains in Scotland; and a clergyman from that district informs me that he has often picked up such, supposing them to be mere quartz pebbles. These mountains are famous for a coloured variety of transparent quartz, which bears their name; but the distinction may always be made, even should the crystalline form be destroyed, as in the water-worn pebble (figure 19), page 368, by either breaking it or taking the specific gravity. In the quartz, the fracture will be curved like a piece of broken glass; in the topaz, it will be perfectly smooth, as indicated by the line *a b*, figure 19, and at right angles to the axis of the original prism; pieces may be readily detected parallel to this flat surface.

An incident occurred to myself in the Exhibition which shows the utility and safety of resorting to the specific gravity as an important test. Many of my hearers doubtless remember a beautiful stone in the Russian department, which was labelled Phenakite. This stone was of a bluish colour, and very brilliant. In company with several other persons I

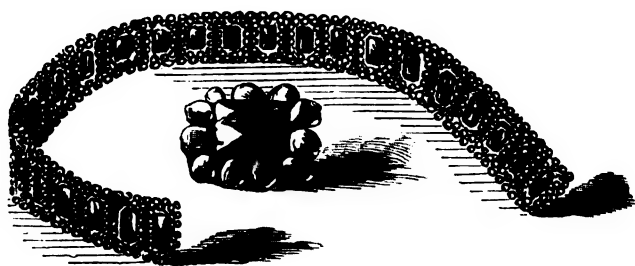
examined it closely. Opinions were various concerning its nature; one said it was a beryl, another thought it must be an aquamarine, and a third pronounced it a topaz. The owner gave permission to scratch the surface; but at my suggestion it was decided, as the safer test, to ascertain its specific gravity. I was allowed to take the stone to the Royal Institution and weigh it in their scales. I compared it with a topaz in the natural state. On weighing both, I discovered the result to be precisely the same, therefore the so-called phenakite was proved to be a topaz.

The process of taking the specific gravity of a stone is extremely simple. In the case before us, we first weighed the stone in air, and found its weight to be 562 grains; we then immersed it in water, and found it to weigh only 404 grains. Thus it had lost 158 grains, and by dividing the first weight by the difference we obtained the specific gravity. It is a simple sum, which any schoolboy can do, and yet it is one which is seldom resorted to by persons who spend thousands of pounds in the purchase of gems. By dividing 562 by 158, we obtain 3.5 as the specific gravity of this stone, whereas, had it been phenakite, the specific gravity would have been 2.7.

The Great Exhibition, doubtless, contained the finest known Emerald, and through the kindness of its owner we have an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with it this evening. Comparing it with those magnificent emeralds on the portion of the trappings of the horse in the Indian Collection, I find it to be half an inch longer than the largest of them. The profusion and beauty of the emeralds and other precious stones in that department were almost bewildering, yet not one could be found to rival the extraordinary stone before us. It has been variously described by several authors. This beautiful stone was placed in my case at the Exhibition, and was its greatest ornament, as well as a striking feature in the general collection. The woodcut gives the exact size. It is 2 inches in length, and measures across the three diameters $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch., $2\frac{3}{4}$ inch., and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch.; and it weighs 8 oz. 18 dwts. It is a six-sided prism, and has a small piece of quartz adhering, which if detached would probably weigh 3 or 4 dwts. This emerald was obtained from Muro, near Santa Fé de Bogota, in Granada. Several other fine specimens from the same locality were placed near it. I believe this fine crystal was brought to England by Dom Pedro, from whom it was purchased by the Duke of Devonshire. The beautiful



colour of the emerald is due to 1 or 2 per cent. of oxide of chromium. The emerald consists of silica 68, alumina 15, glucina, with a trace of lime, oxide of iron, and chromium. This stone breaks readily at right angles to its axis, and the Eastern lapidaries have availed themselves of this quality. In the girdle of an Indian chief, which formed a remark-



THE EMERALD GIRDLER, AND DIAMOND BROOCH, CALLED "SEA OF LIGHT." *

able object in the East Indian collection, most of the emeralds were slices of the natural crystal polished and mounted. The natural faces of the crystal were, in several instances, preserved, and the slices thus obtained were surrounded with diamonds, some in the natural state. This was the usual mode of mounting them previous to 1456. The slices of emeralds in this girdle are a quarter of an inch thick. Beside this emerald girdle there were some curious emerald ornaments, containing three large stones in each; also an emerald and diamond turban ornament, a diamond and emerald bridle, &c. These are a portion of the jewels previously described by the Hon. Miss Eden.

The Beryl is a substance which differs but little from the emerald, except in colour; it has the same crystalline form, hardness, and specific gravity. The Australian department contained some good specimens of this stone, and there is no doubt that when the mineral treasures of Australia come to be better known, stones fit for the finest jewellery may be obtained from it. Interesting specimens were exhibited from the Mourne Mountains county Down, and Cairngorm in Aberdeenshire.

A gigantic opaque beryl from North America, unfit for jewellery, weighing 80lbs., was in the Exhibition; but there is one in the British Museum of about the same size, and of a more perfect form. Pebbles of quartz are frequently mistaken for beryls, and *vice versa*. When these substances are crystallized, the means of distinguishing them are very simple; quartz (see figure 21) is striated transversely on the planes of the prism; beryl (fig. 22) is striated longitudinally; and by sacrificing one or two crystals, and observing the fracture, the truth may be ascertained. If emerald or beryl, the fracture will be in planes, like the slices in the Indian girdle, or the cleavage of topaz, already shown in figure 19; if quartz, the fracture will never be in a straight line, but conchoidal. Mr. A. Hope exhibited a fine transparent beryl, forming the hilt of a sword.

Shortly before the close of the Exhibition a precious opal in its

* This girdle is now in the possession of Her Majesty.

matrix, from Hungary, was shown in the Austrian department. This stone was remarkable for its varied colours, and attracted much notice. Several interesting specimens were also shown in the American department.

Many of the jewellers made a display of precious garnets, or carbuncles, in the various collections of precious stones. The crystalline form of garnet is that of a rhombic dodecahedron, fig. 16, and the same having all the edges replaced by six-sided planes as shown in fig. 15.

Tourmaline.—Only a few of these were shown. This mineral is more valuable for optical than ornamental purposes. Fig. 20 is one of its most common forms.

Many beautiful examples of artificial gems were exhibited, and it required an experienced eye to distinguish them from the real specimens. They may, however, in all cases, be readily distinguished by their inferior hardness, yielding readily to the file, or to a crystal of quartz.

In conclusion, I desire to draw the attention of all persons likely to travel in foreign countries, especially to Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, India, and Canada, to the great importance of a knowledge of minerals. There is no country in the world possessing a wider range of territory or greater mineral wealth than Great Britain; consequently, there is none in which the study of mineralogy is more important; yet the ignorance which prevails on the subject is astonishing. I am frequently receiving packages and letters of inquiry from our colonies, containing pebbles of quartz and bits of shining iron pyrites, which a few simple experiments would render unnecessary. A very small amount of knowledge as to the method of testing minerals, especially as to their specific gravity, would save months of anxious suspense, which must occur while waiting a reply from England. But I am not without hope that the ignorance which leads to such mistakes as these will gradually be dispelled. The Great Exhibition afforded noble opportunities for the study and comparison of minerals: equal, if not greater, facilities are afforded by the collection in the British Museum,* which may be examined every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; and I trust that the stimulus thus given to the study of mineralogy, as well as to that of almost every other branch of human knowledge, will not be allowed to die away, but will effectually arouse the nation to a sense of the great importance of Natural History in every scheme that may henceforth be devised for the public or private tuition of our people.

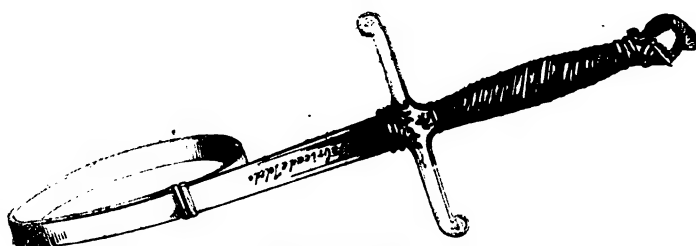
149 Strand.

J. T.

* Specimens illustrating some of the general descriptions in this Lecture can be studied by referring to the following Cases in the Mineralogical Department:—Diamonds, Case 4; Corundum, including the coloured varieties known in Jewellery as Oriental Stones, viz., Sapphire, Ruby, Topaz, Amethyst, &c., Case 19; Chrysoberyl, 19; Spinel, 19; Topaz, 58A; Emerald and Beryl, 37; Opal, 24; Garnets, 36; Tourmaline, 40; Quartz, 20. And Jewels in a polished state, constituting the Crown Jewels, can be seen in the Tower of London, daily, for the small charge of sixpence.

*. At page 371, line 18, for 'plans' read 'planes.'

TOLEDO.



TOLEDO BLADE.

THE sword-blades and daggers of Toledo were anciently held in very high estimation, and even at the present time they are so famous for their temper, that the mode in which their fabrication is conducted cannot fail to be an interesting object of inquiry to the curious.

At all ages, the Toledans maintain, not only in the days of chivalry but at the time when Spain was occupied by the Romans, their city was celebrated for the temper and general excellence of its swords. After the expulsion of the Moors, the occupation of armourer was considered an honourable profession, and great privileges were bestowed on this corporation. It was not permitted every one who chose to exercise the calling. It was necessary to undergo certain examinations, to be passed master in the art, to have a spotless character for honesty and integrity. The grand master then delivered to the candidate a diploma, after which he was entitled to exercise the noble profession.

In the time of Nicholas Nortuno, Juan, Martinez, Antonio Ruiz, Dionisio Corrientes, names great in the annals of Christian Toledo, and even now spelt out with great veneration on the rusty blades treasured up by the peaceable collectors of ancient armour.—In the time of these great names, many a trusty sword was prized which on the battle-field never disappointed its bearer; but when the invention of gunpowder changed the whole system of war, in vain did their successors manufacture swords of good temper—the sale of them was gone. The very cut was on the point of disappearing, when, about the year 1760, Charles III. resolved, in order to preserve it, to place the manufacture under the protection of the State.

In imitation of the old system, he established within the city a manufactory, situated on a steep precipice elevated two or three hundred feet above the Tagus; but, before long, he discovered that it would be far more desirable to transplant it to the banks of the river, in order that the water, so excellent in the process of tempering, might also serve to turn grinding and polishing mills, these operations having hitherto been performed by manual labour. Consequently, about a quarter of a league from the city, in the fine large plain which stretches to the north, he erected a building especially adapted to this purpose, which is still in existence. It contains workshops appropriated to the manufacture of the several parts of a sword-blade, hilt, scabbard, &c.

We shall describe here the process of making a sword-blade only, as being the most interesting. The workmen, distributed through eight

workshops containing each two forges, take two pieces of bar steel, measuring three or four inches in length, according to the destined size of the weapon on which they are engaged. Between these two pieces of steel they place a piece of iron of the same size previously wrought into a mass from old horseshoes. This old iron is peculiarly soft and malleable, owing, perhaps, to the immense number of little blows which the iron receives at each step of the horse, and perhaps to the peculiar method adopted by the Spanish farriers. Their system is very different from that pursued in this country, for instead of heating and reheating the iron again and again, they place it but once in the fire, and while it remains hot beat it into the rude shape of a horseshoe. After it has become cold, they begin again to beat with a small hammer for one turn or two, until the form is perfect and the shoe is almost polished from the effect of the blows. This operation is not carried on at the forges.

Near some city gate, in a street of much resort, your ear as you pass is assailed by the clattering of hammers on iron, falling in clear, regular cadences; you look, and under a thatched shed built against a wall, you see, at a stall for shoeing horses, mules, and asses, one, two, three, and sometimes four farriers, in their picturesque costume, with one hand dealing blows with their hammers, now on their little anvil, now on the iron, and with the other manœuvring the shoe in the most skilful manner, turning now this side, now that, and at every blow making it spring up into the air.

If a muleteer passes by with his troop, the cadence becomes more rapid and concentrated, and the bright iron dances more nimbly. But the eyes of the farriers never leave their work, and although they sing lustily all the while with the nasal twang of the country, there is no reason to find fault with the handiwork of these honest and proud Castilians. To return, however, to the swords.

The smiths then take two pieces of steel, and place between them one piece of soft iron as described, and having made the whole red hot, weld them together with repeated blows of the hammer, beating it out at the same time to the requisite length, and giving it something of its future shape. To heat the metal they make no use of coal, which they consider too ardent in its effects, nor even of ordinary charcoal, but employ only a kind of very light and soft charcoal made for the purpose, of the stems of heath, resembling perhaps our peat.

The forging finished, the blades are passed on to the tempering-shops. Of these there are two, with two furnaces and as many cisterns filled with the yellow water of the Tagus. The same charcoal which is used in the forges serves also to heat the blades which are to undergo the process of tempering. One man blows two pair of bellows, one with each hand to regulate the heat and make it continuous. The temperer, after having carefully straightened the iron in case it has been bent at all during the forging, thrusts it into the middle of the burning charcoal, holding it by a rude wooden handle. When it is slightly heated, he withdraws it and rubs both sides with soap; suddenly it becomes clear and bright, and the flaws in the iron, if there are any, show themselves. He then thrusts it again into the fire, moving it about all the while until it becomes red hot throughout its whole length. Near the furnace is a large trough filled with water from the Tagus, so famous for its tempering properties. When the blade has attained the necessary degree of heat between red and orange, he withdraws it and plunges it slowly and with a

certain amount of gravity, into the water, beginning with the point, and with the flat part downwards if it be a sword, with the back if a sabre. It is necessary that that part of the blade, the strength of which will be most severely tried, should first touch the water, in order that, since the contraction which the metal undergoes by the coldness of the water is there greater, the defects in the welding of the thinnest part may be more readily detected. Immediately after dipping, the blade is drawn out from the water and suspended for two or three minutes over a brazier of charcoal. This does not burn with a white heat, but a beautiful blue flame escapes through the pieces of charcoal, and its heat puts a finishing stroke to the temper.

From the tempering-shop the blade is passed on to that of the polisher's. The Tagus has a considerable fall in the immediate vicinity of Toledo, and is traversed by seven weirs, fifty feet apart, with mills, the wheels of which turn a dozen greyish-red grindstones placed in two shops. On these stones workmen grind the blades until they have attained the requisite shape and size, but without giving them a polish. They are then sent on to the proving-shop. Before a blade is considered perfect, it must undergo three several formidable trials. The first is the most serious: it is made by resting the blade on a kind of iron horse, with a plating of copper, and bending it down by the exercise of great pressure with one hand on each side of the horse. This trial is repeated at a great number of different places and on both sides; and after the blade has passed them all, it must remain perfectly straight, and without a flaw being apparent. If there is any defect in the welding, it will shiver like glass under the pressure. The second proof is called that of the lion's tongue. The trier holds the blade by the hilt, places the point against the tongue of a lion, made of lead, fixed in the wall, and bends it into the form of more than a semicircle. The curve must be regular, without any bulge, and the blade must recover its straightness instantly that it is released. The third is made by exerting the whole strength of the arm in a cutting blow at a block of iron, resting on a cushion stuffed with hay. The blade must notch the iron and pass the trial without the least flaw on the edge. Those which have stood all these tests are sent back to the polishing-shop to receive a polish, which is always given by means of wooden wheels covered with composition; the others are treated as old iron. Only ten or twelve per cent. are usually found among the former. After polishing, the blades are handed over to the engraver; they are then hilted, placed in scabbards, and finally consigned to the Spaniards, who, having no one to cleave in twain with their invincible blades, use them to cut up their white cabbage, which they eat raw as salad.

Since this manufactory supplies not only swords and sabres, but poignards, lance-heads, and fencing-foils, both for home use and exportation, and as these various articles are manufactured in no fixed proportions, but to meet the existing demand, it is difficult to say what number is annually manufactured. It is, however, estimated at about seven or eight thousand pieces collectively—a number which might be doubled, or even trebled, if occasion required.

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NO LIE THRIVES.—No. XVIII.



ON this year Christmas-day happened to fall on Saturday, which gave Willis an opportunity of spending two days with his mother. He found the same spirit in herself that had breathed in her letters—placidly cheerful, tender, and considerate; grief cast a charm over her manner, which no heart, especially the heart of her son, could resist. That day last year Ellen had sat between them; and it was impossible that such an epoch should not recall her to their remembrance. Her loss was indeed a bitter trial to her mother, for she had been a second self to her; and her

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situation was now peculiarly lonely. Again Willis urged her to change her residence, and come so near to him that he might spend his evenings with her; but, as before, she resisted his solicitations.

"The void that I feel here, my dear Willis," said she, "I should feel everywhere; nay, probably I should be more sensible of it. All that is around me is full of my dear Ellen; this may sometimes bring pain, but it never fails to yield consolation. Memory is companionship—society. Her holy words, her meek submission, her tender thoughtfulness for every one's comfort, will ever be fresher to my mind here than in any other place; and I shall profit more by the reflection, too, that the sweet example she set was exhibited here. Besides you know not how long you may remain in London, and it is better for you to be free. Thought of me might interfere with your future prospects, and cause us both to regret that one change of residence might be followed by another less agreeable. Let us leave it to Providence; the mercy of the past is sufficient warrant for the wisdom and goodness of the future."

Willis said no more, and in his own heart he rejoiced that it would still be in his power to visit his mother in a spot which so many sweet associations combined to endear to him. The interview also that he had with Mr. Sharman made him still more pleased that his mother had come to the conclusion she expressed, for it gave a different turn to his views.

The information that good man imparted to him was, in some respects, more satisfactory than before. Mr. George Sharman was recovering the losses he had sustained, and his brother was no longer uneasy about the bills he had accepted. He continued to afford him accommodation, but no longer to its former extent. His chief annoyance at present arose from the journeyman who had succeeded Willis. In various ways he had done him considerable injury. Mr. Sharman had lost some of his best customers through this young man's misconduct, and he expressed a fear that it would not be in his own power to recover them. "Ah! Willis," replied he, as he concluded, "I had a son in you. I have had only indifferent servants around me since you left, and the longest and best established credit is not proof against that evil."

Willis listened attentively to him, and various reflections passed through his mind as he did so. He had formerly proposed to return to Seaforth, and, in the present circumstances, it might be effected with more advantage to Mr. Sharman than before. True, he would have preferred to remain some months longer, at least, in town, or to have seen business in a large manufacturing town; but the more he heard, the less able he felt to adhere to his own views. He was fully aware how much he was liked by all who frequented Mr. Sharman's shop, and he felt a strong hope that he should soon be able to bring matters entirely round. The thought of the comfort his society would prove to his mother turned the balance in favour of coming back to Seaforth; but he resolved to communicate his plan to neither till he had spoken to his present employers on the subject. They had treated him well, and he could not sacrifice one feeling of duty to another.

No hint, therefore, of his intention was dropped either to Mr. Sharman or his mother; but as soon as he had an opportunity he spoke to the superintending partner of the firm. He heard him with attention, and answered him with great kindness; expressing his regret to part with him, but encouraging him to pursue the plan he had named.

"You know your business well," said he; "it would be more to our

advantage than to yours should you remain with us ; though in a general way, no man can see too much, or acquire too much experience in the line of life he pursues. The path, also, that gratitude and right principle point out, brings most satisfaction to one's own mind, and is generally the most conducive to success. Whenever there is a doubt as to the propriety of a step, let it be taken on the side of duty, and neither repentance nor regret are likely to follow."

Thus encouraged, Willis wrote immediately to Mr. Sharman. "I do not," said he, "offer myself to you, lest you should again refuse me ; but I shall come at once and take up my old quarters with you ; and shall esteem myself happy if in any degree I add to your comfort and promote your success." The reply of Mr. Sharman was peculiarly gratifying to him. He now acquainted his mother with what he had done, and received her cordial sanction. Full of happiness, therefore, he prepared for his departure from London, took a grateful leave of Mr. —, and reached Seaforth, where he was welcomed with such pleasure as well repaid him for the regret which he had at first felt on resigning the plan he had marked out for himself.

His first step was, with the assistance of Mr. Sharman, to examine the books, to ascertain the amount of his liabilities, and to make himself thoroughly master of every transaction belonging to the concern. The result was satisfactory—there was no cause whatever of alarm ; and if any criterion could be formed for the realization of the most sanguine hopes of returning prosperity, it might have been found in the unusual pleasure expressed at the return of Willis.

It was an eventful day to others besides Willis and his friends that witnessed his return to Seaforth.

The early dew was yet hanging on the grass when a young man evidently much out of health, was seen walking with a stick and shabbily dressed on the road which led from the station to Seaforth. His step was slow and unsteady, and, at length, unable to proceed, he seated himself on the slope of the road, where he continued to watch, apparently, for some conveyance that might be passing. Nor was he disappointed—a light cart appeared, and in this he requested the boy who was driving to let him ride. The boon was granted, and Frank, for it was he, with the aid of the boy, ascended it. The few questions he attempted to ask procured no information. The lad was a stranger to the place, and knew no one in it. He had plenty to say, however, about other things, but Frank had no observation to make in reply.

When they had reached the entrance of the town, Frank requested to be set down. He could not bear to be seen by any one in the principal street, though there was little probability of his being recognised : of this, however, he was either insensible or forgetful. He felt mortified that he had not a penny to give the boy for his civility, and he expressed his regret.

"Never mind," replied he, with a good-humoured smile ; "you can't give it me if you haven't it—we never look for anything in these parts, for such a help as this. Nobody is the worse for you but the poor horse, and money would do him no good," and, so saying, he laughed aloud, cracked his whip, and proceeded at a pace that made him spring from one side to the other of the seat which swung in the middle of the cart.

Frank now made the best of his way by the back streets to his father's house. Before he had reached it, strength of body and firmness of resolution

had failed. He walked first to the front door, but he did not dare to touch the lock, his design having been to let himself in if possible, and go direct to the room where he was likely to see Jane. He stole round to the gate opening into the yard leading to the back entrance; he walked a few paces, paused, and stood debating within himself whether to proceed or withdraw. He tottered to the gate-post, beside which he supported himself, fixing his eyes on the kitchen door, in the hope that a servant might open it. He was very faint, and soon his head drooped on his chest. Suddenly, the door was opened, and afterwards shut with a noise that aroused him. He raised his eyes and beheld his father; he shook from head to foot. Should he throw himself in his way and implore admittance? He might, perhaps, have done so if the power had been granted him, but his limbs refused their office, and he remained riveted to the spot.

In front of Mr. Davis was Cora; with nose on the pavement and tail that vibrated backwards and forwards, she ran to the opposite post, taking no notice of him, and there continued to snuff around. Mr. Davis was looking thoughtfully on the ground, but catching sight of a stranger, and mistaking him for some itinerant traveller, he said, as he walked by him, "This is no place for you—you had better be gone."

Frank's heart died within him, a film overspread his sight; he clung with one arm to the post for support, whilst the other hung by his side. He started as something cold touched his hand, drew it up quickly, and casting his eyes down, beheld Cora, her feet now on his knee, and endeavouring again to reach his hand to lick it. She had caught the scent, and unperceived by him, had smelt around his feet till she had satisfied herself of his identity, and now sought to lavish, in her caresses, all her congratulations on his return.

The incident was too much for the shattered frame of the unhappy young man; he seated himself on the ground, and pressing the dog to his bosom, he wept like a child over her, Cora all the while licking him and whining to express her joy. Some minutes thus elapsed, when a maid-servant happening to look out of the window, was attracted by the spectacle, and called loudly to Jane, who was in an adjoining apartment, to come and see the sight. The girl had no suspicion of the connexion that existed between the stranger and the dog; but the faithful heart of Jane at once comprehended it. She walked quietly towards the spot, unperceived by Frank. The moment Cora saw her she sprang from his arms, bounded to Jane, and then again to Frank, barking and whining most expressively.

"My poor boy!" murmured Jane, bending her head to him.

Frank looked up, and, recognising her, cast such a glance of woe towards her that her own heart, like his, seemed to be breaking.

"Come in," said she, tenderly, assisting him to rise.

He attempted to obey her, but his strength was gone. Jane called to the other servant, and between them, Frank staggered into the house. Desiring the girl to say nothing to any one, she led him into the little back room which, in former happier days, he had called his own. Here she administered to his immediate necessities, and drew such an outline from him of his history as he was able to give.

"Will my father see me?" said he, as he concluded. "Oh, what a pang did he give me when, just now, he told me to be gone!"

"He did not know you, dear," replied Jane, who could neither speak nor look too kind.

"True," said he, mournfully, "but the words went to my heart almost as sharp as if he did. Jane, you must stand my friend—I know my poor mother is dead" (and he wept); "are my sisters at home?"

"They are," returned Jane.

"I had rather not see them, now at least, whatever I may do hereafter," said he; "if my father forbids me his house I will see no one."

Jane endeavoured to calm his agitation whilst she worked in her own mind what steps it would be most advisable to pursue. She saw clearly how much Frank needed rest, and his inability to bear the conflicting emotions that tore his heart, and she proposed his going to bed.

"Not till I have leave," said he firmly. "If my father denies me shelter, I will go to my mother's grave, take one long look at it, and then be seen here again no more for ever."

He had scarcely uttered the last words when the voice of Mr. Davis was heard.

"Jane!" cried he, calling at the bottom of the stairs, supposing her to be in the bedrooms; "did the dog come back? Is she with you? She went out with me, but I missed her before I had got out of the town."

"Your father takes a walk now before he goes to the Bank," said Jane, "and Cora, who is a great favourite, always goes with him."

"Jane, Jane!" again cried Mr. Davis.

"I am coming directly, sir," said she. Then turning to Frank, she bade him remain where he was, and hurried out of the room, closing the door after her. Every moment of her absence seemed lengthened into an hour; his agitation was almost insupportable, and when at length he heard footsteps approaching, life itself appeared to be receding.

"Frank!" said Jane, laying her hand on his shoulder.

He raised his eyes, and saw his father standing in the doorway. He made an effort to rise, with an intention, probably, to throw himself at his feet, but the exertion was too much for his strength, and he sunk down in a swoon.

When recollection returned he found himself in his own bed. He felt his hand in the grasp, not of a female, but, as he was instantly convinced, of his father. He involuntarily uttered a deep groan, and attempted to withdraw it. The action was resisted.

"Unhappy young man!" said Mr. Davis, in a low and unsteady voice, "forget the past, and live henceforth for the future; compose yourself, I will see you in the evening." So saying, he quietly quitted the room, leaving Jane alone with the returned prodigal.

Wisely and tenderly had the good creature acted on this trying occasion. When she first communicated to Mr. Davis that Frank was in the house, he peremptorily declared that nothing should induce him to allow him to remain, or even to interchange a word with him. Jane gently but feelingly represented the state of his health, and by every argument that she could frame, urged her master to relent; then perceiving that she was gaining ground, she entreated him to see his unhappy son at once, and not further exhaust his feeble frame by the dread of a protracted interview.

"Only see him," pleaded she, "if only for once; for your own sake—for my poor mistress's sake—speak one word to him."

It was well that she had adopted this plan. Frank had been tried to the utmost, and on Mr. Courtenay's arrival, he ordered that no one should be permitted to come into his chamber but Jane. "And Cora," said Frank faintly. Mr. Courtenay smiled. The poor dog had not left her

young master since she had first recognised him, and had now taken her place, as in former times, on the outside of his bed.

"Your father sent me here," said Mr. Courtenay, "a proof that he desires your recovery; meet his wishes then by keeping yourself as calm as possible; get a little sleep if you can, and do not attempt to talk, no, not with Jane."

Frank obeyed, and though very restless for a time, and inclined to converse rather than to sleep, he at length closed his eyes and sunk into a profound slumber.

Leaving Frank thus unconscious, and for a while happy in the forgetfulness of his situation, we will retrace the past, and account for his reappearance.

After remaining some time longer in the ——— Hospital, Frank was at length discharged: he was yet very weak, however, and little able to do anything for his support. He sought employment again as conductor of an omnibus, or driver of a cab, but was unsuccessful. He tried various means to gain a subsistence, but, notwithstanding all his exertions, it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself from destitution. Poor living, exposure to wet and cold, the ceaseless goadings of a mind convicted of merited distress, brought on a severe attack of illness, and he became an inmate once more of an hospital. A low fever brought him almost to the verge of the grave, and reduced his remaining strength to infantile weakness. The thought of home now dwelt incessantly upon his mind—home was the constant theme of his rambling discourse, the subject of his unquiet dreams. With returning reason the desire increased, and he finally resolved to brave the worst, and venture to go back to Seaforth.

He thought but little, however, of the means to accomplish his design when he considered it. Perform the journey on foot at length he recollected he could not, and he had nothing in his possession to dispose of. To one being alone could he tell his wishes and his wants. For a considerable time Sally had been unable to trace into what hospital he had been conveyed, but when it was known to her, she lost no time in again visiting him. To her he communicated all the workings of his mind, and was encouraged by her to put his plan into execution; still the means to effect this was as much a source of embarrassment to her as to Frank. If she sold the few clothes she owned, the wretched produce would avail but little for the purpose. She made the offer, however, and had left the shop in despair. She had walked far, and was tired and exhausted. As she was passing by an eminent banking-house in the City, one of the principals stepped out of the door. His white locks and benevolent countenance were too well known to be mistaken. Sally was at his side in an instant. "For the love of heaven," cried she, "give me a trifle!"

He looked at her for a moment. "Unhappy girl!" said he, drawing out his purse and dropping a coin into her hand; "take this, but never let me see you here again."

He passed on. Sally gazed after him, then at the money which she had grasped tightly. It was a half-sovereign. A stifled cry of joy and anguish burst from her lips. She returned to the pawnbroker's shop, completed the bargain, and sped with lightened heart to the hospital. She had eaten nothing that day—no matter—she was accustomed to hunger, and she would not reduce the stock which was already barely sufficient to allow the luxury of a third-class carriage.

"There," said she, as she placed the money into the hand of Frank,

"that will pay your fare, and buy you some little refreshment on the road; you are to have your discharge, they tell me, to-morrow."

Frank did not ask her how she obtained it, nor did he affect to refuse the gift. Holding the money in his hand, he told her he had already received the expected order, and was at liberty to go as early the next morning as he pleased.

"Lose no time, then," cried she; "go straight from the hospital to the terminus—I will come and see you safe off."

There was a pause. "Sally!" said Frank, abruptly, "go home too."

The sallow cheek of the wretched girl became still paler.

"I can't," cried she, turning her head aside.

"Do," returned he, earnestly; "do; leave this dreadful life, and try, like me, whether your parents will receive you; they need not know all."

"Never, never!" cried she, with convulsive effort, the hot tears starting into her inflamed eyes. "No, no! there is a wide difference between you and me—between young men and women. You may go home, may see your father, be forgiven by him, be looked upon again by the rest of them. You may get on in the world, grow rich, and be happy. People will say it was youth that led you astray, and many excuses will be found for you; but can I, can any girl, with any spark of feeling, who has done like me, show her face where all may read her shame and her disgrace? Will excuses be made for her? Will her youth be pleaded in her favour? Will the good take her into their notice—receive her into their service? No, no! a man may sin thus, and recover himself in the eyes of the world, but when a woman has sunk herself to the dust, she has scorn for her companion, contempt and infamy for her lot for the rest of her days. O, Frank! that men would think of this, and protect, not betray us; that they would pity and shield our weakness, and not turn it to our ruin! There would then be far less wickedness, far less misery in the world, and, oh! how much less horror of what is to come after!"

She paused; almost exhausted with the energy with which she had spoken, and with the feelings that struggled in her bosom. The right feeling shown by the unhappy girl was neither shared nor appreciated by Frank. He had attempted more than once to interrupt her; and he was again preparing to urge her to comply, when, clasping his arm, she exclaimed bitterly—"Say no more! it is torture to me! and besides—" forgetful at the moment that she had supplied Frank with the means of travelling, she was about to plead her own inability to meet the expense, when the remembrance flashed across her mind, and checked the words.

Early the next morning, Frank and Sally reached the terminus in — Street. He was so weak that he was glad to lean upon her, and agitation made him cold and shivering. He began to be impatient at the delay, for they were before time, and whether she shared it or not, she expressed the same feeling. At length the signal-bell rang. Sally grasped the hand of her companion.

"Will you go?" cried he; "if you will, we will divide the money, and travel by rail as far as it will take us."

"No, no," exclaimed she; "I can't go home. If I could bear to see my father and mother, how could I meet my young sister? Oh! that I could go to a home in the churchyard. I should like to be with them in death, though I shall be with them no more in life."

"Shall I see them for you?" asked Frank.

Her cheek shifted from pale to red, and from red to pale again.

"They'll not want to hear of me," said she, bitterly.

The words awoke a chord in Frank's bosom that jarred.

"And my father may refuse to see me," said he, trembling; "Sally, I dare not go—let us leave;" and he took a step towards the entrance.

"Go!" cried she; drawing him forward; "act like a man, and make your father see, and hear you too: but he'll not refuse you."

"Take your places," exclaimed the guard, as with quick steps he passed them.

Sally again assisted the feeble steps of Frank. She shook hands with him, watched how he seated himself—the ponderous machine became in motion, first so slowly, that she could walk by the side; then the speed was increased, the platform was cleared, she waved her hand, followed the train with her eyes till its velocity bore it away: she then burst into a passionate flood of tears, walked hastily away, and sought the abode of her wretchedness and guilt.

By the time that the train had reached the — station, Frank found himself so fatigued, that he resolved on sleeping there; he would then have a mile-and-a-half to walk to Seaforth. He passed a restless night; harassed by dreams if he slumbered, agitated by conflicting thoughts if he was awake. He rose early. He had yet a piece of biscuit in his pocket, which had been given him by Sally. On this, with some water from the pump in the inn-yard, he made his breakfast, and sallied forth on the road to Seaforth. Having walked a short distance, he felt himself so weary that he asked permission, as before related, to get into a light cart that was passing along.

[To be continued.]

ANCIENT LONDON.—No. XI.

THE period when London was completely walled round and fortified is not ascertained. It is probable that the British town, although by its situation naturally protected as before mentioned, was not without the defence of a ditch, entirely or partially surrounding it on the land side, perhaps with the additional defence of an earthen rampart and gates or passages through the rampart, and ingeniously contrived for defence, as may be traced in some remaining British camps, and the redoubted Lud may have constructed such a bulwark, so as to have associated his name with the early record of London as a walled city.

The walls of London, described by FitzStephen as he saw them in the time of Henry II., were no doubt those founded by Roman hands. "The wall," he says, "is high and great, well towered on the north side, with due distance between the towers. On the south side, also, the City was walled and towered, but the fishful river Thames, by his ebbing and flowing, has long since subverted them." The towers were fifteen in number, and there were then seven gates to the City. The area of this wall, whose bounds may still be traced by existing fragments, indicates an origin due to a late period, when the City had reached the full extension comprehended by its present wards, with the exception to those added at a period long subsequent, and distinguished as wards without, *i. e.*, the walls. But it may be conceived that before the erection of this complete fortification some means of defence had previously been resorted to by the Roman occupants. Some corroboration of this supposition is furnished by the following

account of a discovery near Bush Lane in the course of excavations before-mentioned:—*

"Opposite Scot's Yard a formidable wall of extraordinary thickness was found to cross the street diagonally. It measured in width twenty feet: it was built of flint and ragstone, with occasional masses of tiles. On the north side, however, there was such a preponderance of flints, and on the south side such a marked excess of ragstone as to justify raising a question whether one-half might not have been constructed at a period subsequent to the other, though the reason for the addition to a ten-foot wall is not apparent. So firmly had time solidified the mortar and ripened its power, that the labourers, in despair of being able to demolish the wall, were compelled, literally, to drive a tunnel through it, to admit the sewer. Whatever might have been the original destination of this wall, whether it formed part of a public building or a citadel, it must have been perverted from its original destination at some period during the Roman dynasty. The excavation was carried to the depth of fifteen feet, the remains of the wall appearing six feet below the present level. Adjoining the north side of the wall, and running absolutely upon it, a pavement of white tesserae, together with a flooring of lime and pounded tiles, supporting the flues of a hypocaust in rows of about one dozen, two feet apart; with these were several of the square hollow tiles, such as were used in the walls of domestic habitations for conveying the heated air to the apartments, which were here somewhat out of place, and adapted for the purpose of pillars by being filled with mortar. These remains must, therefore, have been long posterior to the erection of the great wall crossing this line. It appears that this wall must have been met with in digging the foundations for houses after the great fire of London, and has served to furnish Maitland with reasons for imagining that it formed part of the boundary of the City on the Thames side;† but if it were even a work of this kind, it would rather have been the northern than the southern limit. That it was not the latter appears clear enough. If this wall ever constituted a portion of the City boundary, it must have been at a very early period, when the infant metropolis was comparatively circumscribed, and its boundaries and arrangements altogether on a plan and scale different from those of late times. In Scot's Yard, opposite the great wall, at the depth of eight feet, was another wall, composed entirely of oblong tiles and mortar. It descended to a depth of thirteen feet, where alongside were pavements, such, in fact, as were used as a substitute for tesserae."

Those remains must have been the same, or a continuation of those before mentioned, as supposed (when previously discovered after the great fire) to have been a basilica, &c. Whatever they may have been, they betokened a place of strength; but it seems probable that here was a citadel, perhaps the original palatinate tower, and the wall on the other side of Scot's Yard would appear to have been an outwork, or continuation of the same fortress, either to enclose the seat of the Roman governor, or to command its approaches, if not part of a complete circumvallation of the entire settlement—a thing not incredible, when the activity of the Romans and their resources in works of construction are taken into view.

Simeon of Durham ascribes the foundation of the wall which bounded London at the period of its maturity, to the Emperor Constantine the

* 'Archæologia,' vol. xxix.

† Maitland, p. xii.

Great, undertaken at the instigation of his mother, Helena; and there is this corroboration of Simeon's assertion, that coins of Helena have, in several instances, been found among the foundations of the wall.

As regards London, history is silent during upwards of two centuries; after which interval it is found to have twice experienced such a narrow escape from pillage, as to show that the place was not in a defensible state, whether from the decay of its fortifications or in the entire absence of such works, cannot be clearly ascertained, although there is a degree of evidence in support of either supposition. The first of these attacks happened when, after the defeat of the tyrant Alectus,* his mercenary followers were cast loose upon their fortunes. A body of piratical Franks, thus left to their resources, made their way to London, which they were about to plunder, when they were suddenly induced to effect a retreat by the fortuitous arrival, on the Thames, of the Emperor Constantius, with a part of his fleet, which had been separated from the rest in a mist. This is related by Eumenius, who was attached to the household of Constantius, and probably writes as an eye-witness, when he adds that the Londoners, with their wives and children, joyfully went out to meet their deliverer and acknowledge their release from bondage, and the insolence and rapacity of the lawless Franks.

Seventy years later, London experienced a second rescue from a body of plunderers more formidable and barbarous than had beset it on the former occasion. At this time the country was overrun by a host of Franks and Saxons, leagued with hordes of Picts from beyond the northern boundaries, and Scots from Erin, or Ireland, who ravaged the province, spreading terror and leaving destruction as they swept the land—like a swarm of devouring locusts. In this inroad London was reduced to great straits, but was relieved by Theodosius with his cohorts from Rome. The Roman commander landed at the port of Rutupia and marched direct to London; and dividing his force he intercepted the straggling bands of foreign marauders, laden with booty and driving before them their unhappy captives, bound and strung together like an African slave-coffe. The barbarous confederates, being stripped in turn, Theodosius showed his magnanimity by returning the spoils to their rightful owners, retaining only a small portion for the succour of his harassed soldiers.† Theodosius entered London in triumph, and stayed there a considerable time, while he took steps for the better defence of the country by erecting and repairing fortresses, in the course of which operations it is not to be supposed that London was over-

* In the latter part of the Roman empire the depredations of the Teutonic Franks and Saxons on the British coast, which lay opposite to theirs, occasioned an appointment for the especial protection of those parts, under the title of "*Comes litoris Saxonie*," count of the Saxon shore, i. e. the shore open to the Saxons, being that part of the coast lying between Bransdunum or Brancaster in Norfolk, to the portus Adurni, supposed to be Pevensey in Sussex. From this source, it appears, sprung the British navy, and in the holders of this commanding office originated the series of tyrants, or self-elected emperors, who assumed the sovereign power over the Roman provinces in Gaul and Britain, in defiance of the home power and the imperial authority. The name of the first of these pretenders is unrecorded, it being known only that he was slain by a competitor named Probus. Carausius, his successor, born a Briton, according to the authority of Richard of Cirencester, met a similar fate, being slain at York by the dagger of his associate Alectus, who succeeded him in the usurpation of Imperial state.

† Ammianus Marcellinus.

looked, but in the absence of specific information it has been variously surmised that he either founded, rebuilt, or repaired the walls of this place. It was soon after this event that London, in common with about seventy other capital cities of Roman provinces, received the name of Augusta, for this we have the authority of Ammianus, who describes it as an old town formerly called *Lundinium*. This period, the latter part of the fourth century, may be conceived the zenith of Roman London; it was then invested with the full privileges of a *colonia*, and the Roman empire being divided into four great prefectures, these were divided into dioceses, Britain being one of them; the dioceses again into provinces, subject to presidents or consulars, and vicars or vice-presidents, and of the latter London was a residence.

The circumference of the walls of London is estimated at upwards of three miles, including a superficial area of about three hundred and eighty acres. Of the seven double gates enumerated by FitzStephen as appertaining to the wall in his time, four may be concluded to have been Aldgate on the east, Newgate on the west, Bridgegate on the south, and Cripplegate, or Aldersgate on the north; the other three are understood to have been the Tower postern, Ludgate, and one of the two northern gates, the priority of which is questionable.*

Without respect for FitzStephen's assertion, it has been strongly questioned if London was ever walled on the Thames side, but the fact is clearly corroborated by the observations of Mr. Roach Smith, who says:—"Of that portion (of London wall) which FitzStephen informs us bounded the City on the banks of the Thames, many persons have hitherto been in doubt, though without reason, as I shall presently show. At the same time, what FitzStephen adds relative to this wall on the waterside, being overturned and destroyed by the water seems altogether erroneous and improbable, as the Roman masonry is well known to be impervious to the action of that element. The present Thames Street follows the line of the Roman wall.

"A few months since some valuable contributions to our scanty topographical materials were furnished, which confirm the account given us of the line of the wall by the afore-mentioned author. The excavations for sewerage, which led to the discovery I am about to detail, commenced at Blackfriars. The workmen having advanced without impediment to the foot of Lambeth Hill, were then checked by a wall of extraordinary strength, which formed an angle with the Hill and Thames Street. Upon this wall the contractor for the sewers was obliged to open his course to the depth of about twenty feet, so that the greater portion of the structure had to be overthrown, to the great consumption of time and labour. The delay occasioned by the solidity and thickness of this wall gave me an opportunity of making careful notes as to its construction and course.

"It extends (as far as I had the means of observing) from Lambeth Hill to Queenhithe, with occasional breaks. In thickness it measured from

* Maitland is of opinion that this gate was originally the only north entrance to London, and that it was the thoroughfare by which Ermin Street entered the City. The antiquity of this gate is authenticated by a writing of Abba Floriacensis, preserved by Lidgate, which relates to the translation of the remains of King Edmund the Martyr, from Bedrithsworth (St. Edmundsbury) to London. By this it appears that the relics entered the City by this gate. Cripplegate is quoted in a charter of William the Conqueror, but under the designation of a postern only.

eight to ten feet. The height from the bottom of the sewer was about eight feet—in some places more or less ; it reached to within about nine feet from the present street and three from that which indicates the period of the Fire of London—in this district easily recognised. In some places the groundwork of the houses destroyed by the fire of 1666 abut on the wall.

“The foundation was made in the following manner :—oaken piles were first used ; upon these was laid a stratum of chalk and stones, and then a course of hewn sandstones, from three to four feet by two, and two and a half, firmly cemented with the well-known compound of quicklime, sand, and pounded tile. Upon this solid substructure was built the wall, composed of rag and flint, with layers of red and yellow, plain and carved edge tiles. The mortar throughout was quite equal in strength to the tiles, from which it could not be separated by force. One of the most remarkable features of this wall is the evidence it affords of the existence of an anterior building, which, from some cause or other, must have been destroyed.

“Many of the large stones above mentioned are sculptured and ornamented with mouldings, which denote their prior use in a frieze or entablature of an edifice, the magnitude of which may be conceived from the fact of these stones weighing in many instances upwards of half-a-ton.

“Whatever might have been the nature of this structure, its site, or cause of its overthrow, we have no means of determining. The probability of its destruction having been effected by the insurgent Britons under Boadicea suggests itself.

“In Thames Street, opposite Queen Street, about two years since, a wall precisely similar in general character was met with, and there is but little doubt of its having originally formed part of the same.”*

Connected with this wall on the Thames bank, a fortress, occupying a portion of the site of the present building of the Tower, is supposed to have constituted a citadel denominated in Stukely's map, ‘*Arx Palatina*,’ and presumed to have been the residence of the governor of Roman London about the time of Constantine. Evidences of some building of strength having existed on this spot prior to the Norman Conquest were discovered in 1720, in the shape of foundations, on the south side of the Keep or White Tower, having all the appearance of Roman masonry. A discovery made in digging foundations for the Ordnance Office in 1777, induced Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter, and President of the Society of Antiquaries, to conclude that this site was the capital fortress of the Romans, their Treasury as well as their Mint.”† This discovery consisted of “a silver ingot, and three gold coins, one of the Emperor Honorius, the others of Arcadius.”

“The ingot was in form of a double wedge, four inches long, and two and three-quarters broad in the broadest part, and three-eighths of an inch thick in the middle ; it appears to have been cast first, and then beaten into form by a hammer ; its weight is ten ounces eight grains of the troy pound. In the middle is struck in Roman letters—

* Observations on Roman Remains recently found in London, in a letter from Charles Roach Smith, Esq., F.S.A., to J. Gage Rokewood, Esq., F.R.S., Director, Feb. 25, 1841. *Archæologia*, vol. xxix, p. 148.

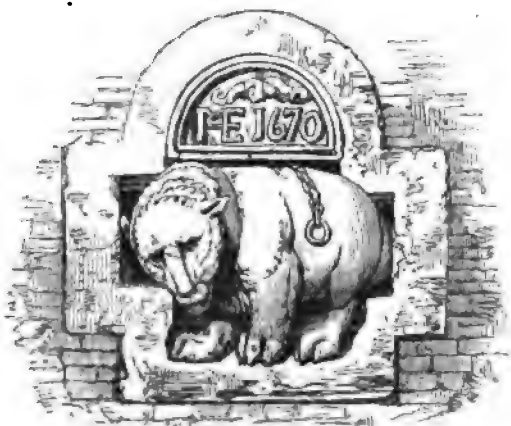
† *Archæologia*, vol. v., p. 291, tab. xiv.

“EX OFFIC
HONORII.

This is supposed to have come from the royal mint, then at Constantinople, and intended to ascertain the purity of the silver coin that might have been sent over with it, Honorius reigning over the empire of the west, as Arcadius did over that of the east. This was the expiration of the Roman power in Britain. The coins were supposed to have been part of the money sent to pay the last legion which was ever sent to the assistance of the Britons. The Tower was the Treasury in which the public money was deposited. The coins are in fine preservation. On the reverse is an armed man treading on a captive, with the legend VICTORIA AVGGG, and at the bottom CONOB. The first alludes to the success of the legion against the Picts and Scots, CONOB, may intend Constantinopli obsignata.”

Along the Thames bank, formerly bounded by London Wall, are the names of several gates still in use; but as the Saxon word signifies generally a way or passage, it is probable these were mostly assigned to the approaches of wharves, &c., subsequent to the general downfall of the wall.

In the reign of Henry VI. a tenement called Passeke's Wharf, and another called Horner's Key, a little westward of the Tower, were granted to William Harrington, Esq., and to John Churchman, grocer, in the reign of Richard II., “for the quiet of merchants,” built by the king's authority: a house called Wool Wharf, to serve for tronage or weighing of wools in the port of London, with an office, or compting-place, “for the customer,* comptrollers, clerks, and other officers of the said tronage,” in consideration of which the king agreed to pay yearly to the said John, during his life, forty shillings, at the terms of St. Michael and Easter, by even portions, by the hands of his customers. It appearing that the collectors of the customs were defrauded by the practice of skippers, who



SIGN OF THE BEAR—BEAR QUAY.

discharged their cargoes in creeks and obscure places, it was ordered, by an Act made in the first year of Queen Elizabeth (1559), “that no goods

* Reca ver of the Royal Levy of Duty.

should be put ashore at any place in the kingdom but where she should appoint by her commission, &c." Numerous landing-places between London and Gravesend were disabled in consequence of this Act, and the following places were authorized for the discharge of merchandise, viz., "Old Wool Key, New Wool Key, Galley Key, Andro Moris Key, Ambrose Thurston's Key, Rauff's Key, Cock's Key, Gibson's Key, Haddock's Key, Dyce's Key, Bear Key,* Sommer's Key, Buttolph's Wharf, Sabb's Key, Young's Key, Crown Key, Smart's Key, Fresh Wharf, and Gaunt's Key." Billingsgate and the Three Cranes in the Vintry were also appointed; the former as a receiving-place for fish, corn, salt, stones, victuals, and fruits, grocery-wares excepted, and the latter for the landing of all manner of wines and oils. The Bridge-house was likewise authorized for the landing of corn for the exclusive use of the City.

Upon the sites of the greater number of the above-mentioned quays, &c., rose the old Customhouse, which was rebuilt by Wren after the fire of 1666. Wren's building was destroyed by fire in the year 1718, and rebuilt, but afterwards replaced by the edifice founded in 1813 by Mr. D. Laing, and soon after altered by Sir Robert Smirke according to its present appearance.

THE ABORIGINES OF NEW ZEALAND.

A FEW years ago New Zealand did not possess a written language. A notched stick sometimes served as a kind of chronological chart, and the kaumatua, or "old man," would hold the stick in his hand and relate the event signified by each separate incision. Carvings also memorialized notable occurrences, and a cave marked the spot where a great chief had fallen. But such rude records afford scanty materials for the historian.

The faint voice of tradition tells us that the forefathers of the New Zealander came from Hawaiki—most probably the Hawaii of the Sandwich Islands. Hoturoa came with four canoes and founded the colony. Physical and philological analogies identify the origin of the New Zealander with that of the copper-coloured Polynesians.

The inhabitants of these islands all speak dialects of one common language, and their principal gods appear to be identical. Their customs too often bear a similarity which argues a common origin, and the tapu—which will be explained presently—is universal. Some assign these races to a Mexican, and others to a Malayan source; but the latter opinion appears to be the most probable. The similarity and even identity of some words in the Polynesian dialects and the Malay tongue, whose numerals are made use of almost without variation, are a strong argument for a Malay origin. But the ease with which emigration might spread from the Malay peninsula to these islands is, perhaps, a still stronger proof of the truth of this hypothesis.

The heathen customs and opinions of the New Zealander are passing away, and we shall speak of them as a thing of the past, although Chris-

* A stone-carving of a bear, as represented in the preceding page, dated 1670, denotes the site of this quay.

tianity has not yet introduced all those blessings which invariably follow in its train.

The New Zealander had a somewhat classic mythology. He had a few superior, and a host of inferior deities. Ouenuku was one of the chief gods. He dwelt under the rainbow, and the thunder was his voice. He was a kind of presiding deity that ruled all affairs. Mawe, another superior god, fished the island from the deep. Tiki was the creator of man. Tu was the god of war—human sacrifices were offered to him. Deified men were believed to appear under the guise of a lizard or an insect, and an aged man might have been seen muttering to a beetle as it crawled over his garment. The earth and the sea were tenanted with gods, whose voices were heard in the evening, over the trumpet's blast and the ocean's roar.

The aborigines believed in a future state, and that the spirit lingers and looks back upon them whilst on its journey to its elysium, where it serves as food for the gods. But there is some obscurity upon this last subject, which is said to be a "prevailing notion," though it can scarcely be universal, for we are told that their shades had "a place of happiness and a place of misery."

Every tribe had its priesthood and its chief priest. The priests kept the secrets of their worship and the language of their intercourse with the gods to themselves. Their persons were sacred, and they were not permitted to work. They professed sometimes to have revelations, and in war they regulated all movements. It was their office also to heal the sick, who were regarded rather as under the influence of witchcraft, or as chastised by an offended god who had entered the sick person and was gnawing at his vitals. Priests, called face-seers, were employed when witchcraft was suspected, and the death of the individual denounced as the witch, or a plan of counter-witchery, was the result of his incantations. Children were either taken into water or sprinkled by a priest, who then also gave them a name and repeated a form of prayer, that the child might be strong, if a boy, to fight and avenge the death of his friends; if a girl, to make clothes and prepare food.

The rite of tapu is one which renders sacred any person or thing placed under the protection of this word, by which any man could give a sort of consecrated character to his property. A chief was tapu, and might not enter a house where food was prepared, or sleep where it had been eaten. His head and hair were reckoned peculiarly sacred, and when his hair was cut it was thrown into a sacred place. Once a great portion of the country was tapu, and the inhabitants could neither traverse nor cultivate it. They were in dread of coming upon some tapued place when they travelled, but now this oppressive restriction upon their soil is abolished.

Their wizards wrapped together sharp jagged-edged stones, old rags, broken shells, finger-nail-parings and other things, and then buried them with incantations. Invocations were addressed to the evil spirit to torture some particular individual with these things.

They believed in fairies, who were said to be of gigantic size and to dwell on the mountain tops. Sometimes they were seen angling or netting at sea, and their music bewitched those who listened to it. They could also drive men insane.

War appears to have been almost a pleasure to the Maori. He desired sons rather than daughters, because men could be warriors; and as his

child grew, he was instructed in the horrors of warfare. "Women and land have been the great cause of the destruction of men," says a New Zealand proverb, and war was also often engaged in for the sake of obtaining slaves. Murder usually led to extensive wars, and the murderer was never given up nor was it expected. The breaking of the tapu sometimes caused war.

When hostilities were resolved upon, divination was resorted to, in order that they might learn how they would probably turn out; and some tribes fasted and lighted no fires, but engaged in religious worship until noon. Fortifications were constructed in places difficult of access, and a siege sometimes occupied months.

In open warfare they drew up in deep columns, and Maori eloquence was strenuously taxed to excite the warriors to deeds of bravery. A piece of woven flax which would resist a spear was worn round the loins and chest, and was the only defensive armour employed. A kind of moveable barricade was sometimes used in their sieges, and sometimes the pa was approached by a subterranean gallery which led into it. Each warrior selected his foe, but the introduction of firearms modified their mode of warfare and rendered their contests less ferocious. It caused the combatants to keep at a distance from one another, and to carry on their fights by means of chance shots from sheltered places.

The custom of tattooing was practised by the Maories to increase their beauty, as they said, and to insure the preservation of their heads after death. A class of priests attended to this operation, and went from place to place to perform it. The punctures were made with a small mallet and chisel. Lines were drawn with charcoal, and the point of the chisel was dipped in colouring matter. Only a little could be done at one time, and the women sang whilst the operation was going on, to draw off the attention of the sufferer, and to inspire him with patience. Years would elapse before a face was covered.

The Maories were ruled by independent chiefs, whose power was very circumscribed; it did not always depend upon hereditary claims. Prisoners of war were slaves, and their children belonged to the chiefs. Inter-marriages between different tribes were uncommon; betrothal took place in early life, and the female was regarded as sacredly bound to her future husband. Their treatment of young females often led to infanticide, suicide, and murder; they were frequently forced to marry a husband twice or thrice their own age. The Maori would have one chief wife and a number of others, and this practice has been a great obstacle to the missionary. Infanticide was very extensively practised; and education mainly consisted of an initiation into the arts of war, and a fostering of a spirit of revenge.

Their dead were dressed and arranged in a sitting posture with their faces painted and their heads adorned with feathers. Ten men set out to capture and kill a particular bird, which was offered to the gods, and a line of toitoi grass was held at one end by the relatives, whilst its other extremity was in the hand of the corpse; each said, "Climb to the first heavens," and then "Climb to the second heavens." They had the strange custom of preserving the head that they might mourn over it, and visitors and relatives often had this horrible relic placed before them for the same object. But these heads became an article of traffic with Europeans, and this led to the abandonment of the custom.

Grief for near relatives was expressed by tearing the face and breast

and body with a sharp stone, and this ceremony was usually accompanied by a dirge, which celebrated the virtues of the deceased. When a chief died, bitter weepings and wailings were kept up night and day until the sun had risen and set three times; severe lacerations were inflicted with a piece of flint, held between the third finger and the thumb. The face, arms, and legs were lacerated, and the women exceeded the men in the severity of their cuttings.

The Maories rubbed their noses together instead of shaking hands as we do; when friends parted, the tangi or cry was heard. Approaching his friend, the Maori would cling around his neck, uttering doleful cries, and when his friend returned, the tangi was performed before the sounds of joy were allowed to find utterance.

The Maori costume consisted of a mat worn over the shoulders and tied across the breast, and another mat fastened round the loins. Some of these mats were handsome; and the pui, a sort of dogskin cloak, made by sewing the furs to a strong matting, was a present fit for a great chief. Cloaks, made of grassy materials, were worn in wet weather. Shark oil and red ochre were applied from head to foot as cosmetics, and nose ornaments were worn by the men; bones, teeth, paroquet skins, and other articles were worn in the ears by both sexes; and armlets, necklets, anklets, and fancy wood-combs were also made use of.

Their food consisted chiefly of fish and vegetables, and they were addicted to cannibalism, which was practised upon enemies slain in battle, and they would also kill and devour their slaves.

Their personal appearance was fine—they were tall and well-made, and of a light-brown hue. They lived in small villages, situated in parts of their country which skirt the sea; the walls of their cottages were often made of large twigs covered with rushes, and the roofs were thatched. A fenced enclosure, which served as a garden, often formed a part of the cottage economy.

They may be said to have had five ranks of society—the superior and inferior chief, the rangatira or gentleman, the common people, and the slaves. They are a haughty race, and their sense of honour is keen; a feeling of disgrace has often led them to commit suicide.

The gradual extinction which has befallen savage races when brought into contact with others in a state of civilization, is a melancholy fact in the history of colonization. Too often civilized man has been the real savage; but we indulge the hope that the Maories will be amalgamated with the New Zealand colonists, and not exterminated by them. They appear to be a superior race, and to adopt the customs of civilized life with considerable aptitude. Happily the influence of Christianity has to some extent leavened both the colonists and the Maories, and it may be that its humanizing powers will shield the latter from the vices and the violence which the former would be sure to practise were they themselves entirely removed from the restraints which are imposed by religion, even upon those who never come fully under its influence. Let each one of us endeavour to extend the blessings of Christianity to those who are yet destitute of them.

THE good are better made by ill,
As odours crush'd are sweeter still.

BRITISH INDIA.—No. XIV.

BIMLIPATAM AND VIZIANAGRAM.



INVALID POINT, BIMLIPATAM.

A NIGHT's journey in a palanquin brings us to Bimlipatam, the next seaport town after leaving Wattair. The road winds almost the whole distance close along the sea-side, and though pleasant enough to such as are stretched out taking their ease inside of the palanquin, it is by no means so agreeable to the unfortunate bearers, whose lacerated feet, when seen the next morning, evince clearly the sufferings they have undergone, or rather, we should say, gone over.

Of a fine calm moonlight night the road is enchanting to the spectators, the bright light of the torches flinging a glare around, in which stand revealed every minutest shell and variegated pebble with which the beach is thickly spread, and penetrating into the dark recesses of the sea-worn caverns, the retreat of the weary storm-birds that fly out with a startled scream, at the unexpected approach of men to their seldom-interrupted and solitary homes; the ocean, like one vast lake of tranquil waters, ripples gently over the soft smooth sand of the beach, reflecting in its now calm bosom stars as countless as the sand under foot; and on the moonlit horizon the distant sails of some solitary ship shine intensely white for a few seconds, then darken and disappear, and again flash upon the watchful eye, just as the mild breeze of night, or the gentle rocking of the waves, causes them to flap or stretch out like wings bent eagerly on flight. How truthfully are such scenes as these depicted in the words of the lamented Heber!—

"Reflected in the lake, I love
To see the stars of Heaven glow,
So tranquil in the sky above,
So restless in the wave below."

Restless, indeed, they do appear, flickering and waving to and fro with every successive ripple or wave. With such thoughts, and the cool night air fanning us gently, we doze off into a delicious slumber—such slumbers as are rare in an Indian clime. We begin to dream nice dreams of home and happy times, and—halloa! what's that? You start up in the utmost astonishment to find yourself in a palanquin, apparently on a level with the sea, and to all appearances floating away with each receding wave; you rub your eyes and look again, and this time the flicker of a torch comforts you a little; but there is no mistake about you being quite out at sea, for every now and then a sprightly little wave sprinkles you in a most uncomfortable way, and, looking towards the shore, you discover to your dismay that you are a good quarter of a mile distant from the cliffs, and an ugly long range of breakers intervenes between you and the shore. Being a griffin of not more than a couple of months' residence in India, you find yourself utterly at a loss to account for this strange freak on the part of the bearers. By-and-by a frightful light bursts upon your imagination; you remember having read that in India waters were held holy, and that human sacrifices in the shape of propitiatory offerings are of frequent occurrence amongst certain castes of natives, and you arrive at the unsatisfactory conclusion that being alone, and unarmed, a favourable opportunity has presented itself to the inhuman monsters of bearers of gratifying their bigoted adherence to the tenets of their creed, and that you are destined to be the victim of their superstitious religion.

Meanwhile the unoffending and harmless bearers are wading manfully through the water: they gradually approach the land again, the distance between the palkee's bottom and the water widens, and finally you feel the bearers in full motion again, and are once more moving rapidly along the soft sea-beach.

The long and short of the matter is, that the road along the beach is, about this spot, interrupted for a short distance by a long ledge of sharp rocks, on which the sea bursts with great fury when there is a fresh sea-breeze; here the road turns off inland, and leads over rugged sharp cliffs, which are very disagreeable and laborious for the poor bearers to traverse. In rough weather no option is left them; but in fine calm weather they invariably prefer wading out beyond the range of the rocks, where the water gradually shelves, and so wading through till they come to where the road joins the sea-beach again.

The morning breaks, and you are awakened by innumerable little choristers chanting their matins poised high up in the air, or rocked to and fro on the lofty boughs of the trees by the gentle morning breeze,—you pass over a rice-field and meet an old man and a donkey-load of straw, bound to some neighbouring village: all of a sudden there is a great commotion amongst the bearers, with a loud cry of "Pamboo! Pamboo!" (the Tamul word for snake): those that are under the poles of the palanquin wheel you round with amazing rapidity, and run off with you in an opposite direction to that which they were originally taking. After a little while they come to a dead stop, and looking out to know what's the matter, you see the remainder of the bearers, some with stones, others with rough pieces of firewood in their hands, all setting about the destruction of their mutual enemy, a snake, for which they have an implacable hatred;

as well they may, poor fellows ! for no class of people in India suffer more from the deadly venom of the fearful cobra than do the palanquin-bearers.

The snake is despatched, and his head being crushed into atoms, they hang the reptile to a branch of the nearest tree, so that all passing that way may see it, and be wary where they tread. Natives believe that though you may cut a snake into fifty pieces, each separate piece retains life until sunset—for this reason they invariably crush the head, so as to prevent the possibility of the nerves retaining sufficient power (though the head be severed from the body) of inflicting a deadly sting.

We now resume our journey, and, having crossed the rice-field, enter upon a wide open pathway ; houses begin to appear in the distance—the bearers “get the steam up,” and go along with redoubled swiftness, making their voices re-echo far and wide, as they pass through the village of Bimlipatam : you enter into a long lane of garden-houses, each with a bamboo-arched gateway, and a long avenue of trees ; at the further end of which you sometimes catch a glimpse of a house, and sometimes see a miserable-looking barn—according to the wealth of the respective proprietors,—endless nuisances in the shape of meagre watch-dogs turn out and bark at you, occasionally making a snap at the bearers’ heels ; dismayed fowls, that were picking up an early breakfast in the centre of the road, fly cackling and screaming over the hedges, and in the midst of all this turmoil, and riot, and dust, you are wheeled suddenly into a gate, and in a few seconds are set down at the door of a ruinous-looking house, the resort of invalids and pleasure-seekers.

There are an old colonel and his wife, and ten children, and two amahs,* and four ayahs, occupying the whole of the upper story, besides a legion of other servants crammed into two rooms down stairs. This gratifying intelligence is imparted to you by the old sepoy, who takes care of the house and gardens : and besides these there’s a second lieutenant of artillery and an assistant surgeon, all suffering from some contagious fever, so that you have the verandah left you to walk in, and your palanquin to sleep in, and yourself to talk to. The only permanent residents at Bimlipatam are the occupants of a couple of indigo factories, who have been there time out of mind, and have gradually degenerated into misanthropes. Whilst meditating over your unhappy position, a black nurse, with a wretchedly yellow child in her arms, walks into the verandah with “Missus’ and master’s compliments, and breakfast will be ready at nine o’clock.” “Breakfast !” we ejaculate, “why that truthless old sepoy told us that everybody in the house was dying !” “Ah, Sir, him speak true, but breakfast will be ready for young master.” Well, thought we, this is indeed the land of hospitality ; here we are utter strangers, cared for by people at the point of death. And a goodly breakfast the colonel’s servants gave us, with no contemptible lunch and dinner either ; the two latter meals having been agreeably enlivened by the unexpected appearance of a young doctor from Vizianagram, who had humanely posted down immediately on hearing of the sad condition of the invalids at Bimlipatam. His presence alone inspired them with fresh hopes and life ; and so sanguine did he feel of making a speedy cure of them all that it required little effort on his part to prevail on us to stop and keep him company for a day or two, till his patients were quite out of danger. We were made comfortable with sofa bedsteads in the upstairs verandahs ; and that night we acted as apothecary, and, pestle and mortar in hand, worked valiantly for the doctor. The next morning arrived, and we anxiously awaited the return of the doctor from

* Wet-nurses.

his morning round of visits. "All are progressing famously," was his joyous exclamation as he joined us in the garden, at the front of the house. Upon the strength of this good news we rambled as far as the sea-shore, with the intention of having a swim: here we came upon a treasure-trove in the shape of an oyster bed. The chokera, who accompanied us with a change of linen, was immediately despatched to the house for an empty basket and a couple of hammers, and with the assistance of the latter, when they arrived, we filled the former, and that day feasted on the contents. A packet of newspapers forwarded for the colonel served to while away the dulllest hours of the day, and in the evening we too sallied forth to get a view of the factories, which we did, looking over the hedge, for no admission was granted at the gates except on business, and so as we had no business there we went home to tea.

The climate of Bimlipatam is in itself healthy, and is therefore always full of sick people. This is a strange anomaly, but, nevertheless, such is the case; for, with the exception of the misanthropes before alluded to, it contains no European inhabitants, except such as resort hither from the stations in the interior for the benefit of their healths, and the place is always crammed with them.

On the third day a wonderful change for the better had taken place amongst the party on the sick list; and so far was the ailing doctor recovered that his brother physician left the others to his charge, leaving for himself also divers repugnant drugs, and that evening we started in company for the military cantonment of Vizianagram.

VIZIANAGRAM.—Hot, low, dusty, and unhealthy looking was the country to which we had been *spirited* in our palanquins during the night. The sun was rising fiercely red on the horizon, which formed a visual boundary to a vast extent of arid and barren-looking ground; no pleasant sound of the distant breaking wave fell upon the ear; no graceful tall grass waved to the wind—all was solitude and desolation. Now and then a roguish jackal was seen scampering over the plain, homeward bound from a night's pillaging expedition, and with this exception there was nothing to break the monotony of the scene. My friend's palanquin was too far ahead for us to hold converse sweet; so-despairingly we asked a bearer how far we were from the place,—to our delight he replied that we were in sight of it. We strained our eyes in vain, but could see nothing in the direction he pointed: however, we were determined to keep a sharp look-out, so as to be enabled to make a rough guess as to what kind of resting-place Vizianagram was from its first appearance in the distance. At length the road entered a long avenue of trees, planted in a regular line, but at a good distance from each other: still there were no signs of human habitation, not so much as a cow or a donkey to be seen. By-and-by hedges began to show themselves, and a sudden turning in the road brought us in full sight of the houses of the cantonment: almost simultaneously the fine martial notes of a military band burst upon our ears, and we saw the doctor hop out of his palanquin with all the agility of a French dancing-master; he beckoned to us to follow his example, a summons which we cheerfully obeyed, as we felt our feet quite cramped from being so long cooped up. "Now," said the doctor, as we joined him, "we will walk on ahead and let the palkees follow us—this is parade morning here, and we shall meet all three regiments returning from exercise." We walked on arm-in-arm, each step drawing us nearer to the glorious notes of the band: the road took a turning to the left, which led to the parade-ground, but our way lay straight ahead. Drawing up at the side of the road, we stood

under the shade of a tamarind-tree to await the advancing troops. Presently some cocked-hats and feathers were visible over the hedge, and soon after the brigadier and his staff hove in sight, all in full uniform, and mounted on handsome Arabians. As the old man passed he checked the reins for a few seconds, and inquired kindly after the health of those at Bimlipatam; on the doctor's replying that they were in a fair way to do well, the brave old officer's face brightened up, and saying he was heartily glad to hear it, he rode forward again. Then came the first band and the first regiment; and they had hardly turned the corner when another band and another regiment marched by, and then came the third and last band and the last regiment, and to this one the doctor was attached, and right proud of his brother-officers and men he seemed to be, as they marched gallantly by: nor did they seem to lack in their esteem of him, though duty forbade them to talk or smile; still some of the youngsters could not help grinning, and one had the impudence to make a military salute in spite of the fiercely-whiskered captain of his company, who was luckily too much occupied with something else to observe it. At last they were gone too, and as the sun was pretty hot, and the troops had created a hideous dust, we thought we might as well get into our palanquins as walk in front of them; and, acting upon the idea, we were carried straight to the doctor's lodgings, where, though charged with letters of introduction to other parties, who were very pressing in their invitations, we remained during our stay; because, in the first place, we had, as it were, been thrown together by chance; and secondly, because he was a bachelor, and loved to be at his ease, and so did we.

Vizianagram is a very considerable cantonment, as may be imagined from the fact of three regiments being stationed there. Though an extremely sultry climate, it was by no means an unhealthy one; but the officers were thrown entirely upon their own resources for amusement. There were very few ladies at the station, barely enough to get up a quadrille. There was no game to shoot, and no hares to course after. Music and drawing, and knocking over empty bottles with pistols, or throwing a javelin at a target, were the only amusements, if I may except a passion evinced by one solitary officer for boat-sailing, to gratify which he had launched an old long-boat (drifted from some vessel to the beach near Bimlipatam, and which he had gone to the expense of bringing over-land in a bullock cart) in a miserable, half-dried-up tank of marshy water, and, having rigged her with masts and sails, kept cruising about from morning till night with only a straw hat to protect him from the sun's almost vertical rays. There is no accounting for tastes: we knew a man in Aleppo possessed of a similar passion for boating; so much so that to gratify it he used to paddle round a basin of water—in the centre of which was a fountain that played, and which was certainly not more than thirty yards in circumference,—in an old washing-tub, taking great credit to himself for the dexterity with which he avoided being sprinkled, or allowing the tub to draw too near the shower of water from the jet d'eau!

Three long tedious years had these regiments to pass as they best could at Vizianagram, the only variety being that they did not all come or leave at the same date; from which circumstance the arrival of a relief corps and the departure of old hands were welcome excitements to the monotony of everyday life—regret to leave old chums, and inquisitiveness to discover what sort of men the new comers were. Now and then also the movements of troops in the interior caused a regiment or two to march through Vizianagram, where they usually halted a day or two.

Besides the native infantry force there was a small company of artillery and some sappers and miners, both under the command of young second lieutenants, stationed at Vizianagram.

Not far from Vizianagram are Chicacola and Berhampoor, the former both a civil and military station, the latter purely military, having one solitary regiment, the officers of which, however, find a vast entertainment from spearing the wild boar, an amusement sometimes attended with disastrous results both to man and horse, and which requires great activity and nerve.

After a week or ten days' stay at Vizianagram we bent our steps towards Vizagapatam again, intending there to take our passage on board of some vessel bound to Madras. On arriving there we found the place quite in a state of excitement, owing to the rather rare event of a man-of-war (the "Favourite") anchoring in the roads. Gold-laced caps and anchor-buttons were to be seen in every direction, perched up on the coach-boxes of private carriages, seated inside, riding on tatoes and horses, and tearing up and down hill as only sailors can ride. Every one on shore was anxious to show the officers every civility and attention in their power; and the officers were desirous of getting every one on shore aboard. Through the kindness of these latter we got a passage given us on board of the "Favourite" as far as Madras, and never shall we forget the kindness and attention of the whole of the officers: there were besides ourselves four other passengers—two gentlemen, a lady, and a child. The weather proved remarkably fine, and we passed as agreeable a week on board as we ever remember to have spent at sea. The "Favourite" was an eighteen-gun sloop, then commanded by the late Walter Croker, Esq., who was afterwards unfortunately shot in an engagement with the natives of some island in the South Seas.

ON THE EXPULSION OF THE CANAANITES BY THE HORNET.

Exodus xxiii. 28.—"I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the Hittite, from before thee."

Deuteronomy vii. 20.—"Moreover, the Lord thy God will send the hornet among them, until they that are left, and hide themselves from thee, be destroyed."

Joshua xxiv. 12.—"And I sent the hornet before you, which drove them out from before you, even the two kings of the Amorites; but not with thy sword, nor thy bow."

On reading these passages of Scripture, there seems to be nothing in the form of the expressions that should lead us to regard them as metaphorical: neither in the two former, which announce to the Israelites that God would call in the aid of the hornet to assist in driving out the Canaanites; nor in the latter, which reminds the Israelites of the accomplishment of that singular announcement. But notwithstanding the simplicity of the language, there have not been wanting commentators, either in ancient or modern times, who have been inclined to consider it as figurative; as signifying, not literally hornets, but the terrors excited by the reports of the exploits of the Israelites, and of the evident interposition of the Almighty in their favour.

This question is discussed at great length by the learned Bochart, in his 'Hierozoicon, or Natural History of Animals mentioned in Scripture,' lib. iv. cap. xiii.; where, in answer to the objection to the literal interpretation of these passages—founded on the improbability of the population

of a whole country being driven from it by creatures so small, and, compared with human power, apparently so insignificant—he cites numerous passages from Ælian, Strabo, Varro, Pliny, and many other authors, both Greek and Roman, in which various instances are recorded of whole tribes having been compelled to desert their original settlements and remove to new ones, in consequence either of the fruits of the earth being utterly consumed, or of grievous injuries being inflicted upon the persons of the inhabitants by swarms of mice, flies, bees, wasps, and hornets. Having set down most of these passages at length, he thus proceeds, in reference to the foregoing passages from Scripture:—"The instance, however, which is chiefly to our present purpose, is that which is given by Ælian, when he states that a people called Phaselitæ were driven from their country by 'hornets.' Of this people Bochart collects, from ancient Greek writers, several incidental notices, which, when combined, prove decisively that the Land of Canaan was the country from which they had been expelled." "These Phaselitæ," he adds, "are sometimes called Solymi. They occupied the Solymean mountains, at the foot of which lay the city of Phaselis; * which city and district are thus described by Strabo, in the 14th book of his Geography: next follows Phaselis, a city of note, having three ports; and near it a lake; over this city impended the mountains of Solymi." "That these people," continues Bochart, "were of Phœnician origin—in other words, sprung from the Canaanites—is evident; for Plutarch, in his 'Life of Alexander,' calls the district Phœnician; and Smyrnæus, in his third book, describes it as a Phœnician settlement. It appears, too, that, even so late as the time of Xerxes, they had preserved their native language unchanged; for, in the muster and review of the forces under Xerxes, they are thus represented by the poet Choerilus, who was a contemporary of that monarch:—"Then followed a race of men, of singular aspect, and speaking the Phœnician language, whose habitation was in the mountains of Solymi, and on the broad lake:—no doubt," observes Bochart, "the lake of Phaselis, mentioned by Strabo."

All these notices from the ancient heathen writers, thus put together by this learned and indefatigable author, render it highly probable, if not absolutely certain, that this Canaanitish or Phœnician colony was a portion of that devoted people whom Joshua mentions as driven from their country 'by the hornet; thus affording another unexpected proof, in addition to the many that have recently been drawn from the discoveries at Babylon and Nineveh, of the truth and minute accuracy of the historical books of Scripture.

* The modern city, Tékrova, occupies the site of the ancient Phaselis. It is situated on the western side of the gulf of Adalia, at the distance of little more than three hundred miles from the coast of Palestine, and consequently easily accessible to a people so accustomed to the sea as the inhabitants of that country were. This district was visited, and carefully investigated, by Sir Charles Fellows in 1838, who copied an inscription on the fragments of a monument found at Tékrova, which clearly proves that it stands on the site of Phaselis. The inscription states that "the monument was erected by the people of Phaselis, in honour of the Emperor Adrian." In a subsequent visit to this country in 1840, Sir C. Fellows was struck with the peculiarity of the characters of many of the inscriptions, and observes, "The characters are not of Greek, but probably of Phœnician origin; and the root of the language, judging from many of the names of the cities, may have been derived from the same nation."

THE
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GOOD FRIDAY IN THE HOLY LAND.



THERE is something peculiarly simple in the observance of Good Friday by the Christians of all sects inhabiting the Holy Land. Of course, owing to the difference in the calendars, it seldom, if ever, happens that Good Friday chances to fall upon the same day with the Greeks, Armenians, and Catholics: there is usually an interval of several days, generally speaking two weeks, between the Greek Easter and our own, which latter of course agrees with the observance of the Roman Catholic Church. Still, notwithstanding this variation in time, the different sects tacitly

agree to keep each others' fasts and festivals on such great occasions as Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, &c., not by any ceremonial observance of them, but by refraining from every-day occupations, and by assuming the garb of either festivity or mourning, just as the occasion may require. This they do, if not out of respect to each other, out of respect to His holy memory who had founded the creed they profess themselves to be disciples of; and besides this, inhabiting as they do the territories of an infidel sovereign, to whose potent sway they are little better than slaves, and whose Moslem subjects surround them on every side, and are lord and masters of the soil, it would ill become them as professing one faith to show contempt for each others' defects in doctrinal points of view, by any open violation of the observances of a solemn fast-day or a festival. Such being the case, Good Friday is ushered in, in all the seaport towns of Palestine, where the number of Christian inhabitants greatly predominate over the Turks, by a universal closing of all places of business for that day and the succeeding Saturday. The long lines of bazaars, usually thronged by sunrise with a busy crowd of passengers, are now desolate and deserted, and the hungry curs that infest these places howl dismally at the desolation which has apparently fallen upon them, and which threatens to deprive them of their meagre, everyday allowance of crumbs and bones from the merchants' tables.

We look out of our window, inhaling the delicious early breeze of morning, and luxuriating in the odours that ascend like incense from the earth from freshly-blown jasmine and other sweet flowers—the first early offering of Nature to the Divine Creator of the universe, a thanksgiving of the fruitful soil for the rich dew of the night and the warmth of the sunlight—and then our thoughts recur to the first flowers that blossomed in Eden, and the first dew that fell upon the earth, and the first thistle that cursed the ground; and then we remember that there was something else besides dew that had saturated the earth for the first time, something dark and horrible, something that could never give nourishment to the fair flowers and shrubs of the earth, but which, on the contrary, sent up an offensive odour, and which had opened the earth for the first time to be the last resting-place of mortal man. Alas! gentle Abel, gentle as man could be, thy death, though violent, entailed no protracted suffering, was preceded by no violent anguish or unrelenting torture of mind, such as was His lot on earth, the Holy One of God, the blessed, the glorious Redeemer, the anniversary of whose sorrows and death we this day in wee commemorate. Thou tasted first of the bitter cup, but it was merely to sip the poison from the chalice; but He, alas! left not a drop undrained; and thou art man, born to die, and He was God eternal, yet merciful enough to suffer and to die. More than eighteen hundred years have fled since “that darkness reigned upon the earth and the veil of the temple was rent in twain;” but we are now treading the very identical shores of the same Holy Land, and the day is—Good Friday.

See, the sun rises with glorious apparel, and the sea is lighted up with a jet of brilliancy—that same sun that witnessed His sorrow and anguish—that same sea whose waves mournfully laved the shores of his birth, affliction, and death—that same earth which had a cavern to receive his holy body for a while—that same breeze that sighed sorrowfully over the holy sepulchre, and then returned, bearing to all parts of the universe the glorious tidings of the morning of the first day—that same light and canopy of heaven which have reflected light upon the earth, as the

spirit has reflected light into the soul—all these that witnessed that solemn occasion are still with us. But He, the Lamb of the sacrifice, where is He gone? and Nature replies, blessed be God, for He sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty, to make intercession for us sinners now and for evermore, Amen.

The first outward sign of sorrow that we observe from our window is the various consular flagstuffs—and they are very numerous at these seaport towns—all with their flags half-mast-high, a certain indication of sorrow and affliction. We look towards the sea, and all the vessels in the harbour (save the Turks, and they are but few) carry not only the same insignia of death, but their yards have been so trimmed as to traverse each other and represent a perfect cross. We count the flags: amongst them are English, French, Italian, Russian, Greek, Neapolitan, and many others; the poor Armenian hoists no pendant, because he can lay claim to no flag, but he carries his insignia of sorrow, let us hope, in his heart. So then even in one small port of this Holy Land where, eighteen hundred and fifty-four years ago, barely twenty men acknowledged the Divinity of Him whom Pilate ruthlessly scourged and sacrificed, there were now upwards of twenty different flags of as many different powers to testify that the believers in Christ were now to be reckoned by millions upon millions of people. What a sight for the Christian, what an argument of the irresistible power and love of the Almighty, who has made the blessed cause of righteousness to triumph, despite the oft-repeated but impotent efforts of innumerable despots, to sweep away from the face of the earth the only blessing and hope that may accompany a sinner through the pilgrimage of life! But let us now retire from the window, and watch the arrangements and the practices observed by "mine host," who is a Greek, and by his wife and family.

On our descending the steps they greet us as kindly as heretofore, but with an expression of sadness in their usually cheerful countenances; no smoke ascends from the chimney of the kitchen, no fire has as yet been lit, but there is a little charcoal brazier upon which a small coffee-pot is boiling. The master of the house, the guests, and the younger members of the family partake of a small cup of this refreshing beverage, and then there is nothing else; the women won't even suffer their lips to taste a drop of water, and no man ever thinks of smoking his pipe till after he has returned from church. We may here remark, *en parenthèse*, that it is a custom amongst the Syrian Greeks, at least amongst the more devout, never by any chance to break their fast on those Sundays, and other solemn occasions, when it is their intention to partake of the most holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Few fail to attend this holy ordinance on Good Friday, and hence it would be considered a heinous sin amongst them even to light a fire in their kitchens until after their return from the forenoon service.

The garments of our host and his family are rent in every direction; their faces are unwashed, their hair uncombed, and in short everything displays a studied negligence. The master of the house seats himself on a favourite stone, and reads aloud in the usual sing-songy, droning tone of eastern readers some of the Psalms of David, whilst the mother and her daughters go through their usual morning devotions, always taking care first to turn their faces toward the east, and in this respect degenerating in one of their superstitions to the ancient practices of the captive Jews and the modern Mahometans. By the time that these

prayers are concluded it is the hour to repair to the church, which is a good three miles' walk from this, and the roads, or rather ruts, are so muddy from the effects of the recent heavy falls of rain, as to be perfectly impracticable to horses and barely practicable for foot passengers. Away we trudge in the following order: first, the mother of the family, closely enveloped in a long white sheet, sadly bespattered by mud, and which has intentionally been omitted in this week's washing list; next follows the eldest daughter, after her the rest of the children, and the rear is brought up by the father and his eldest boy, the latter carrying in his hands an Arabic Bible for the use of the father during the service. As we wend our way through the streets, or the lanes that intersect the mulberry plantations, we encounter other Greek families bound on a similar devout errand.

The salutations exchanged amongst friends are kind but brief, and there is little or no conversation. If any elder speak it is with reference to the immediate subject supposed to engross their every thought, that is to say, the topic of much conversation is the sufferings and death of the blessed Redeemer. To a people that have through many ages been subjected to insult and serfdom; most of whom have undergone chastisement and bodily sufferings under the vile persecutions of petty tyrants, set over them by the local government; some of whom have had their kindred and ancestors shot and hung or strangled to death (not in the present comparatively enlightened times in Turkey, but certainly within the last forty years)—we say to such a people's imagination it is easy to picture in lively colours what the word suffering really means, and consequently their sympathies are the more readily excited when reading or hearing of Him who without blame or fault was scourged, spat upon, crowned with thorns, and crucified for others' iniquities; and we believe heartily and sincerely that the humbler class of peasants go forth this day with a contrition and heaviness of heart such as can barely be experienced by the worldly man who has never known what want or suffering can be.

The service in the Greek church is of longer duration than usual; and when the congregation return to their respective homes, there are many amongst the aged and feeble, and many amongst the weaker sex, who can barely totter along, so much have they been debilitated by the long-imposed fast, which happily for many of them will terminate with the morrow. But we are much deceived if we imagine that we have witnessed the whole of the Greek population inhabiting this district emerging from the church; more than one-fourth are bedridden, many are on the eve of making that great change for which all mortality should be prepared; fever, great debility, and diarrhoea, these have stricken their victims from day to day almost from the first week of the commencement of the fast, and it requires no logician to explain why these complaints should be so prevalent at this particular season, the quantities of oil and olives, the unripe fruits and other indigestibles consumed, and furnishing the only nutriment to a half-famished people; the only wonder is that so many escape death, not that so many die, the more especially that even after being attacked and when warned of danger, no inducements can persuade many of them, particularly the women, though even with their priests' permission, to taste one morsel of wholesome meat or one drop of nourishing broth—so great is their infatuation. But our Greek family have returned quietly and sedately to their home; still, with the exception of the younger members of the family, the fast is rigidly

observed. A small cup of coffee is again served round, and what is almost as good to the Syrian as his dinner—he is now permitted to smoke.

It is barely one o'clock, after midday, when the thrifty housewife lights a very small fire in the kitchen, and upon this sets one solitary dish of vegetables or herbs to be boiled into a tasteless soup. The father then seats himself in the shade, and the family assemble round him, listening attentively to the chapters read, which are usually those appointed for the morning service, and which they have already heard in the church. After this they again stand up and pray, facing as usual to the east; and when these devotions are over it is wellnigh half past two P.M., so they have full an hour and a half to wait before they may venture to break their fast, and this interval is usually passed in sleep, for, as may be well imagined, their frames are perfectly wearied out by long abstinence.

At length the "asser" is announced from a Turkish minaret, and the scanty solitary meal of the day is served up, and, hungry though they be, very slightly partaken of by the grown-up members of the family; but then the heat of the day is past, and the cool evening breeze renovates the sinking spirits. Coffee and smoking are now permitted *ad libitum*, and the sun sinks in the west with cloudless glory. The whole family then go through the operation of washing their hands and faces, and arrange their untidy dress a little neater. A few oil lamps are lit in the principal receiving room, and all the members of the family are there assembled, evidently in expectation of some honoured visitor. By-and-by a little boy runs in, exclaiming "abouna," which signifies the priest, and in a few seconds afterwards the priest enters the room, preceded by a youth, carrying in one hand an incense-pot which he is swinging to and fro, in the other a pot full of consecrated water from the Jordan.

The family all rise to receive him, and the priest opens a small prayer-book and recites a few prayers; then he takes the incense-pot out of the hands of the youth, and swings it violently backwards and forwards, so that barely a nook or corner of the room shall escape the smoke of the incense. After this he dips a brush in the water and sprinkles it over all present, commencing with the father and ending with the youngest child in the family, or, if there be any menials employed, with them. He now declares his errand—that he has come to demand charitable contributions for the support of the church and for the relief of such as may be destitute; and he exhorts his parishioners, that as He was charitable who withheld not even his very life for their sakes, so they should endeavour to follow his holy example, by commemorating this, the day of his tribulation and death, with acts of charity worthy of Christians.

As this visit is a regular thing, the family is of course prepared for the emergency, and every one, even down to the tiniest little child, contribute their mite.

We may here be permitted to observe, from long personal intercourse, that many of the Greek clergy are excellent, simple-minded men, and that were it not for this voluntary support from the parishioners—for voluntary it certainly is—they would absolutely starve; we never met with one in the country villages of Syria who could boast of the commonest comforts of life.

Before the priest leaves again, he is served with a small cup of coffee, and if he like, to smoke a pipe; but he usually refuses this latter luxury, as he has many other houses yet to visit, and the night is now drawing on apace. As soon as "abouna" is gone, the family begin to make pre-

parations to retire for the night; the large mattresses that have been hidden behind a curtain are brought forth and spread upon the divan; two out of the three lights are extinguished; the cat driven out of the room; the door closed, and the family are in bed and fast asleep.

Thus, gentle reader, is observed the solemn fast of Good Friday by the simple peasants of the Greek Church in Syria and the Holy Land. The intervening Saturday between Good Friday and Easter is also a day of rigid fasting. Still the consular flagstaffs carry their flags half-mast high; still the vessels are clad in mourning and carry their yards crossed; and still the congregation flock to the distant church at the appointed time, and return home jaded and weary; but this time they are permitted to satisfy the cravings of nature immediately on their return.

The afternoon speeds away pleasantly, for there are many preparations on foot to be ready against the welcome morrow. Meat and poultry are hung in profusion against the kitchen wall, and donkey-loads of vegetables and fruit arrive. This night at eleven o'clock every one will repair to the distant church: the last penance imposed upon them for this season will be to go without supper; Lent will be finished, and they may perhaps meet with the morning star as they come back again, and proclaim aloud and joyously to one another, that glorious truth of all salvation—

"Christ is risen from the dead."

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#### TEA.

MR. FORTUNE, who recently made a journey into the tea districts of China, has published many interesting facts on the subject of tea.

The soil in which he found some of the finest plants—viz., in the Bohea district of Woo-e-Shan—is moderately rich, of a reddish colour, and well mixed with particles of the rocks of the district. It was kept moist by the water constantly oozing from the sides of the rocks, and was well drained on the hills in consequence of its height, and on the plains by reason of its elevation above the watercourses. In the month of June the temperature at Woo-e-Shan ranged from 85° to 95° Fahr., and in July it rose to 100°, beyond which it rarely rises. In winter the maximum shown by the thermometer was 78°, and the minimum 44°.

Black and green teas are both made from the same variety of plants; the difference in the appearance of these teas, when the latter is not artificially coloured, depending entirely upon manipulation. In the black tea districts, as well as in the green, large quantities of young plants are yearly raised from seeds. These seeds are gathered in October, and kept mixed up with sand and earth during the winter months. In spring they are sown thickly in a corner of the farm, from which they are afterwards transplanted. When a year old they are about ten inches high, and are ready for transplanting. They are then planted in rows about four feet apart; five or six plants are placed in each hole, and the holes are about four feet from each other in the rows. A plantation of tea, at a distance, looks like a shrubbery of evergreens. The plantations are suffered to grow unmolested for three years, when they are well established and produce strong and vigorous shoots.

The tea-farms at Woo-e-Shan were small in extent, no single farm producing more than a chop of six hundred chests. A chop is made up as follows:—A tea merchant from one of the larger towns in the interior

sends his agents to all the small towns, villages, and temples in the district to purchase teas from the priests, who are large growers, and from small farmers. All the teas so purchased are taken to the merchant's house, where they are mixed together, care being taken to keep the different qualities apart as much as possible. By such a method a chop of six hundred and twenty or six hundred and thirty chests is made, and all the tea of this chop is of the same description.

The process of manufacture may be briefly described thus:—Leaves from which green tea is to be made, being gathered, are brought from the plantations, and spread thinly out on small bamboo trays, in order to get rid of their moisture. In two hours the leaves are dry; they are then thrown into roasting pans and rapidly moved about and shaken up. Affected by the heat, they make a crackling noise, become moist and flaccid, and yield a considerable portion of vapour. In this state they remain five minutes, when they are drawn quickly out and placed upon the rolling-table. Men take their stations at the rolling-table and divide the leaves among them. Each takes as many as he can press with his hands and makes them up in the form of a ball. The ball is rolled upon the table and greatly compressed, to force out the last remaining moisture, and to give the leaves the necessary twist. The leaves are then shaken out upon flat trays, and are carried once more to the roasting-pan, where they are kept in rapid motion by the hands of the workmen. In an hour and a half the leaves are well dried and their colour is fixed. This is the first process.

The second process consists in winnowing and passing the tea through sieves of various sizes, in order to get rid of impurities and to divide the tea into the well-known kinds of twankay, hyson, hyson skin, young hyson, and gunpowder. During this process the tea is again fixed, the coarse kinds once, and the finer sorts twice or thrice. Such is the manufacture of the most grateful of our beverages. Black tea undergoes similar treatment; but the method of manipulation is not the same, the difference, according to Mr. Fortune, being sufficient to account for some of the effects experienced by the European drinker of green tea only. It has been thought by some that the colouring matter, rather than the method of manipulation, is the cause of the Englishman's irritability and nervousness. The subtle Chinese shrinks from the blue and gypsum, yet drinks his genuine green tea, enjoys, and thrives upon it.

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### BRICK TEA.

THE brick tea of Tibet is formed of the refuse of the tea-leaves and sweepings of the granaries damped and pressed into a mould, being made to adhere together by the admixture of a little bullock's blood. The finer kinds of brick teas are in friable masses, and are done up in paper, but the coarser kinds are sewn up in sheep-skins. In this form it is an article of commerce throughout Central and Northern Asia and the Himalayan provinces; and is consumed by Mongols, Tartars, and Tibetans, mixed with milk, salt, butter and boiling water, and more resembling a soup than a tea proper. Certain quantities of this brick tea are forced upon the acceptance of the western tributaries of the Chinese empire in payment for the support of troops; and this curious article is hence, from its convenient size and form, brought into circulation as a coin, over an area greater than that of Europe.

## NO LIE THRIVES.—No. XIX.



AGAIN all was activity and cheerfulness in Mr. Sharman's shop. The news was quickly spread that Willis Richmond had come back for good; and many new customers, as well as old, were to be seen in it. Articles were pronounced to be fashionable, and therefore found ready purchasers; on no other ground than that they must have been his choice, and brought by him from London.

No one now had a fear that under pretended civility he should be imposed upon. Whatever Willis said was to be relied upon; and all concurred in affirming that he had now gained what alone before was wanting in him,—manner and address. Mrs. Richmond heard his praises sounded on all sides; and never was mother more happy, or more deserving of being so. Willis slept at home, and the little dwelling was now—though not indeed all that it was when Ellen shared it—the abode of cheerfulness and comfort. Both he and his mother were sensible of only one defect—their evenings were too short; and though they tried, by means of the society of Emma Sharman to lengthen them, the attempt was always a decided failure.

Mr. Sharman's business increased rapidly; he saw and acknowledged the cause at once. "The presence of a young man like you, Willis," said he one day to him, "has given life and animation to the concern, and as the merit is yours, so ought you to share in the advantage. My desire would be to take you immediately into partnership if I considered

it prudent, which I do not. I have yet difficulties to contend with, and till I see my way clearly you shall run no possible risk. The year has been a more disastrous one to many than to me, though I have suffered from it in no slight degree. In a few months, I trust, all things will wear a more cheering appearance, and then we will talk over the matter."

So spake and thought the good man; but it is not in the dusky cloud that the fury of the tempest always lurks. A heavy trial was then impending over him. His business had, indeed, increased greatly, and all bore the mark of external prosperity, but sufficient time had not yet elapsed since this renovation of his affairs to make his returns certain. Considerable agricultural distress had been felt for several months, and this had greatly retarded the payments of the smaller shopkeepers in the neighbouring villages, who were principally served by him. He had also been obliged to give unusual credit to several of his customers in the town, and thus ready money was by no means easy. His brother was, in some respects, circumstanced like himself, and had been obliged to ask him to renew an unusually heavy bill. Mr. Sharman had objected to this; but the solicitations of one who was very dear to him, and of whose probity and solvency he had not the smallest doubt, prevailed. As the time drew near when the bill should be taken up, he wrote to his brother who, in return, desired him to make himself perfectly comfortable, as he was prepared to meet the payment. He, therefore, naturally concluded that all was right; but who may define the limit at which a man beset with pecuniary difficulties will pause? The ties of honour and kindred are easily broken under such circumstances, even by one who was once most feeling, generous, and just. When the alternative lies between his own certain ruin and that of another, no matter how closely related to him, the conflict is seldom of long duration in his mind whom to sacrifice.

To the surprise of Mr. Sharman, one morning early, Mr. Cartwright walked into the shop. Without any preliminary, he drew from his pocket-book a slip of paper, which he held before the former. It was the bill he had renewed for his brother, and which had become due the day before.

"You know this, of course," said he, coolly, "this bill is now mine; it has been presented to your brother and refused; the sum can be but a trifle to you, and I shall, therefore, thank you to pay over the amount to me now, or, in default of which, to my solicitor."

For some minutes Mr. Sharman was stunned with the blow; he was unable to speak.

"Oh, very well," said Cartwright, "I see how it is," and, turning on his heel, walked away.

He instantly foresaw the consequences, and naturally sunk under the prospect of the ruin that awaited him. He called Willis, who hastened to him, alarmed at the expression of his countenance, and in a few words acquainted him with what had occurred.

"Willis," said he, "that man has long been bent upon ruining me. From some things that have come to my knowledge it is evident to me that my late brightening prospects have provoked his utmost spite and malignity. I see through the whole transaction, but am without the power to extricate myself from the snare that he has laid for me."

"Scoundrel!" cried Willis, quivering with sudden rage and indignation, "he shall repent it."



Mr. Sharman laid his arm upon him. "Anger," said he, gently, "will do me no good ; the calm exercise of reason only may assist me."

Willis felt the rebuke, and was much mortified that he had allowed himself to be thus overcome. He coloured painfully, and was silent. Mr. Sharman perceived his distress, and kind even in the midst of his own trouble, smiled at him with his usual benignant expression. Then drawing aside, they considered what steps it would be most prudent to take in the emergency.

Mr. Sharman now consulted with his solicitor, and by him was advised to call a meeting of his creditors without delay, in the hope, from the known respect in which his client was held, that a compromise, honourable to himself and advantageous to all parties, would be assented to without difficulty. Mr. Sharman was less sanguine on this point than any one else, but he yielded, as a matter of course, to the opinion of his legal adviser, and a day for the meeting was accordingly appointed.

[To be continued.]

#### ANCIENT LONDON.—No. XII.

BILLINGSGATE was, however, established for the receipt of custom at a much earlier period. In the reign of Ethelred a small vessel was to pay at Bilynggesgate, one halfpenny as a toll ; a greater, bearing sails, one penny ; a keel, or hulk (coel vel Hulcus), fourpence, &c.\* In the name of Billingsgate, according to the magniloquent Geoffrey, we have a monument of the redoubtable Belinus, whose father, Dunwallo, was the first of the dynasty succeeding the line of Brutus ; the latter ending in the death of Ferrex and Porrex, the sons of Gorbadian, king of Britain. Belinus has the credit of constructing the first British main roads, four in number, paved, and traversing the whole length and breadth of the island. This shadowy hero—the Beli Mawr of the British pedigrees—is reported to have assisted his confederate, Brennus, king of the Gauls, at the sacking of Rome, three hundred and sixty years before the Christian era. He founded in Trenovant a temple and a harbour, and built a gate, at the approach thereto, called, in honour of his name, Belinus gate ; on which, after death, his ashes were placed in a brazen vessel—"a little dust closed in an urn of brass,"†—as a memorial to posterity.

Near this spot stood the remains of a massive stone edifice, popularly ascribed to Julius Cæsar. From the name of Petty Wales, by which the locality was designated, Stow, who appears, however, to have been no critic in masonry, supposes it to have been the lodging appointed for the princes of Wales when they repaired to London. The gate at the north end of London bridge had probably been contemporary with the erection of the first stone bridge. It is stated by Thomas Wikes, in his *Chronicon*, that in 1264, John Gisors, a Norman,‡ observing that the citizens were rising in support of De Montfort's party, locked the bridge-gates against them, and threw the keys into the Thames. Over this gate a

\* Brompton, 10 : *Scriptores*, 1 col. 897.

† Tenyson. 'The Lotus Eaters.'

‡ John Gisors was sheriff in 1240. John Gisors, pepperer, mayor in 1245, in 1250, in 1260 ; and in 1311-12, Sir John Gisors, pepperer, was mayor. The latter founded the building in Basing Lane, called Gisors, or, by corruption, Gerard's hall, the remains of which were lately demolished.

tower was erected in the year 1426. The gate had fallen into decay in 1577, when it was replaced by a structure of timber. Stow, who saw the corner stones of the former edifice lying in the bridge storehouse, says, "upon every of these foure stones was ingraven, in faire Romane letters, the name Ihesus." This gate was one of the stations where the heads of traitors were displayed, but on its being rebuilt, the gate at the Southwark end was substituted for the exhibition of such cadaverous trophies of legal justice or vengeance, as the case might be. A manuscript in the Cottonian Collection (Faustina. E.V., art. x. fol. 52a), written by Arthur Agarde, records a remarkable application of certain of those heads. In reference to the derivation of the term sterling money, he says, "I suppose the name by meanes of Easterlings from vs, being Germaines, brought up in the mynes of sylver and copper there, were vsed here in England for the reducyng and refynynge the diversyte of coynes into a perfecte standard. As in the beginning of the Quenes Mat<sup>e</sup> raigne they were brought hyther by Alderman Lodge (w<sup>th</sup> whom I was famylyarlye acquaynted); by her Ma<sup>ty</sup> order for the refining of o<sup>r</sup> base coignes. And this he toulde me, that the mooste of them in meltyng fell syke to death w<sup>th</sup> the sauoure, so they were advised to drynke in a dead man's skull for theyre recure. Whereupon he, w<sup>th</sup> others who had thoversyght of that worke, procured a warrant from the counsaile to take off the heades vpon London Bridge, and make cuppes thereof, whereof they dranke and found some releife, although the moost of them dyed."

The origin of London bridge is rendered matter of question by a reference of Dion Cassius to a bridge, in his account of the invasion of Britain by Claudius, A.D. 44, but the brevity and vagueness of the allusion, independent of the improbability that the Britons were bridgemakers, and the absence of corroboration, leave little or no weight on that point.

"The Britons," he says, "having betaken themselves to the River Thames, where it discharges itself into the sea, easily passed over it, being perfectly acquainted with its depths and shallows, while the Romans, pursuing them, were thereby brought into great danger. The Gauls, however, again setting sail, and some of them having passed over by the Bridge higher up the river, they set upon the Britons on all sides with great slaughter, until rashly pursuing those that escaped, many of them perished in the bogs and marshes."

The record in the Saxon chronicle that Olaf the Dane sailed with three hundred and ninety ships to Staines, in the year 998, sufficiently attests that no such barrier as a bridge, which the Londoners could have manned to his impediment, then existed. But a bridge of wood, it appears, must have been constructed within a few years after; for Snorro Sturleston, the Icelandic historian of the thirteenth century, relates, in a very graphic and circumstantial way, an affair in which London Bridge is especially referred to, being an account of the fight of London Bridge, between the Londoners and Ethelred the Unready, A.D. 1008.

"They" (the Danes) "first come to shore at London, where their ships were to remain, and the city was taken by the Danes. Upon the other side of the river is situate a great market called Southwark, which the Danes fortified with many defences; framing, for instance, a high and broad ditch, having a pile or rampart within it formed of wood, stone, and turf, with a large garrison placed there to strengthen it. This, the King Ethelred attacked, and forcibly fought against, but, by the resistance of the Danes, it proved but a vain endeavour. There was at that time a

bridge erected over the river between the City and Southwark, so wide, that if two carriages met they could pass each other. At the sides of the bridge, at those parts which looked upon the river, were erected ramparts and castles that were defended on the top by penthouse bulwarks and sheltered turrets, covering to the breast those who were fighting in them: the bridge itself was also sustained by piles driven into the bed of the river. An attack therefore being made, the forces occupying the bridge fully defended it. King Ethelred being thereby enraged, yet anxiously desirous of finding out some means by which he might gain the bridge, at once assembled the chiefs of the army to a conference on the best method of destroying it. Upon this, King Olaf\* engaged that if the chiefs of the army would support him with their forces, he would make an attack upon it with his ships. It being ordained then in council that the army should be marched against the bridge, each one made himself ready for a simultaneous movement, both of the ships and of the land forces."

The succeeding passage is headed "the fight" (Orrosta). King Olaf having determined on the construction of an immense scaffold, to be formed of wooden poles and osier twigs, set about pulling down the old houses in the neighbourhood for the use of the materials. With these he so enveloped his ships that the scaffolds extended beyond their sides; and they were so well supported as to afford not only a sufficient space for engaging sword in hand, but also a base firm enough for the display of his engines, in case they should be pressed upon from above. The fleet, as well as the forces, being now ready, they rowed towards the bridge, the tide being adverse; but no sooner had they reached it than they were violently assailed from above with a shower of missiles, and stones of such immensity, that their helmets and shields were shattered, and the ships themselves very seriously injured. Many of them, therefore, retired. But Olaf the king and his Norsemen having rowed their ships close up to the bridge, made them fast to the piles with ropes and cables, with which they strained them, and the tide seconding their united efforts, the piles gradually gave way, and were withdrawn from under the bridge. At this time there was an immense pressure of stones and other weapons, so that the piles being removed, the whole bridge brake down, and involved in its fall the ruin of many. Numbers, however, were left to seek refuge by flight; some into the City, others into Southwark. And now it was determined to attack Southwark; but the citizens seeing their River Thames occupied by the enemy's navies, so as to cut off all intercourse that way with their interior provinces, were seized with fear, and, having surrendered the City, received Ethelred as king."†

London Bridge was destroyed, together with the roof and other portions of the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, and upwards of six hundred houses, by a tremendous gale or whirlwind, during which the Thames overflowed the lands on either side to a considerable distance. This event happened in 1091, within a century of the erection of the bridge. A second wooden bridge was damaged in 1136, by a fire which broke out in the house of one Aileward, near London Stone; it spread eastward as far as Aldgate, and in the opposite direction to the shrine of St. Erkenwald in St. Paul's

\* Olaf, who had been converted, was then an ally of Ethelred. He was afterwards canonized, and is the St. Olave of the calendar. The church of St. Olave, at the south corner of London Bridge, was dedicated to him.

† Antiquates Celto-Scandicæ. 'Chronicles of London Bridge.'

Cathedral. A third bridge, of elm-timber, was constructed in 1163 by Peter, chaplain and curate of St. Mary Colechurch; but only thirteen years after, the commencement of a stone bridge is thus contemporaneously recorded in the Annals of the monks of Waverley Abbey in Surrey:—"1176. In this year the Stone Bridge at London is begun by Peter of Colechurch."\* This important work was carried on by the aid of many benefactions; the gift of the king (John), a characteristic one, being a tax on wool, suggests the solution of the mystery in the saying that London Bridge was built upon woolpacks.

Thirty-three years passed while the bridge was in progress, and the pious architect did not witness the finished work, but died three years before it was completed, and was buried in the sub-chapel, or crypt of the chapel dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, which was erected upon the tenth or main pier of the bridge. The final operations were committed to Serle Mercer, William Almaine, and Benedict Botewrite, three London merchants. The bridge consisted of twenty arches, sustained by nineteen piers; its length was nine hundred and twenty-six feet; the roadway was sixty feet above the river, and forty feet between the parapets. The bridge was probably a street from the first, as mention occurs in a patent roll of the ninth year of Edward I., dated 1280, only seventy years after its erection, of "innumerable people dwelling upon" the bridge. The tower near the south end of the bridge, where the fourteenth arch served as a drawbridge, was taken down in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and replaced by a remarkable edifice called Nonsuch House, constructed, in frame, in Holland, and put together in its place without iron or any other fastening than wooden pegs. This fantastic edifice hung considerably over the bridge, on either side, with projecting gables; at each of the four corners was a square tower, crowned with a dome and a large gilt vane; the gables and front facing Southwark were covered with elaborate carved work.

The Great Fire of 1666 reduced to rubbish a portion of the clustered habitations which encumbered the bridge, but they were afterwards replaced. This was the sequel to several calamities by fire to which the inhabitants of the bridge were subject. In a visitation of this nature in the year 1212, upwards of three thousand persons are reported to have perished. The fire by which this enormous sacrifice of life was occasioned, originated in Southwark, and was carried by the wind to the City end of the bridge, so as to hem in with the flames the vast crowd assembled on the bridge to witness the conflagration, leaving no alternative to the horror of burning but the peril of drowning in the attempt to escape by the river, many vessels, which came to the rescue, being overcrowded and swamped. Pennant's description, from personal observation, conveys a striking picture of the crowded and encumbered state of the old bridge, as it appeared in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The arches were greatly deformed by the houses which overhung and leaned in a most terrific manner.

"I well remember," he says, "the street on London Bridge, narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers, from the multitude of carriages; frequent arches of strong timber crossed the streets, from the tops of the

\* The chapel of St. Mary Colechurch, destroyed in the Great Fire, was situated on the north side of the Poultry. It stood upon a vaulted basement, and was celebrated as the place where the baptism of St. Edmund and that of St. Thomas à Becket took place.

houses, to keep them together, and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the rest of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of the falling waters, the clamours of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches."

A graphic corroboration of this description may be observed in the view of the bridge from a window in the sixth plate of Hogarth's "*Marriage à la Mode*."

In Pennant's picture one feature is omitted, being the massive hanging signs projecting from the shop-fronts, or suspended across the way, which, on a windy night, must have contributed a fearful amount of creaking and banging overhead, to the din of waters underneath; not to mention the jeopardy to passengers from the occasional fracture of the rusty ironwork, and consequent descent of one of those bulky appurtenances. "Most of the houses," Pennant informs us, "were tenanted by pin or needle-makers; and economical ladies were wont to drive from the St. James's end of the town, to make cheap purchases."

In the sixteenth century, London Bridge shared the trade with Little Britain, Paternoster Row, and St. Paul's Churchyard, as a mart of book-sellers; among whose signs the Three Bibles, the Angel, and the Looking-Glass, are referred to in the title-pages of books published on the bridge.\*

Walpole informs us that Peter Monamy, who obtained reputation as a painter of marine subjects, "received his first rudiments in drawing from a sign and house painter on London Bridge;" and says, "the shallow waves that rolled under his window taught young Monamy what his master could not teach him, and fitted him to paint the turbulence of the ocean."

Dominic Serres, another marine painter, also had a shop on London Bridge; but the place is more eminently associated with art as having contained the studio of Hans Holbein. The following anecdote, relating to a vestige of his art, discovered in the very house where it was produced, is related by Walpole:—

"The father of the Lord Treasurer Oxford, passing over London Bridge, was caught in a shower, and stepping into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, he found there a picture of Holbein—who had lived in that house—and his family. He offered the goldsmith 100*l.* for it, who consented to let him have it, but desired first to show it to some persons. Immediately after happened the fire of London, and the picture was destroyed."

Besides the heavy tenements which encumbered the bridge, we are told of flour mills, whose machinery was turned by the current of the Thames; and an additional clang of wheels was produced by the London water-works of Peter Morris, a Dutchman, who undertook to raise the water of the Thames for the supply of the city, and whose hydraulic contrivance was extended until it had taken in four arches of the bridge at the City end, causing a series of rapids and cataracts, sorely detrimental to small craft plying in this perilous neighbourhood. Another remarkable feature was a fishpond. Mr. Thomson† relates that in 1827 there still survived an ancient servant of London Bridge, then verging upon his hundredth year, who well remembered having gone down through the chapel to fish in this

\* An edition (the fifth) of the popular book of '*Reynard the Fox*,' in the writer's possession, is advertised as "Printed by and for T. Norris, at the Looking-glass on London Bridge, 1623."

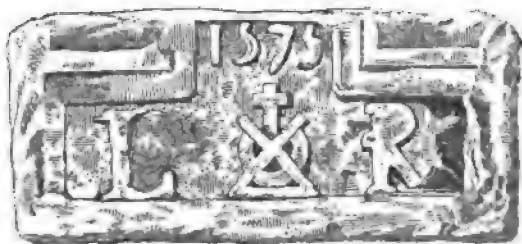
† '*Chronicles of London Bridge*.'

pond. It was contrived in the sterling of the pier, which supported the chapel, with an iron grate by which the fish were detained after being drawn in by the tide. In the olden time the passenger approaching the Southwark end of London Bridge was confronted by a ghastly array of human heads spiked on the gate. The German traveller, Hentzner, in 1597, counted above thirty of them at one time. In this rueful guise was exhibited the head of William Wallace, the hero of Scottish liberty; that of the Earl of Northumberland, father of Hotspur; and among many that fell under the tyranny of Henry VIII., that of Sir Thomas More. According to his grandson and biographer, the head of this great man would appear to have realized, in a measure, the experiment of Medea; for after being parboiled and exposed for some months, when obtained by his daughter Margaret, it was observed that not only was his "lively favour not all this while in any thing almost diminished," but, "the hairs of his head being almost grey before his martyrdom, they seemed now, as it were, almost reddish or yellow."

Among battles, pageants, and other striking events which throng the annals of London Bridge, the story of a London prentice engages pre-eminent attention, from its domestic interest and dramatic completeness; beginning with a chivalrous rescue, and ending in the chief actors being married, prosperous, and happy. The hero of this tale—one familiar as that of Whittington and his cat—was Edward Osborne, apprentice to Sir William Hewet, a rich merchant, who dwelt in one of the houses on the bridge, perilously overhanging the river. Anne, the merchant's infant daughter, being playfully held at the open window, dropped into the river, where she would have perished but for the bravery of young Osborne, who leaped after and saved the child. It is further related that when Anne grew up her hand was sought by several persons of rank, particularly the Earl of Shrewsbury, but to these solicitations Sir William's reply was, "Osborne saved her, and Osborne should enjoy her." Accordingly they were married, and from this union sprung the ducal house of Leeds.

Osborne was sheriff of London in 1575, and lord mayor in 1583–84, the 25th of Queen Elizabeth, when he received the honour of knighthood at Westminster.

The time-honoured structure of Peter of Colechurch, after many repairs and changes—the old houses having been pulled down in 1754—was reluctantly submitted, in 1822, to a Select Committee of the House of Commons, and an Act was passed in the following year for the erection of a new bridge.



A relic appertaining to the old bridge—being the arms of Southwark, bearing the date 1575, as represented in the above cut—is preserved in

the City Museum, Guildhall. The royal arms, formerly on the Southwark gate of the bridge, serve now as the sign of a public-house near St. Thomas's Hospital.

It may be remarked that the present bridge stands a little to the westward of the site of the old one; while from a charter of William I., headed "Concerning the lands of Almodus, of St. Butolph's Gate, and of the Wharf at the head of London Bridge," it would appear that the timber bridge was situated upwards of an hundred yards to the east of the other.

#### THE RUINED CITIES OF THE WEST.—No. I.

IN a district of Central America, beyond the vale of Mexico, and scattered over a tract of land extending from about  $14^{\circ}$  to  $18^{\circ}$  north latitude, and from  $88^{\circ}$  to  $93^{\circ}$  west longitude—buried in forests, ruined, desolate, and nameless—lie some monuments of ancient greatness, which, until of late years, had wholly escaped the notice of travellers, and have even now not received the full degree of attention of which they are worthy. It would have been well if these curious and interesting relics of some unknown and ancient race of men had been brought under the notice of Baron Humboldt; for, from his enlightened spirit, we should no doubt have derived much light on the subject of who were their former owners and builders; but such was not the case, as though he visited the great temple at Cholula, he does not appear to have even heard of the extensive and wonderful ruins at Copan, Quirigua, Palenque, Uxmal, &c., some account of which it will be our pleasing task to gather out of Mr. Stephens' interesting work, 'Incidents of Travel,' and present to our readers.

But before we proceed to describe the present state and appearance of these remarkable ruins, we must invite attention to the consideration of a question which will at once rise before us, and demand an answer; this question is, by whom and at what period were these buildings erected?

It has been suggested by some that their date is of very remote antiquity, and arguments have been used to prove them of antediluvian construction; but for such an idea there seems not the slightest ground, and we will therefore dismiss it at once without further notice. The usual theory which has prevailed since their discovery is, that they were the work of some race of men who had ceased to exist before the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards; but it seems to us that there is not sufficient reason for going so far back as this to find builders for these stupendous edifices. We rather incline to side with the arguments adduced by our intelligent American author, Mr. Stephens, and adopt the opinion that these ruined cities were the work of the Mexicans themselves, and that they were in their glory and perfection when Cortes and his followers first intruded into the territories of these "children of the sun."

The first of Mr. Stephens' arguments is deduced from the present state and appearance of the buildings themselves. He says, "The climate and rank luxuriance of the soil are most destructive to all perishable materials. For six months every year exposed to the deluge of tropical rains, and with trees growing through the doorways of buildings, and on the tops, it seems impossible that after a lapse of two or three thousand years a single edifice could now be standing," and adds, that the existence of wooden beams at Uxmal in a state of preservation would

confound the opinion that the buildings could not be of so great antiquity; and although wood has been found in Egypt of such an age, yet it has never been seen there except in tombs and mummy-pits, where it was not exposed to the influence of the atmosphere and weather.

The second argument is founded on the statements of Herrera and other historians, that in Yucatan (the district of which we speak) the conquerors found "such stately stone buildings that it was quite amazing, and the greatest wonder is, that having no use of any metal, they were able to raise such structures which seem to have been temples; for their houses were always of timber and thatched. In these edifices were carved the figures of naked men with earrings after the Indian manner, idols of all sorts, lions, pots or jars, &c."

The third argument we would adduce is that the dress, decorations, &c., of some of those stone figures which remain on the buildings at Palenque and in other places, are similar to those which Herrera describes as worn by the natives; and the fourth, that among the hieroglyphical paintings which escaped destruction, are some Mexican MSS., now in the libraries of Dresden and Vienna and which have been published, and some of the characters in these MSS. appear to correspond with some of those found in the monuments and tablets at Copan and Palenque.

Besides the arguments which we have brought forward to show the probability that the Mexicans were themselves the builders of the mighty edifices which now lie in ruins amidst the forests of that land of which they were once the masters, we must conclude from the entire dissimilarity that we find between them and the structures of which the relics are left us in other lands, that those who originated the temples and palaces which exist in Central America had not their learning from any of the architects of the Eastern continent. The monuments of India consist in great measure of excavations; but in these western relics there is in no instance an excavation found, although the mountainous character of the country seems to invite such workmanship. The sculpture among the Hindoo temples is also of a quite different stamp from any found in Yucatan. We may therefore consider that the Asiatics had no hand in instructing those who built these now ruined cities.

That the Egyptians had nothing to do with them is equally obvious, from many manifest differences between their buildings and those of which we speak. There are pyramidal structures in both Egypt and America, but in the former the shape differs from those in the latter. In Egypt there is no palace or other edifice erected on the pyramids—they are complete in themselves; whereas, in those of Central America, there is not one pyramidal structure without some other erection on it, they being used merely as bases by which to elevate their temples or palaces to a greater height.

We may also remark that no columns of any kind are found among the American ruins which we are describing, whereas in the remains of antique architecture which we find in Egypt, there is no temple or other building without them. "There is then," says Mr. Stephens, "no resemblance in these remains to those of the Egyptians; and failing here we look elsewhere in vain. They are different from the works of any known people, of a new order, and absolutely anomalous. They stand alone."

Having given this slight survey of the grounds on which our author builds his theory, that the ruined cities of Central America were not



founded by some unknown race in ages long since passed away, but rather to be considered as the erection of the Mexicans themselves at some period before the Spanish invasion, and as having most probably been at the time at which the Spaniards first gained footing in the land, in a state of good preservation, and forming then their temples and dwelling-places, we will now pass on to a cursory review of the discoveries made by our enterprising travellers, and give in illustration some outlines of a few of the wonderful objects which they saw, and of which Mr. Stephens' companion and assistant, Mr. Catherwood, has furnished us with most elaborate and beautiful drawings.

Copan was the first scene of their investigation, after a fatiguing and tedious journey from Balize where they first landed from the Bay of Honduras, they at length reached the Copan river, and turned off into a stony and wild path, so steep that they were obliged to dismount from their mules and hold on by the bushes to descend, and their journey from this time seems to have been a succession of most rugged and troublesome roads, amongst streams and precipices, until the next day at two o'clock, when they reached the village of Copan, and began to inquire for a guide to the ruins. But they found no one who could direct them, and were advised to seek out the quarters of a certain Don Gregorio, which they proceeded to do; but when he was found his help was not of much avail, for he would have nothing to do with them, but referred them to a man on the other side of the river as the only one who knew anything about the ruins, so that it was not till the next day that they finally set to work. After riding some distance, he says, "Here we dismounted, and tying our mules to trees close by, we entered the woods, Jose clearing a path before us with a machete: soon we came to the bank of a river, and saw directly opposite a stone wall, perhaps a hundred feet high, with furze growing out at the top, running north and south along the river—in some places fallen, but in others entire." Forging the river, they rode along a path from which they were obliged to have the branches cut away, till they came to the foot of the wall which was "of cut stone, well laid, and in good preservation." They ascended by stone steps, in some places perfect, in others thrown down by trees which had grown up between the crevices, and reached a terrace the form of which they could not make out from the density of the forest in which it was enveloped.

They here passed the fragments of a stone elaborately sculptured, which was half buried in the earth, and came to the angle of a structure with steps on the sides, in appearance somewhat resembling the forms of a pyramid. "Diverging from the base, and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column about fourteen feet high and three feet on each side, sculptured in bold relief, and on all four of the sides from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curiously and richly dressed; and the face, evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, unlike anything we had seen before, and the sides were covered with hieroglyphics. This our guide called 'an idol,' and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices, which he called an altar. The sight of this unexpected monument put at rest, at once and for ever, all uncertainty with regard to American antiquities, and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in search of were interesting, not only as the

remains of an unknown people, but as works of art, proving, like newly-discovered historical records, that the people who once occupied the continent of America were not savages."

Amidst the thick forest they found during their first day's ramble fourteen monuments of the same character, some with more elegant designs, and some equal in workmanship to the finest Egyptian monument—"one displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots, another locked in the embraces of branches of trees and almost lifted out of the earth, another hurled to the ground and bound down by huge vines and creepers, and one standing with its altar before it in a grove of trees which grew around it."

In the trees above and around these extraordinary relics sported multitudes of monkeys. "They moved over our heads in long and swift procession forty or fifty at a time, some with little ones wound in their long arms walking out to the ends of the boughs, and, holding on with their hind feet or a curl of the tail, sprung to the branch of the next tree, and with a noise like a current of wind, passed on into the depths of the forest."

On closer inspection, our travellers found the form of the terraced structure they had first seen to be a square, with steps on all the sides, almost as perfect as those of a Roman amphitheatre; these steps were ornamented with sculpture, and led to a broad terrace one hundred feet high, which overlooked the river. The whole terrace was covered with trees.

Inspired by this satisfactory commencement of their labours, Mr. Stephens and his ally resolved on a thorough exploration of the neighbourhood, so far as their resources rendered it possible; but the immense extent of the district, and the dense and tangled growth of the forest amidst which the ruins were concealed, compelled them to put a limit to their researches. "It is impossible to describe the interest with which I explored these ruins," says our author; "the ground was entirely new, there were no guide-books nor guides—the whole was a virgin soil. We could not see ten yards before us, and never knew what we should stumble on next. At one time we stopped to cut away branches and vines which concealed the face of a monument, and then to dig around and bring to light a fragment, a sculptured corner of which protruded from the earth. I leaned over with breathless anxiety whilst the Indians worked, and an eye, or an ear, a foot, or a hand, was disinterred; and when the machete rang against the chiselled stone, I pushed the Indians away, and cleared out the earth with my hands."

Whilst Mr. Stephens was thus exploring, his coadjutor, Mr. Catherwood, was busy drawing.

The result of three days' toilsome investigation showed them that the chief part of this antique city is on the left bank of the river, and stretches over an extent of about two miles along its side: beyond lies a forest in which there may probably be more ruins, but which they did not examine. The temple which they had first discovered appears to be the chief object there. This is an oblong enclosure, the front extending six hundred and twenty-four feet north and south, and from sixty to ninety feet in height. It is made of cut stones from three to six feet in length, and about one and a half foot broad. The other three sides of the enclosure consist of ranges of steps and pyramidal structures, rising from thirty to one hundred and forty feet in height.

The whole line of survey is two thousand eight hundred and sixty-six feet. Over the whole ground are scattered pyramidal elevations, obelisks, altars, idols or monuments (which ever they may be), colossal statues, and other stone relics of immense size and most elaborate sculpture; but we must reserve our account of some of these details to a future paper.

[To be continued.]

## THE HEPATICÆ, OR LIVERWORTS.—No. II.

THE next genus of this tribe of which we have to speak is the *Marchantiæ*, which musters under its banner but three species: these are, *Marchantia polymorpha*, *M. conica*, and *M. hemispherica*. The common characteristics of the tribe are that they are leafy, their leaves ribbed and veined, variously lobed, and creeping horizontally. They attach themselves to the earth by means of numerous fibrous radicles, and grow rapidly on moist surfaces, often where there is little or no soil, proving a great pest to the gardener or florist by overrunning his pits and other sheltering places for plants, and spreading on the mould in garden-pots so as to destroy the more delicate plants which have been placed there.

The common receptacle of the fruit is stalked and peltate—that is, formed like the leaf of a nasturtium, with the stem growing in the centre. The thecæ are pendent from the under side of the receptacle; the perichæmium (or part from which the theca springs) and the calyptra (or veil) are bell-shaped, and from four to twelve cleft. The theca—which is eventually on a short stalk, and opening with four or eight teeth—contains globular spores, accompanied with spiral filaments, such as we have described in the *Jungermannia*. Besides the regular fruit, they bear gemmæ, which are flat, bean-shaped bodies, produced in receptacles of different forms: these frequently vegetate on the parent plant. The genus takes its name from Nicholas Marchant, the first botanical member of the Royal Academy of Science at Paris.

*Marchantia polymorpha* (Star-headed Liverwort), the first-named species, is one of the commonest of the tribe. Its leaf is thick, green, shining, and leathery, running in a narrow strip from about four to five inches in length, and sometimes as much as an inch in width, with a thick midrib. The sides of this elongated leaf are irregularly waved and lobed, and the ends rounded; from the sides of the leaves others branch out, which again divaricate, and the edge of the leaves overlap each other; and thus it runs on, and overspreads the whole mass of earth, or the side of the fountain, or spring, around which it grows, entirely clothing it with continual and very beautiful verdure. It is a lovely object, especially when, as the old herbalist says of it, it is all studded over with its “blazing starres.” I have never seen it so luxuriant and ornamental as on the walls of the little brook, which runs through the village of East Budleigh, near Budleigh Salterton, in Devonshire.

The peduncles, off which the fruit grows in this species, are from one inch to three or four inches long, the receptacle is star-shaped, with about ten segments, the thecæ, when ripe, pendent on a stout pedicel, and greenish-brown, as are the sporules and filaments. The receptacles of the gemmæ are cup-shaped, with a membranous margin; the gemmæ themselves are green, shaped like a lentil, and vegetate by throwing out radicles from

the outer edge. These little, basket-like receptacles may be generally seen at some period of their growth on the upper side of the leafy expansion of which the frond consists.

The stomata, or apertures for admitting air to the tissues of a plant, which are found in all leaves, are of a very peculiar character in those of this plant. They consist of five rings, each formed of four or five cells of an oval form; these rings are placed one beneath the others, the aperture resembling a funnel, and the lowest ring regulating the amount of communication which takes place between the chamber with which it communicates and the outer air. These stomata do not exist in the young leaf, but they, as well as the radicles of which we have spoken, develop; after a short time and it is a remarkable fact (according to Carpenter) that these organs may be induced to develop on either side the leaf indifferently, according to the position which it occupies with regard to the light, the stomata always forming on the side which is placed upwards, and the roots on that which is under. If, however, the surfaces be reversed *after* the respective organs have been developed to a certain point, the little plant will right itself by twisting round, so as to bring its surfaces to their respective positions.

*M. polymorpha* forms a very favourite shelter for many minute fresh-water and land shell-fish, and several kinds of much interest abound among its foliage at the little brook at Budleigh, of which I have spoken, as well as at the neighbouring hamlet of Kersbrook. To detect these tiny inhabitants, the plant must be gathered and dried, and in the sand which falls from it many species will be found; but they are in general so small as to require to be sought with the aid of a magnifier. Some of them are, however, very lovely, as delicately convoluted and valved as the most splendid sea-shells, and of the appearance of mother-of-pearl. One of these, the minute sedge-shell, *Larychium minimum*, we found in great numbers, and also a diminutive mussel-shell; but there was another, a sort of *Helix*, which caused us much surprise and amusement. I and a young friend were amusing ourselves with searching for shells amongst the *Marchantias* which I had brought home fresh from the brook, when the room in which we sat was suddenly filled with so strong a smell of garlic as to make us simultaneously utter an exclamation of disgust, and begin to seek out the cause of the offence. This we could not discover; and as the smell soon abated, we proceeded with our work. After a short time (indeed, before our wondering at whence such a strange exhalation could have come had wholly ceased) I again turned over a tiny shell which I had been before examining with the microscope. This shell was a little flat snail-shell, not much larger than the head of the pin with which I was moving it; but in an instant a flood of the same offensive odour, stronger than before, arose, and I then found that it was emitted by this little creature to whom the Almighty had given this extraordinary property, probably as a means of either offence or defence. It was evidently either from fear or anger that the little snail emitted this effluvium, for it was perfectly innocuous when not touched, but whenever it was suddenly moved with the fingers, or a pin, the scent arose. I found on investigation that this was the *Zonites alliarius*, or Garlic-snail, and often again found them in the *Marchantie*, occasionally of a rather larger size than our first discovery, but always possessing the same repulsive property.

Our second species, *Marchantia conica*. The Conical Liverwort grows

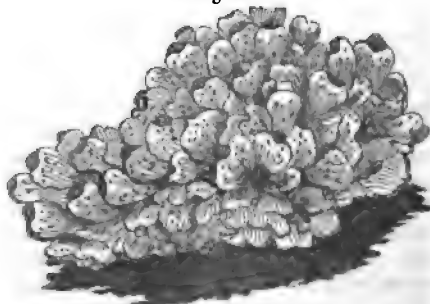
in broad patches on shady banks during the winter months, as well as about millponds, locks, and reservoirs. Its fronds, which are of a yellowish-green hue, are divided into smaller lobes than those of *M. polymorpha*, which it otherwise much resembles. The footstalks on which the fruit grows are fleshy and white, or brownish-purple, rising from a concave disc, and usually situated in the marginal clefts of the leaves. The receptacle is cone-shaped, and looks almost like a green fungus; the sporules are dark olive-green; and the frond, when bruised, yields a fragrant and somewhat aromatic odour, a little like the scent called bergamot.

Fig. 1.



*M. hemisphaerica*, the Hemispherical Liverwort (fig. 1), is less common than either of the others; it is also smaller, and distinguished by its fronds being often purplish-brown beneath. It is found in mountains and sub-alpine districts, growing on the banks of ditches and rivulets, or in the moist crevices of rocks. The receptacle of the fruit is hemispherical, cloven into from four to twelve equal segments. The peduncles, or fruit-stalks, spring from the midrib, and always near the edge of the pond. The reticulations and pores throughout the whole plant are so large as to be very perceptible to the naked eye.

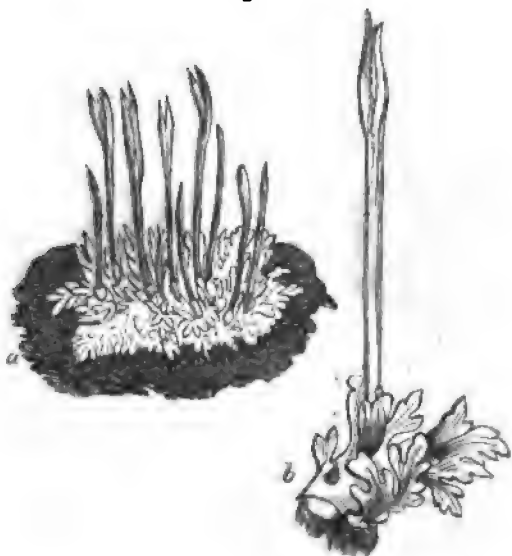
Fig. 2.



The next genus whose characteristics we have to observe is that called *Targionia*, which, though at first sight it much resembles a *Marchantia*, is remarkably different in the structure of its fructification. It is named from John Anthony Targioni, a Florentine botanist. The genus

contains but one species, *T. hypophylla*, the Flat-leaved Targionia (fig. 2), which grows much in the same positions as the *Marchantiæ*, but is most frequently found in the southern counties of England. The fronds are of a deep glossy green, of a leathery texture, and overlapping each other, like the tiles on a house. They form large patches, more or less circular in form, and are attached to the ground by dense fibrous radicles, growing from the midrib. The sheath, from which the theca springs, is purplish-black, seated on the under surface of the lobes of the frond at the extremity of the midrib. This separates into two equal, concave, hemispherical valves. The theca is spherical and dark brown, dividing at the point into several unequal segments. It bears fruit in April and May. The fronds are generally dark purple on the under side, and have the upper surface not reticulated like the *Marchantia*, but exhibiting a dotted appearance, which arises from numerous oval pores, or perforations.

Fig. 3



*Anthoceros*, the next genus, also contains but one species, *A. punctatus*, or the Dotted *Anthoceros* (fig. 3). Its generic name is derived from two Greek words, signifying "a flower," and "a horn," from the horn-like form of the theca, which old botanists considered to be the flower. This, as our figure will show, bears a very different aspect from that of either of the other genera of which we have spoken. It has flattish lobed fronds, waved at the edges, and apparently radiating from a centre, and forming round or oval patches. The plant is dark green and rather fleshy, the surface reticulated, with a pore in the centre of each reticulation. The theca, which is from one to two inches in length, splits from the apex into two equal valves. The spores are rough, dark brown, and attached by short, curved, flattish stalks to a slender columella. They rise from the substance of the frond, and are produced in spring and autumn.

*Sphærocarpus*, the next genus, affords but one species, *S. terrestris*, or the Ground *Sphærocarpus* (fig. 4). This grows on the ground in clover and turnip fields, chiefly in Norfolk and Suffolk, being rarely found elsewhere. The fronds of this grow in clusters, of a pale glaucous green, and attached to the soil by numerous radicles. They are oblong, lobed, and waved, and their surface is often nearly covered by the sheaths, whence the theca rises. These sheaths, or perichetæ, are pear-shaped, contracting at the point with a small circular orifice: at the base of and within this sheath lies the theca, which consists of a thin, transparent membrane, with a minute aperture at the summit. The whole plant is small, and not very noticeable.

*Riccia*, our next and concluding genus, boasts of three species: one of these, *R. glauca*, being terrestrial, and the others, *R. fluitans*, and *R. nutans*, aquatic. In this genus the theca is spherical, immersed in the frond, and terminating in a tubular style-like process, which protrudes above the surface.

This genus, probably the lowest grade of its order, seems to connect the *Hepaticæ* with the *Algacæ* and *Lichenacæ*. It takes its name from Pietro Francisco Ricci, a Florentine botanist.

Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



The fronds of the Glaucous *Riccia* (fig. 5) form roundish patches, conspicuous by their glaucous hue on banks and sandy heaths; they are thick and fleshy, and fixed to the soil by fibrous radicles. When growing in moist situations, the whole plant is larger, and of a thinner texture, as well as of a yellowish-green hue. The thecæ are disposed beneath the surface in furrows, radiating from the centre of the frond, and running along the middle of each lobe and segment. When ripe, they rupture the cuticle, and the minute blackish spores are copiously ejected through the aperture.

The two aquatic species, the narrow and the broad Floating *Riccia*, float on stagnant waters with Duckweed and Potamogeton. The former occasionally roots in the soil at the edges. The fronds are from one to two inches in length, the segments linear, but a little enlarged towards the apex, which is sometimes marked with darkish spots. Of its mode of fructification nothing is known.

*R. natans*, the broad Floating *Riccia*, is from a quarter to half-an-inch long, pale-green above, and often tinged with purple towards the margin and beneath—rough with minute scales above, and copiously fringed at the margin—and clothed beneath with long membranous fibres. The fruit of this is also unknown.

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**NO LIE THRIVES.—No. XX.**



At the end of some days, Frank had so far recovered from the effects of his recent agitation and fatigue as to be able to leave his bed. It was then that the real state of his health became apparent, at least to Jane and Mr. Courtenay. Mr. Davis asked no question on the subject, nor would he probably have liked to have interrogated himself as to the conclusions he wished to draw. He never omitted to see him, but his visits were short; and his departure was a far greater relief to Frank than his entrance a pleasure. He stood in need, however, of no kindness; Jane never left him but when compelled by other duties, and Mr. Courtenay was his constant visitor. One active source of



anxiety alone was now on his mind ; he had promised to write to Sally and inform her of his safe arrival. He had been at home more than a week, and there was yet no prospect of his redeeming his word. Willis had been to see him, but he felt an utter repugnance to reveal anything relative to Sally to him. The unhappy girl had often been a subject of unpleasant dispute between them, and his conduct towards her had frequently called forth the reproofs and remonstrances of his better-principled companion. He could not therefore bring himself to request his assistance.

At length he determined to speak to Mr. Courtenay, and throw himself on his kindness. He was heard with great interest and attention, nor was that gentleman sparing of his inquiries.

"I was right, then," said he, when he had satisfied himself on every point he wished to ascertain ; "I guessed who it was when Dr. Luxmore named the circumstance I have just repeated to you. She shall not be left to perish without some effort to save her. The doctor wrote me word, when he returned to London, that he had lost all trace of you both, in consequence of your having been discharged from the hospital. With the clue that we can now afford him, I hope all difficulty in discovering her will be removed. I can insure his friendly offices on her behalf, and if she has really a desire to return to *virtue*, the means will not be withheld from her."

Frank expressed his satisfaction, her situation having, he said, lain heavily on his mind.

"And so it ought," returned Mr. Courtenay, who was never one to conceal his real sentiments, where their disclosure promised to be beneficial ; "it would be a shame if it did not. You have both been exceedingly to blame, and one has helped the ruin of the other ; but your superior advantages of birth and education, the violation of your duty as an apprentice (recollect the very words of the indenture you signed), the selfishness that you have shown towards her, and the generosity of her conduct to you, are points that turn the scale infinitely against you, and sink you far below her, humbled and degraded as she is."

Frank involuntarily placed his hand before his eyes.

"I have a wretched headache !" murmured he.

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Courtenay ; "the headache you mean, or should mean. I feel the more interested in the girl, and regret her fall the more, because she has shown herself possessed of qualities, which, had they been nurtured and directed by a worthy man in her own sphere of life, would have made her an estimable member of society, and not as now, an outcast from it. You can make no atonement to her for the injury she has sustained from you ; and it is a fearful thought that the sin of which we have been personally guilty, is often trifling comparatively with that of which we are the cause in others. The offence is the more unpardonable in you, as in the case of most young men, because all your pretended love was the whim of the moment, or the effect of sheer vanity. I don't believe that you had a spark of affection for her."

"Certainly not," replied Frank ; "was it likely that I would have any real affection for a girl so much beneath me?"

"For shame," said Mr. Courtenay ; "so much then as she was beneath your affection, you ought to have been above the very desire to make her unworthy of the affection of an equal. He that plucks the meanest flower with no other intent than to throw it away, shows a spirit, in my opinion, that argues ill for himself in higher matters, and I envy

not his disposition; but he that robs the humblest of her whole stock of earthly treasures—her innocence and peace—is a character I despise.”

Mr. Courtenay spoke the more openly and severely, as he perceived no symptoms of contrition on the part of Frank for his conduct towards Sally. The fact is, he had not yet awakened to a proper sense of his errors; he had reaped their effects, and his regret was far more for his sufferings than for his sin. Mr. Courtenay was sharp in his manner, but he was kind at heart, and no man was more judicious. Frank valued him too, and was attached to him, and he therefore bore reproofs from him, which from another would have wounded but not improved him. In this, and indeed in every other respect, he was ably assisted by Jane. She read to him, reasoned with him, soothed, whilst she endeavoured to correct him, sometimes acting as a mediator between him and his father,—for Mr. Davis was not one who could look upon the offender and forget the offence. He was perplexed, too, as to the manner in which to dispose of his son, in the event of his restoration to health, an event which he regarded as a natural consequence: thus, had he greatly desired his son's prolonged life, his fears would have been far stronger than his hopes, and he would have read in his looks, what, under other circumstances, would have pierced his heart.

Frank was not backward to perceive how completely he had forfeited, not only his father's dependence on him, and his good opinion, but that tender affection in which pride was often conspicuous. This mortified and pained him excessively; and he complained of it bitterly to Jane.

“My father,” said he mournfully to her one day, “forgives me in word, but not in heart. He treats me kindly as a son, but he despises me as a man; and he shows me daily how much I have disappointed him. His own integrity will not suffer him to make the slightest allowance for my failure in that respect. I see too well there is no way to regain his affection but to re-establish my character, and acquire qualities like his own. And what likelihood is there of my being able to do this?”

Jane sighed, for she saw no probability whatever that the opportunity to make the attempt would be afforded. After the first month of his return, he had rather retrograded than advanced in his progress towards recovery. Her manner did not escape him, and perhaps it gave him the first intimation of a fact that startled him. To be in ill-health, and continue so for a length of time, probably was an idea to which he attached no great importance, nor about which he felt any particular regret; but to die—to quit every earthly tie and venture on eternity—that thought had not crossed him; and now that it was presented to his mind, he felt as one who first discovers that he is approaching a precipice, which he must pass or perish.

The dawn of one light led to the admission of other rays, and he was beginning to acquire a truer knowledge of himself. The ignorance in which he was kept respecting the fate of Sally was not without a salutary effect. Dr. Luxmore had failed in his endeavours to discover her retreat. She had been seen a few days after Frank had left London; but from that time no intelligence could be heard of her. The letter which Mr. Courtenay had written to her in his name was traced to the Dead-letter Office, with the post-office order enclosed in it. She was therefore as ignorant of all particulars respecting himself, as he was of what had become of her. The idea that she was accusing him of ingratitude and

neglect was painful to him, and low as he was sunk in the estimation of all, he had now learnt to set a value on her good opinion. A fear, too, sometimes suggested itself to his imagination, that she might have committed some rash act; and though he tried to dismiss it, it at length returned so often as to prey upon his mind. Deeply now did he regret his former conduct towards her, and reproach himself for the share he had in her ruin. The day of retribution was arrived, and he felt it in all its severity and justice.

His sisters were not the same comfort to him as was the faithful and affectionate Jane. He saw and lamented in them, and in Harriet especially, the old leaven of deceit that had worked so fatally in his own case. He remonstrated with them on the subject, and pointed out the impropriety of which they were guilty: but here too he found that he had forfeited by his conduct the attention and respect that should have been paid to his counsel and admonition as an elder brother. The prodigal had, in reality, no place in the esteem of his family, and though no one reproached him, none considered his advice or his reproof as worthy of regard.

The path that leads to complete humiliation of heart and spirit is always a painful one, and Frank found it particularly mortifying; and had it not been for Jane, there were times when he would almost have regretted that he had become an inmate of his own home. By every one but her he felt himself set aside, not designedly as from unkindness, but as a vessel is overlooked that is become unfit for use. All, however, in the hands of Providence were so many means appointed to lead him to his good. Attached to Jane as he was, and uniformly as she treated him with the utmost kindness, and with the deference that was yet due to the son of her master, he naturally desired society and conversation more on an equality with himself, and with the advantages of education that he had received. He had always stood in awe of Mrs. Richmond, and was rarely a visitor at her house; now, however, he preferred her company to that of every other. She knew how to adapt herself to his wants: long acquaintance with young people and with sickness made her skilful in the art of administering comfort and awakening reflection, while she imperceptibly reproved and corrected the errors she perceived. They were hours of inestimable value to him that were passed with her. Gratitude for the blessing of such a son as she possessed in Willis, made her still more tender in her manner to Frank, and caused a deeper interest in his welfare.

Nor was this the only advantage arising from his visits to Mrs. Richmond. He was in the habit of meeting a young man at her house, a relation of hers, who had been a curate in the place for the last six months. He was able, gentle, and zealous, and Frank soon conceived a lively regard, amounting to affection, for him. Mr. Atkins had not known him in happier days, and he could meet his eye without that oppressive and humiliating sensation that made him shrink under the gaze of others: the unceasing attention the kind encouragement, of two such persons as Mr. Atkins and Mrs. Richmond, were balm to his wounded spirit, and had the happy effect, by keeping his mind composed, of facilitating the great work of repentance. From this time Frank made steady though not rapid advances in that true knowledge of himself and his state, which was so necessary to guide him into the only path that could lead to reconciliation with God, and to everlasting life.

## THE "WISP OF STRAW."

"A STRAW thrown up shows which way the wind blows," says the proverb; and there is another familiar monitor of the straw species;—when a road or a street is blocked up and traffic necessarily interrupted by the spot being in the hands of the parish stonebreakers, a "wisp of straw," dangling from a line, is the parochially-adopted emblem to warn drivers of vehicles, or equestrians, that they cannot pass that way. Every traveller stops to temporize with this admonishment of a *cul-de-sac*.

Not only the material highways, but those also of the moral world, possess their wisps of straw. Our pursuits are perceptibly subject to barriers or impediments that are doubtless raised up against us in order that we may not run heedlessly upon extremes, or cripple ourselves by getting on to rugged and flinty paths. Experience shows that no matter what the course of life we have taken in our youth, there is a fixed limit to our ambition and progress. Apply the theodolite of reason to the wide social scale, and one becomes aware, by the experiment, of the struggle mankind are all engaged in to sustain their several positions. Whether we cite the legislator or the lawyer, the peer or the peasant, the merchant-prince or the humble tradesman, each individual has ever before his eyes that talismanic indicator whose mission it is to caution the unwary against the dangers of their own caprice, inexperience, or folly. From youth, boyhood—so soon, indeed, as worldly experience begins in reality, and we first feel something of the pressure of responsibility,—from that time onward mental and physical troubles, present and forthcoming, beset us; and as they appear one by one they are symbolized to our moral vision by the wisp of straw! We will furnish an example or two of our meaning.

Your eldest boy is old enough to make choice of a profession. Fathers and mothers, and parents and guardians, possess sad living (and dead!) memorials of the rocks and the chasms this event opens up to families. Too often does inexperienced, rash youth indulge the merest caprice when he is called upon to choose his road through life; but what is equally unfortunate, the parents, urged by affection and weakness of the heart, too often and too readily accede to the wild, dreamy wishes of the boy they are about to equip and send forth on a life's journey; whereas the determination of such a trade or profession as would best suit the nature and education of the lad about to enter upon it, ought evidently to be a matter for the most serious reflection both to parents and child. It unfortunately happens then, we repeat, for "want of thought" on both sides, that the young traveller selects some calling which he thinks and believes he can follow *con amore*, that is to say, at his ease and pleasure, while in fact he is by nature unfit for the pursuit he has chosen. It is a common thing to find youths fresh from the finishing school, entertaining an aversion for thrifty occupation, sober industry, common trades, and so on; they would rather be doctors, lawyers, clergymen, or at any rate they would not think of sinking lower in the scale than a clerkship! Some naturally intellectual schoolboys are attracted by the "will o' the wisp" shown in the blandishments of art. They would become her students, either as painters, sculptors, musicians, comedians, and the like. But how utterly unaware

these choosers of a profession are of the stern claims art makes upon her disciples!

One of the victims, within the range of our own personal observation, to early mischoice of a profession is our furtive acquaintance Julian Alphonso St. Clair (half the name is a decorative invention and an alias). He is a teacher of fencing and similar accomplishments; while his wife, whom he married at eighteen, teaches music to the million, and to the numerous owners of pianofortes, at a "shilling an hour." Madame Eugenie Julian Alphonso St. Clair writes ballads to characterless music, composed by apocryphal German counts or French chevaliers. St. Clair's moustache and military air are certainly imposing, distingué, so to call it; but his costume is very faded and seedy. His brow is blanched and furrowed by care; his face "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," but not from intellectual causes or the inspirations of genius either. The fact is his "profession" *does not answer!* neither does Mrs. Eugenie Julian St. Clair's music; and in sober reality they are at heart an extremely unhappy couple, mercilessly pinched in their pecuniary means, and put to sad straits to maintain their respectability. Nevertheless St. Clair will persist in the pride of his avocation, and is eternally boring everybody he knows with it. He is ever reminding his friends that Mrs. Alphonso is celebrated as a composer of "most exquisite music!"

Has not Alphonso Julian St. Clair, teacher of the accomplishment of fencing, in adopting his *forte*, mistaken his profession? Has he not disregarded the wisp of straw, and followed a will o' the wisp through life? Has he not, in short, been all along journeying on a hard, flinty, cross-road, leading to "no thoroughfare?"

Another example occurs to us. The Perkins's are a decayed, respectable family. The eldest young man, Octavius, has attained to majority, without knowing what to make of that, to him, complete abstraction. He is twenty-one years of age, but is quite unacquainted with any useful business, except that he is by taste a capital guitarist, and has a passable tenor voice. These qualifications insure him frequent *invites* to suburban routs and parties, but the profits are limited to cold suppers, nominal fees, and empty fame. The Italian features, Byronic collar, and "light guitar" of the young Octavius are all his stock in trade.

His manner is full of benignity, and he certainly possesses bland amenity of disposition. His accents are peculiarly mellifluous, his sentiments poetical. But of what real or practical value are these talents lying vegetating in a state of mediocrity? Then, again, with regard to the other members of the Perkins family; why, they all lit their little lamps of inspiration at the fount of the talented Octavius. Septimus and Horace Perkins were artists; Albert a small poet, with a special taste for sonnetteering. The daughters—poor young ladies—Clarissa and Angelica by name, were patterns of gentility, practising the domestic virtues in spinsterhood. But they never married, because their standard for a husband was a very elevated one; and their pride condemned as *vulgar* a match with any trades-persons, although respectable men and thriving in business.

Of course such mistaken views in these poor young ladies so faultily educated, could tend to no other result than their failure in the world. But a modicum of that valuable ingredient, "common sense," if it had been possessed by the family of the Perkins's, might have saved them from their fate of social immolation. It had been better for them had they been admonished by the "wisp of straw."

## EASTER IN SYRIA.

THE last stroke of twelve, announcing the hour of midnight, has scarce ceased to vibrate upon the bell of the solitary European clock—the only timepiece of its kind in the whole village—when the doors of the small Greek chapel are thrown wide open, and the happy congregation issue *en masse* therefrom, clamorously wishing each other all the compliments of the season, and hastening homewards to their respective homes as fast as the obscurity of the hour and the unevenness of the pathway will permit them.

Lent is past, Easter has arrived, and the old white-bearded priest has proclaimed to these humble parishioners the tidings that they are now absolved from the penance of fasting. Long before they went to church, each careful matron of every family had set a goodly pot upon the fire, containing the invariable Easter soup, the ingredients of which consist of forced-meat balls, composed of mutton, chillies, onions, pepper, and grits of Borghol, which are all boiled together in a mess of sour milk, vine leaves, and water. If there is anything a Syrian likes for his supper it is unquestionably this mixture, and they rush home this night with a forty days' appetite, and make ample amends for their long abstemiousness. The next morning, when they awake, it is Easter Sunday; the sun is shining gloriously upon the scene, brighter than ever, so that all nature seems to participate in the universal rejoicings.

Mine host and his wife and children are all up and as busy as bees; never a cross word spoken, never an angry look; the only disturbance in the courtyard arises from the screams of the two smallest children, who, under the skilful management of the mother and the big daughter, are undergoing the process of being parboiled and half blinded with soapsuds, before they are invested with a bran new suit of clothes, cap and shoes included, which are invariably purchased for this occasion.

Talk about a steamer in full action! no steamer's funnel ever boasted such a column of dense smoke as is issuing now from the kitchen chimney, and the bubbling of hot water and the hissing of frying-pans, and the bustle and the heat of the two extra cooks who have been hired for the day—all these proclaim the large amount of business going forward in the culinary department: no minister of state had ever more on his hands for one day than has our respectable hostess, the Hadji Mariam. We walk into the parlour at the invitation of mine host, and the place has been completely metamorphosed since yesterday; the walls have been washed and scrubbed as white as snow, the shelves round the room and the cupboards and recesses are free from the least particle of dust; a new carpet on the floor, new divan cushions, in short everything looks new and astonishing. Here we are asked to seat ourselves, and are served with capital coffee, with milk and undeniable biscuits and sweetmeats.

Meanwhile mine host and his family beg to be excused for half an hour, as they are going to attend morning service; and so, left to ourselves, we meditate over the beauty of the prospect afforded us through the open window, and time slips away imperceptibly. Suddenly there is a great rustling in the yard, as though of ladies' silk gowns, and a shuffling of slippers, and merry laughs and happy voices. Going out to see what all this hilarity signifies, we find the family returned from church,

accompanied by a detachment of neighbours and their families. They are saluting each other in Arabic, and the meaning of the salutation is this, "Christ has risen!" the answer invariably being "He is indeed risen!" Joy and contentment dwell in every face; and he must be a misanthrope indeed who could gaze upon this group, and the fair scenery around him, without feeling his heart swell with pleasure and gratitude.

Every one is invited to a seat: the women are all clad in silk dresses, and the men dressed out in their best and newest attire. Those two little ones there that are strutting about, and regarding with consequential dignity their little new red shoes and smart white frocks—those are the very identical children that made such a clamour in the washtub this morning. After rain comes sunshine, however, and it is so with them; their little hearts are too small to contain the pleasurable emotions they entertain at this very moment.

Now then for breakfast! First come the mother and the daughter, each armed with a couple of little four-legged stools, which apparently in the confusion of the moment they plant on the floor wrong side uppermost. There is, as the sequel however proves, no mistake, for the two ladies rush out and fetch in huge circular trays, which they balance upon the legs of these stools, so that they constitute so many breakfast tables on which, upon a snowy tablecloth, a goodly array of dainties is now displayed, and, as you may imagine, done ample justice to.

There is one remarkable feature on Easter-day which strikes the eye more than anything else, that is, the very picturesque appearance of the natives themselves. Throughout the winter, and up to this very morning, they have all been clothed in dark, sombre clothes, which ill agreed with their own complexions and the leafless country over which they trod. To-day, however, as if by magic, they have all burst into full summer costumes. The women wear light-coloured, elegantly variegated silks; the men light jackets, with sherwal as white as snow. This has a very gay appearance, as we watch them from the distance passing from one habitation to another, flitting under the shadow of stately-grown trees, or else, on the top of some emerald-capped hill, sparkling like so many gay moths in the pleasant sunshine of spring.

Now our breakfast is concluded, and the old priest comes in and has a confidential pipe; and while we are wrapt in smoke and deep thought, we are startled from our reverie by the young man on the left who has been suspiciously eyeing us for the last few seconds, and who leans over and whispers in our ears that he will be happy to crack eggs with us! producing at the same time from the profoundest depths of his pocket half-a-dozen eggs of every hue of the rainbow, some red, some green, and so on. Not quite understanding what he means, he initiates us into the practice, and having chosen three out of his original stock-in-trade of six eggs, we commence hostilities, giving tap for tap alternately on the narrowest end of the egg. The egg that cracks first is vanquished, and the vanquished renders up his—not sword—but cracked egg. No sooner have we set the example, than all the assembled party, like so many hens in the act of incubation, are prolific with eggs; the women produce them from recesses in their girdles, the men from all kinds of pockets, the children from within the recesses of their caps, and even the old priest has mysterious pockets somewhere up the sleeves of his great coat, in which he, in common with other fowl, is rich with eggs. An universal tapping and cracking ensues; and even in this game art and

skill are requisite. Those well accustomed to it immerse their eggs (which are all hard-boiled and have been prepared and dyed full a week before) in a strong solution of lime, which renders them almost as obdurate as stone, and some few resort to cheating, having been lucky enough to pick up a pebble resembling in size and shape an egg. This they dye in common with the other eggs, and in that state it is impossible for a looker on to distinguish between the true and the artificial egg.

Whilst this game is going forward, servants are continually arriving from the neighbours' houses, laden with large trays covered with white napkins, and containing the Easter offering of every family in the village to mine host's family; for mine host is the kekhia, or head man of the Syrian Greeks, and these offerings are more the tributes of respect than any coerced gifts. One of these platters is uncovered, and we may judge by its contents what the rest consist of. There is a number of grotesquely-formed loaves and cakes, thickly encrusted with the grains of the sesame seed, to which the natives are very partial; besides these the tray contains a few sweetmeats, such as sugared almonds, &c., and a huge roll of a wafer-like, dark-looking substance, extremely pungent to the taste, and which we are told is a species of bread or paste made from apricots, which keeps from year's end to year's end, and which, when boiled with milk and sugar, is, as we can attest from experience, a by-no-means contemptible dish; and if the reader doubts this assertion, all he has got to do is to call at Fortnum and Mason's in Piccadilly, and there he will find this identical kama'adeen.

But to return from Piccadilly to Syria. The eggs have been all cracked, the presents received and partly forwarded to the priest's house; and the master of the house rises from the divan and invites all the males present to accompany him to an adjacent garden, where carpets and cushions have been already spread for our reception under the shade of a group of olive trees, and where we are to witness the feats of strength and gymnastics exercised by all the shebs, or able-bodied young men of the village. The scene that presents itself is a very lively one. All the young men, in addition to their holiday attire, wear abah, or long loose woollen coats, alternately striped with red, yellow, and black. The games commence with a wrestling match, followed by numberless other manoeuvres; and between the pauses that ensue, interminable eggs are produced in every direction, and couples like so many pugnacious woodpeckers are incessantly tapping away.

About midday these rural feats are over, and we return to the house, and from that time till three in the afternoon it is one interminable scene of smoking, drinking coffee and lemonade, and eating candied orange flowers. Every visitor that arrives, and there are few that keep away from the kekhiat's house on this day, out comes the tray with refreshments, and then everybody present is expected, out of compliment to the new comer, to do as he does. The women, excepting the daughter who serves these refreshments, are all this time invisible; they are possibly deep in the pursuit of culinary occupations; but another reason for their keeping out of the way is that a great many of the Turkish neighbours will be dropping in to-day out of compliment to mine host, and as the women would have to abscond every time these are announced, they think it safest to keep out of the way altogether till visiting hour is over.

Three o'clock arrives, and the pipes and narghelies are removed, casual visitors have all disappeared, and the lady of the house invites us to



repair to the balcony up-stairs, where we are to witness the rustic dances of the village maids. Out of respect to the hostess, who is in a manner their lady patroness, they dance and sing for an hour before her door, before they go the round of the other chief inhabitants of the village. This is truly a pretty spectacle, and resembles much in our opinion the morris-dance to be seen annually at Lord Holland's Park, with this advantage only that in lieu of being artificial, the costumes, the dance, the language, and the music are all, as well as the dancers, real, substantial, *de facto* Syrians. We cannot say much in favour of the music, which to our ears is rather more disagreeable than even the bagpipe; but then the girls' voices are sweet and their faces pretty, and their figures slim and their movements graceful, and all these combined, in addition to a perfect forest of sweet and variegated flowers with which their long tresses are decked out—these constitute a perfect tableau—a picture of summer happiness, in the veritable acceptation of that term. These girls are usually accompanied by five or six matrons, as well to take care of them as to act as leaders in the different dances; and some of these dances comprise complete games, such as happy children in England play about merry Christmas-time.

After an hour or so the village maidens disperse, and then mine host whispers in our ears that we are going to have a ride to the sea-shore, just to "shum il howa," that is to say, to "smell the breeze." Horses and donkeys and mules are at the door waiting our pleasure; and the ladies and the children mount the donkeys and mules, and we mount the horses, and a merry cavalcade is formed which, at every fresh lane and turning on the plantations, gains increased strength, by the addition of whole families almost equally well mounted with ourselves, till at last we become a formidable body of cavalry; the women looking like so many scarecrows wrapt in their white sheets, and perched crosslegged on the high saddles of the mules.

By-and-by we emerge from the gardens and enter upon a level road, with a long succession of plains, famous ground for horse exercise, and few people are better horsemen than the Syrians. Away they go, helter skelter, full gallop, leaving the women and the children enveloped in a cloud of dust; now one wheels to the right, now one wheels to the left; now one draws up so abruptly as to throw his horse on its hanches; now mock combatants charge each other, and fling harmless reeds in imitation of lances. Meanwhile the air is ringing with shouts and laughter: this is the greatest enjoyment a Syrian has, and fine hearty exercise it is.

But at length we have neared the sea-shore, and the waves are breaking angrily upon the soft and pleasant sand—a fresh sea-breeze occasions this. Horsemen alight, and the horses—the reins being merely thrown over the holster of the saddles—are left to themselves; and so good-tempered and well brought up are these horses, that they seldom, if ever, embroil each other in quarrels.

Now we fling ourselves on our sandy couch, and inhale with inexpressible gusto the delicious sea-breeze, tainted as it comes with a pleasant marine smell, a smell of shells and other pretty bijous of the deep; the invariable coffee is made, the indispensable pipes lit. The ladies and the children arrive, and the keif commences. A great source of amusement even for the grown-up is to throw off their shoes (few wear stockings), and play at "I spy I" with the waves; for, strange to say, that though

living within so short a distance of the sea, few if any of the native women—such is the natural indolence of their disposition—ever visit the seaside save on this occasion, and one other time, viz., the first day of July, when, according to a traditionary practice, it is thought absolutely requisite, blow high or blow low, that every woman in the village should immerse herself in the waves at least during such space of time as will enable her to have three dips.

It is sunset before we resume the line of march again, but we see the sun fairly disappear before we resume our saddles: this is considered lucky, and the more devout offer up prayers from the moment the sun's orbit touches the horizon till the last ray of light disappears from view. The bright luminary of day, whose blinding brilliancy made tears involuntarily start from the eyes, and precluded the possibility of our looking westward without our hands shrouding well our eyes, is now drawing towards the termination of his daily career. Like many a robust old man, who has happily been free from the thousand and one ills to which mortals are subjected, he has reached the verge of the longest natural term of existence with a firm step and a hale, hearty countenance. Suddenly the powerful man is stricken, his palsied frame totters on yet awhile a month or two, and then sinks rapidly into his grave. So the sun suddenly becomes red, then colourless; we can look upon it now without any unpleasant sensation to the eyes; we watch it sink rapidly beneath the deep, still blue waters of the ocean, and then we remember that though such is the fate of man—and such it must ever continue to be so long as time and this world shall last—still so surely as that very sun will rise again on the morrow, so will all those whose life-light has set in the grave reappear at the last great day, for "Christ is risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept."

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#### NIGHT ADVENTURE IN THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

ABOUT five-and-twenty years ago, a young man named Diego, exchanged a commercial life for that of a planter. After long research he finally settled in a district called Santa Elena, the black soil of which promised an abundant harvest of sugar. After much preliminary clearing, and after having undergone many hardships, he found himself at last settled in his new habitation. The first night after his taking possession, he went to bed in a room on the ground floor (such in fact are all the rooms in the country), and soon fell asleep. How long he lay in this state is uncertain, but he was suddenly awakened by an indescribable noise evidently very near him. The room was enveloped in utter darkness; but listening anxiously, as a man does when he hears a sound the cause of which is unknown, he shortly distinguished the rustling of a body on the floor, accompanied by a wheezing respiration. Holding his breath, in order that he might ascertain more accurately the meaning of this strange event, he became perfectly certain that the noise proceeded from under his bed. What could be the cause of it? There was but one solution of the mystery—a man must be cautiously stepping across the room, who, holding his breath with a painful effort, uttered from time to time the wheezing sound which he heard. What was to be done? Whoever he might be, the human being who was hiding under his bed could not but have some fatal object in view; he was come to steal, and contemplated

beginning with a murder, in order to carry out his scheme without interruption.

It must be allowed that in such a country as Cuba then was, and in such a situation, the most fertile imagination could conceive no other solution. Time pressed, some prompt and decisive step was indispensable. To call the negro, who was sleeping in the adjoining room, was to give the signal for attack. Thus alarmed, the robber would first despatch the master in his bed, and then escape over the dead body of the unarmed slave, for flight in any other way was impossible, the window being secured by bars of iron. On the other hand, to light a candle was yet more imprudent. At this period lucifer matches were unknown; a light must be struck with a flint and steel, the tinder must be kindled, and a sulphur match ignited—three operations instead of one—which would evidently impede an effectual defence in case of a struggle, life for life. Besides, in darkness, blows dealt by the assailant would be more uncertain, and the advantage less decidedly in his favour. These reflections employed but a moment, and their first result was that M. Diego stretched out his arm with the greatest caution and seized a dagger, which lay on a chair by his side, and which never left him. Armed now and on his guard, he awaited with confidence the beginning of a struggle in which both parties would be equally armed.

It should be observed, in order to the better understanding of the story, that, according to the custom of the island of Cuba, no mattress rested on the ticking, and that the assassin was only separated from his intended victim by the thickness of the canvas and a single blanket. Minutes passed away as slowly as hours, and the most silent of the two was the watcher. At times a perfect stillness was preserved on both sides; then a rustling on the floor was feebly heard, like a sound which some one was endeavouring to stifle, accompanied by the same wheezing respiration, repeated at regular intervals. This at last suggested to M. Diego the idea that perhaps the assassin, while biding his time, had himself fallen into a doze, and that the uneasiness of his sleep was betraying him. To wait till he awoke was to lose a precious opportunity; so M. Diego decided at all risks to light a candle, if only it were possible. The steel was at his side, he laid hold of it without making any noise, adjusted the tinder, and struck a sharp blow; the spark did not catch, all was again enveloped in gloom; nothing stirred; another attempt followed, and this time the tinder showed a slight glimmer. M. Diego, holding his dagger in his left hand, paused once more,—the assassin slept on,—at last the brimstone ignited, and the taper, lighted in haste, at once illuminated the room. The slumberer, on his part, appeared to awake, and the distinct movement of his legs showed that, finding himself discovered, he was preparing for the attack. Sitting up in his bed, not venturing to put his feet within the grasp of his adversary by getting out of bed, M. Diego bent forward to deal a blow on the nape of the neck, if the head showed itself. But the head did not show itself, and it became evident that the enemy in his turn waited for the attack, since in his position defensive measures were the safest. Several minutes thus passed. But it was necessary at all risks to bring the matter to a conclusion: the suspense was becoming intolerable; so, not succeeding in gaining sight of his adversary by stretching out his head, M. Diego flung himself with frantic haste into the middle of the apartment. What he saw there was neither assassin nor robber, nor negro, nor man; it was an enormous boa-constrictor,

folded over in three or four coils, above which his formidable head darted, with a hiss, that terrible gaze which, as they say, fascinates birds. The planter, accustomed to fall in with such gentry in his travels through the woods, was only too well pleased to find that for this once he had escaped at the cost of an hour's watching; he called his slave, and the reptile was beaten to death with long sticks.

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ANCIENT LONDON.—No. XIII.

At the north end of London Bridge stood the old church of St. Magnus, destroyed in the great fire, and rebuilt by Wren. Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, and editor of the first English Bible published under royal authority (being the earliest translation of the Bible printed in English), was rector of St. Magnus; not being allowed by Elizabeth, on whose accession he returned to England, to resume his bishopric, on the grounds of nonconformity in certain minor particulars. Having declined the bishopric of Llandaff, in 1563, in consideration of his age and infirmities, together with the debility induced by a recent attack of the plague, he resigned the living of St. Magnus in 1566, and died two years after, and was buried, February 19th, 1568, in the chancel of St. Bartholomew's, behind the Royal Exchange.

When this church was removed, about twelve years ago, a careful search was made for the remains of Coverdale. They were found on the spot indicated by the entry in the registry. The skeleton was that of a tall, large-boned man, and remained nearly entire except the skull, the only remaining fragment, a portion of the occipital plate, crumbling away on exposure to the air. The relics were reinterred in the church of St. Magnus. In the search for Coverdale's remains, at which the writer was present, a cart, or tumbrel, filled with human bones, was found; a circumstance which could only be accounted for by the presumption that a pit had been opened on the spot, previous to its being occupied by the church, for the reception of bodies deceased of the plague, and that in some panic the cart and its contents had been projected together into the trench and so left.

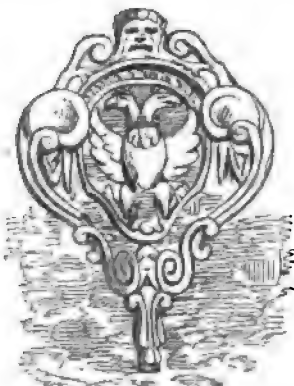
Westward of the bridge was Stock-fishmongers Row, near which was a water-gate called Eb-gate, with a stair leading to the river, afterwards called the Old Swan; between which and the bridge end was Fishmongers' Hall, destroyed in the fire of 1666, and twice rebuilt since. Further west was Coldharbour, mentioned as a tenement in the reign of Edward II. It afterwards served as the site of a large house built by Sir John Poultney. In 1397 it was the residence of John Holland, Duke of Exeter, who here entertained his half-brother, Richard II., with a sumptuous feast. In 1398 it was held by Edmund of Langley, Earl of Cambridge. Henry IV. granted this house to his son, Henry, Prince of



REMAINS OF  
MILES COVERDALE.

Wales, in 1410, by which time the name of Coldharbour had merged into that of Poultney Inn. By an order on the collector of the Customs, preserved by Stow, for twenty casks and one pipe of red wine of Gascogn, free of duty, it would appear the buxom Prince was not set up in housekeeping without an ample supply of "good stuff toward."\* Coldharbour was afterwards granted by Richard III. to John Writh, Garter king-at-arms, and to the rest of the king's heralds and pursuivants-at-arms.

In the reign of Henry VIII., Cuthbert Tonsal, Bishop of Durham, on surrendering Durham Place to the king, made this house his residence, and after his deposition it was granted by Edward VI. to the Earl of Shrewsbury, when it received the name of Shrewsbury House.



TWO-HEADED EAGLE, BADGE OF THE  
MERCHANTS OF THE STEELYARD.

The trade of this place probably succeeded that of Dowgate, or Dwyrgate, presumed to have been the original port of London prior to the Roman invasion, and afterwards the home-point of the Roman *trajectus*, or ferry, by which a communication was carried on with Dover and the port of Rutupiæ (Richborough) in Kent.† The Easterlings, or merchants of Germany were, in the reign of Ethelred, known under the designation of the Emperor's men. In the reign of Henry II. this trade received a marked impetus through the relations with the Germanic empire, promoted by that king. The first letters-patent, securing to the merchants of Bremen free import and export to and from England, were granted by King John, twelve years after which those of Lubeck were included, and subsequently those of Hamburg. The final settlement of the united body was promoted about the middle of the thirteenth century by Arnold, a wealthy magistrate of the city, and alderman of the Teutonic guild. John Lydgate records the loyal and gallant display of the Teutonic merchants among their civic brethren at the reception of Henry VI. on his entry into London in 1431. "The lord mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen riding on horseback in their purple and scarlet robes,

\* 'Henry IV.,' Part II.

† The merchants of Cologne had their hall in Dowgate, but were united with, or merged into the other, then designated the merchants of Almaigne, and their factory *Aula Teutonicorum*, in the reign of Henry III.

"And Esterlinges, clad in her maneres,  
Conveyed with sergeauntes and other officeres,  
Estatly horsed, aftyr the maier riding,  
Passid the subbarbis to mete with the kyng."\*

The free spirit in maritime adventure which had gradually sprung up from the cessation of the War of the Roses to the reign of Elizabeth, proved inimical to the German monopoly; and after many disputes and reprisals, including the capture of a number of the Hanseatic vessels by Drake and Norris, the merchants of the Steelyard were ordered by a royal writ, dated January 13, 1598, to quit their house in Thames Street.

It was subsequently restored under certain restrictions. The trade of the Steelyard † comprised wheat and other grain, cables, masts, tar, flax, hemp, linen cloth, wainscot, wax, steel, &c. The premises, with which Salisbury House and two other large buildings became incorporated, together with five houses on the western side of Windgose Lane, presented in the sixteenth century a broad face of masonry towards Thames Street, with three great roundheaded arches, each bearing a Latin distich, that in the centre being ascribed to Sir Thomas More:—

"Aurum blanditiæ pater est natusque doloris;  
Qui caret hoc moeret, qui tenet, hic metuit."

The company's hall was painted in distemper by Holbein, the subjects being the triumphs of Riches and Poverty. Verses, ascribed to Sir Thomas More, were painted over those works, probably the source of the inscription over the gates. They are engraved by Michel of Basil. The originals, being fixtures painted on the wall, were most likely destroyed, together with the premises which they embellished, in the great fire of 1666.

In the neighbouring church of Allhallows there is an oak screen, the work of a Hamburg carver, in which the badge of the Hanse merchants, the two-headed eagle, is conspicuous. This was presented by the fraternity in the reign of Elizabeth.

A house facing the hall was a noted resort of the drinkers of Rhenish wine, who were likewise supplied with the incentives to thirst in the shape of smoked neats' tongues, caviare, &c. In a play of Webster's we have this reference to the place and its attractions:—"I come to entreat you to meet him this afternoon at the Rhenish winehouse in the Stillyard. Will you steal forth and taste of a Dutch bun and a keg of sturgeon?"

The Three Cranes in the Vintry was the next wharf. It was allotted for the landing of wines. In the adjoining lane was the Painted Tavern, a place of note as early as the time of Richard II. A great house in the neighbourhood, called the Vintrie, was built over extensive vaults for the stowage of wine. Sir John Gisors, mayor and constable of the

\* Lydgate, 'Minor Poems' (Percy Society), p. 4.

† The name Stylyard, of which the above is a corruption, is supposed to have originated as denoting the spot where the public beams stood, by which the king's toll was estimated on the weight of all goods landed.

‡ Fraser, 'Ürkundliche Geschichte des Hansischen Stalhopes in London,' Von J. M. Lappenberg, Dr., Hamburg, 1851. 4to. (privately printed). The appearance of this volume is due to the intention on the part of the three Hanse Towns of selling their ancient right in the premises of the Steelyard

Tower, resided here in 1314. Another notable tenant, Henry Picard, vintner, mayor in 1356, here entertained, right royally,

"Edward, King of England, John, King of France, the King of Cipres (then arrived in England), David, King of Scots, Edward, Prince of Wales, with many noblemen and others; and after the said Henry Picard kept his hall against all comers whosoever that were willing to play at dice and hazard. In like manner the Lady Margaret, his wife, did also keepe her chamber to the same extent.

"The King of Cipres, playing with Henry Picard in his hall, did winne of him fifty markes; but Henry, being very skilful in that art, altering his hand, did after winne of the same king the same fifty markes, and fifty markes more, which when the same king began to take in ill part, although he dissembled the same, Henry said unto him, 'My lord and king, be not agreed, I court not your gold, but your play, for I have not bid you hither that I might grieve, but that amongst other things I might you play;' and gave him his money againe, plentifully bestowing of his owne among the retinue; besides, he gave many rich gifts to the king and other nobles and knights which dined with him, to the great glory of the citizens of London in those days."\*

Near the Vintry was a college founded in the church of St. Michael Royal by the munificent Whittington, dedicated to the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, containing an establishment of a master and four fellows, clerks, choristers, &c., and adjoining it an almshouse for thirteen poor people.

Westward of the site of the Three Cranes is the wharf which represents the ancient port of Dowgate. Dowgate Hill, leading to the wharf, was the site of several residences of eminence and antiquity, one of which was a large house on the east side of the street called the Erber. Geoffrey Scrope held this house by the gift of Edward III. It was afterwards inhabited by Nevil, Lord of Raby; Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, and Nevil, Earl of Salisbury. From the Nevils it passed to George, Duke of Clarence, by gift of Edward IV. It was afterwards tenanted by a succession of royal and noble personages, one of whom was Richard III. The last tenant of note was the famous navigator, Sir Francis Drake, after it had been rebuilt by Sir Thomas Pullison, mayor.

Jesus Commons, a college for priests, was another old house in this street. Another, at the corner of Elbow Lane, called Old Hall, was given to the priory of St. Mary Overies by William Pont de L'Arche, one of the founders of the priory, and Worcester Place, the residence of John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, Lord High Treasurer of England, who was beheaded by order of the great Earl of Warwick, were likewise celebrated edifices in the neighbourhood.

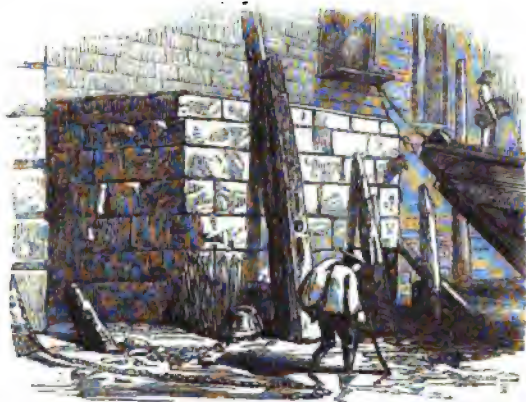
The Wallbrook, now converted into a sewer, enters the Thames at Dowgate. To the west of Dowgate is Queenhithe—in old writings, Ripa Regina, but in the Saxon time called Edreds Hithe, when it was a principal landing-place to the city. The dues of this harbour were applied to the Queen's portion as early as the time of Stephen.

The stairs at Broken Wharf, Paul's Wharf, and Puddle Dock, lay between Queenhithe and Baynard's Castle, a portion of the basement of which still exists, as shown in the accompanying cut; parts of the old woodwork likewise remain in the stables of the coal-wharf, into which the site is now converted. FitzStephen and Gervasius Tilbury, both living in the reign of Henry II., refer to this ancient stronghold

\* Stow's 'Annals,' 263.

and the neighbouring fortress called Montfitchet's Castle. "Two castles," says Gervasius, "are built with walls and rampires, whereof one is in right of possession, Baynard's, the other the Barons of Montfitchet."

Baynard, the founder of the former, was a follower of William the



REMAINS OF BAYNARD CASTLE.

Conqueror. The castle was forfeited to the Crown in 1111 by one of his descendants, and bestowed by Henry I. upon Robert FitzRichard, fifth son of Richard de Tonebrugge, son of Gilbert, Earl of Clare. To this family appertained, in right of the castle, the office of castellaine and banner-bearer to the City of London.

Baynard's Castle was burned in 1428, and rebuilt by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, at whose death it was granted by Henry VI. to Richard, Duke of York. In 1457 the duke lodged here, and after having secretly plied the springs of Jack Straw's rebellion, assembled his partizans in this castle, with a view to his appointment as successor to the crown, then tottering in the feeble hand of the king. His ambitious views were speedily quenched in his death at the battle of Wakefield, and a paper crown of mockery, with which his head, set upon one of the gates of York, was decorated, was the guerdon of his schemes.

Here, likewise, Richard Duke of Gloucester, with a surer hand, dallied with the game of royalty in affected reluctance, while he allowed his scruples to melt slowly before the warm urgency of Buckingham, the mayor, and certain of the citizens in his interest. His conqueror and successor, Henry VII., repaired and altered the castle, with a view to the improved character of the times; and a long series of intrigue and conspiracy, of which it had been the scene, gave place to a succession of pageants, by which the restoration of civil order was hailed in the early part of Henry's reign. The proclamation of Queen Mary afterwards issued from Baynard's Castle, and her royal successor was entertained with a supper within its walls by its then possessor, the Earl of Pembroke; after which the queen showed herself to her subjects in her barge, amid much loyal display and rejoicing, with music and fireworks. The castle remained in the possession of the Shrewsbury family until 1666, when it was destroyed in the great fire.



The building formed a square court, with an octagon tower in the centre and two in front; part of one of these, still remaining, is shown in the accompanying view. The windows were pierced in pairs upon a series of square buttresses, the whole height of the south face of the building. A bridge and stairs communicated with the Thames. Montfitchet's Tower stood a little west of Baynard's Castle. It was built by Gilbert de Montfitchet, a follower of the Conqueror, who fought by his side at the battle of Hastings. The tower is supposed to have been destroyed by King John, and its then owner, Richard de Montfitchet, banished the realm, in 1213. The materials of the tower were appropriated to the church of the Dominicans, or Black Friars, then building in its precincts.

Between Baynard's Castle and the latter there was another tower, founded by Edward II., but its name has not survived. Stow supposes its site to have been that afterwards occupied by the building called Legate's Inn.

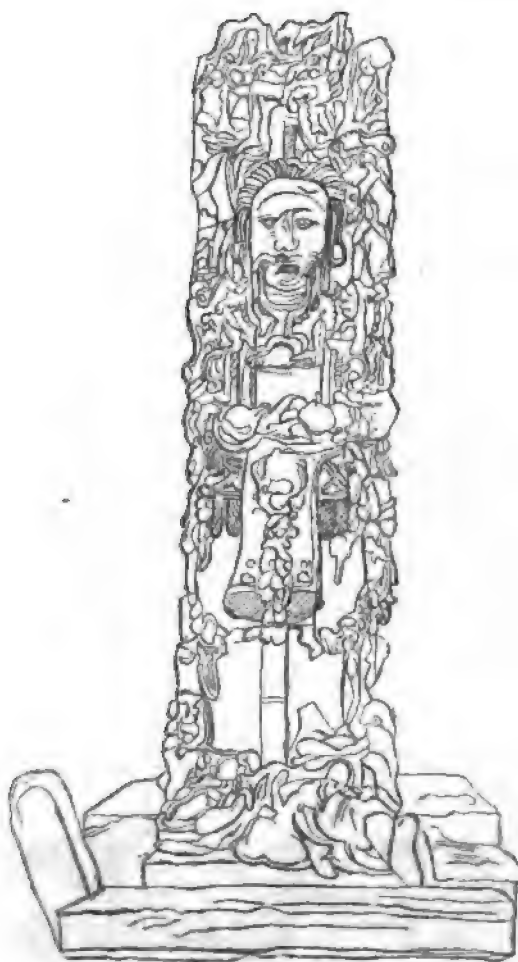
The objects here described lying on the Thames' bank occupied the space of one mile, the extent of the south wall of the city. They had, in the most part, sprung up after the fortification on that side had become unnecessary to the defence of the city. Indeed, the close succession of wharfs, houses of strength, and castles between the Tower and Blackfriars, must have been more than a substitute for the wall itself; but, as observed by Lord Lyttelton, "after the building of the Tower and the bridge, there was no necessity for restoring this fortification, as it was almost impossible (at least after the bridge was flung across the Thames) for any fleet to annoy the city."

#### THE RUINED CITIES OF THE WEST.—No. II.

THE south wall of the enclosure called the Temple, at Copan, runs at right angles with the river, beginning with a range of steps about thirty feet high, and each step about eighteen inches square. At the south-eastern corner is a massive pyramidal structure, one hundred and twenty feet high, on the slope. On the right are remains of other buildings, and there appears to have been also a gateway into a quadrangular area, two hundred and fifty feet square; on two sides of which are massive pyramids, one hundred and twenty feet high. Within this area are numerous remains of sculptures, amongst them "rows of death's heads of gigantic proportions, still standing in their places half way up one of the pyramids." Among the fragments lying on the ground in this place is a remarkable portrait, probably of some king or chieftain. "The mouth is injured, and part of the ornament over the wreath that crowns the head. The expression is noble and severe, and the whole character shows a close imitation of nature." Another fragment contains the fine portrait here given.

The plan of the range of structures, Mr. Stephens tells us, is complicated, and the ground, being overgrown with trees, is difficult to make out. Beyond the wall of enclosure were walls, terraces, and pyramidal buildings running off into the forest, and along the whole line were ranges of steps and pyramidal structures, probably crowned on the top with buildings or altars now ruined. All these steps and pyramidal sides were painted. Within the enclosure were two rectangular courtyards, the area of each

about forty feet above the river. These differed in size, but both had ranges of steps leading to terraces. "In one of these stands an altar,



STATUE AT COPAN.

which," says Mr. Stephens, "presents as curious a subject for speculation as any monument in Copan." It is formed of a single block of stone, about six feet square and four feet high, and stands on four globes cut out of the same stone. The sculpture is in basso-relievo, and therein unlike any other that they saw, all the rest being in bold alto-relievo. The top of this curious altar is divided into thirty-six tablets of hieroglyphics, most probably containing the record of some event in the history of the people by whom it was made. The lines are distinctly visible, and we give a faithful transcript of Mr. Catherwood's drawing of them.



HIEROGLYPHICS ON THE ALTAR AT COPAN.



EAST SIDE OF ALTAR AT COPAN.

On each side the altar are four figures: the two middle ones on the west side sit face to face, and seem to be chieftains in conference; the other fourteen are divided into two equal parties, and seem to be following their leaders, who sit cross-legged on hieroglyphics, as do their followers. A serpent forms a part of three of these sculptured seats. In the other courtyard, about two-thirds of the way up the steps, is a gigantic head,



COLOSSAL HEAD AT COPAN.

about six feet in height, and of a good style of sculpture. It is moved from its place, and part of the ornament on one side of it thrown down to a distance, by the expansion of the trunk of a large tree, which has sprung up between the crevices of the steps.

In one part of the enclosure they found two mounds of ruins, apparently of circular towers, and in a place among the steps of some terraces, a pit five feet square and seventeen deep, cased with stone, with an opening into a chamber ten feet long, five feet eight inches wide, and four feet high, with three small niches at the end. Colonel Galindo, who had before been inspecting the ruins, had opened this, and says that he found the niches and the ground full of red earthenware dishes and pots, more than fifty of which were full of human bones packed in lime. We found also several sharp-edged and pointed knives of *chaya* (a sort of stone with which it is supposed the sculptures were made), and a small death's head carved in a fine green stone, its eyes nearly closed, the lower features distorted, and the back symmetrically perforated by holes; the whole of exquisite workmanship. Above the pit which leads to this vault is a passage leading from the terrace to the river wall.

There is very much more of deepest interest which we might extract from the account our author gives us of his researches at Copan; but there is so much before us, that we must not longer dwell on this part of his discoveries, but hasten on to the wonderful things which await our attention in the other cities. We must, however, add that the stone of which these idols, altars, &c., are formed, is a soft grit-stone clay from quarries near at hand. As in all such stupendous buildings of very ancient date, there is a wonder excited as to how such masses of stone were conveyed to their places; and we may especially wonder in this case,

how one of them could have been carried up and erected on a mountain two thousand feet high—but such is the case.

At one spot, midway between the quarries and the city, they found a block of larger size than any which they saw among the ruins. This had probably been on its way to be carved and set up, when the workmen were arrested in their work; possibly by an inroad of those white conquerors who, going in the name of Christ to conquer lands professedly for him, yet proved themselves by their unholy deeds, their lust for gold, their contempt of human life, and their deceitful practices, worse than those ignorant heathens whose land they invaded.

At Quirigua on the Motagua river, and not very far distant from Copan, Mr. Catherwood found a collection of ruins, much of the same character as those which they had seen at Copan. The monuments, or “idols” as they sometimes call these carved stones, were much higher than those at that place, some of them as much as twenty-three and twenty-six feet above the ground, and probably six or eight more below it. There were here many altars, one of them round, and situated on a small elevation within a circular wall of stones. In the centre of this circle, and reached by descending very narrow steps, was a large round stone, sculptured in hieroglyphics, and supported by what seemed to be two colossal heads, but the whole was much covered with vegetation. These monuments, though much larger than those at Copan, are less rich in design, and sculptured in lower relief; and Mr. Stephens suggests, from their being more faded and worn, that they are of much older date. Our travellers, though seeking for ruins, passed close by these, and slept a night near them, but did not at that time hear of their existence; and it was by chance that some report of it reached them at a later period. “A large city once stood there,” says Mr. Stephens; “its name is lost, its history unknown. For centuries it has lain as completely buried as if covered with the lava of Vesuvius.”

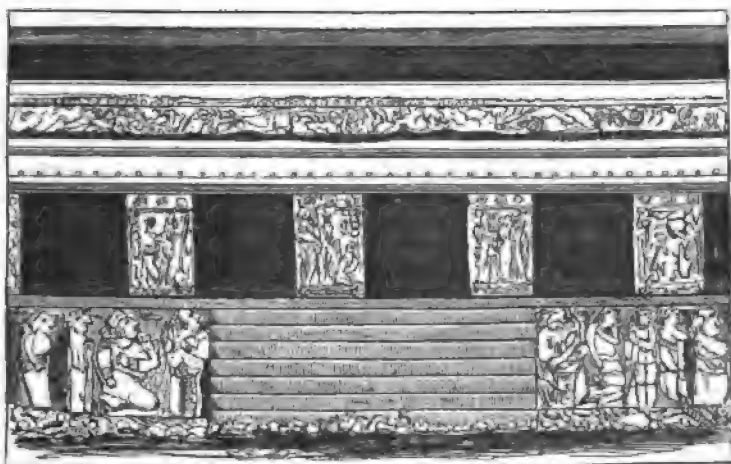
We must now follow our travellers to Palenque, a village separated from the country of the Caribs by the river Chacamal. About eight miles from this village were ruins so extensive and interesting, as to induce Mr. Stephens and his friend to decide on setting up housekeeping for a time in one of the ancient buildings, in order the more thoroughly to explore the ground, and to make more abundant and finished drawings of the curious objects which they were led to expect they should find around them. Taking cooking and other household utensils, supplies of food, and Indians to assist in their labours, they set out for the ruins. “In two hours we reached the river Micol, and in half an hour more that of Otula, darkened by the shade of the wood, and breaking beautifully over a stony bed. Forging this, we very soon saw masses of stones, and then a round sculptured stone.” After a short time, they came in sight of “a large building richly ornamented with stuccoed figures on the pilasters, curious and elegant; trees growing close against it, and their branches entering the door, in style and effect unique, extraordinary, and mournfully beautiful.” Under the front corridor of this palace the party took up their abode.

The city, of which this splendid palace, which we shall presently describe, formed a part, has left no records of its existence, save what its ruined palaces afford. There is no mention of it in any book, no tradition of it extant; it has to this day no name except that of “Palenque,” from the village near which it stands. The ruins are said to have been first discovered in 1750, but it was not till 1786 that the King of Spain sent

a commissioner to examine and report on them. The results of the investigation do not appear to have been made public, nor was any notice of them taken in Europe till 1822, when some report of them was given in England, but without exciting much attention.

The extent of these ruins is immense. The Indians say that they cover sixty miles, but probably this is an exaggerated account. The work of exploring was very laborious, and our travellers' mode of living, though romantic in the extreme, must have been far from pleasant, from the heat and the activity of the mosquitoes; and the difficulties attending their obtaining food and other necessities of life were such as few who were not much bent on carrying out a project, and, withal, men of energy and self-denial, would have endured. But "the work went on," says Mr. Stephens: "as at Copan, it was my business to prepare the different objects for Mr. Catherwood to draw. Many of the stones had to be scrubbed, and cleaned; and as it was our object to have the greatest possible accuracy in the drawings, in many places scaffolds were to be erected on which to set up the camera lucida."

The building in which they lived stands on an artificial elevation of an oblong form, forty feet high, three hundred and ten feet in front and rear, and two hundred and sixty feet on each side. This elevation was formerly faced with stone, but the growth of trees has thrown it down. The building which stands on it faces the east, and is two hundred and twenty-eight by one hundred and eighty feet in length and breadth, and in height not more than twenty-five feet. All round it was a projecting cornice of stone. The front contained fourteen doorways, each about nine feet wide, with pieces of from six to seven feet in width between: some of these pieces are still perfect, though many have fallen. The tops of the doorways were all broken. They had evidently been square, and over each was a large niche in the wall, on each side of which the lintels



SIDE OF COURTYARD AT THE PALACE, PALENQUE.

had been laid. The whole building was constructed of stone, with mortar and sand. The front was stuccoed and painted throughout, and the piers

ornamented with spirited figures in basso-relievo, many of which remain perfect. We give a drawing of one of these remarkable designs. The three hieroglyphics, which are inserted into the stucco at the top, probably tell the story of him whose figure is here represented. The stucco is of admirable consistence, and hard as stone. It was painted, and the remains of red, blue, yellow, black, and white, are still to be seen.

The building has two parallel corridors, running lengthways on all four of its sides. These are in front and about nine feet wide, and extend the whole length of the building, more than two hundred yards. The floors are of cement, as hard and good as that seen in the remains of the best Roman baths and cisterns; the walls about ten feet high and plastered, and on each side of the principal entrance ornamented with medallions.

From the centre door of the front corridor a range of stone steps, thirty feet long, leads into a rectangular courtyard, eighty feet by seventy. On each side of the steps are grim and gigantic figures carved in stone in basso-relievo, nine or ten feet high, in a position a little inclining back towards the floor of the corridor. These are richly adorned with head-dresses and necklaces but their attitude is that of pain and discomfort. "The design and anatomical proportions of the figures are faulty," says our author, "but there is a force of expression about them which show the skill and conceptive powers of the artist. The whole courtyard was overgrown with trees, and encumbered with ruins several feet high, so that the exact architectural arrangements could not be seen. Having our beds in the corridor adjoining, when we awoke in the morning, and when we had finished our work for the day, we had it under our eyes; every time we descended the steps, the grim and mysterious figures stared us in the face, and it became to us one of the most interesting parts of the ruins."

The part of the building which forms the rear of the courtyard, communicating with it by steps, consists of two corridors, the same as the front, paved, plastered, and ornamented with stucco; one of these opened on a second courtyard, eighty feet by thirty in size. The floor of the corridor was ten feet above that of the courtyard, and on the wall underneath were square stones with hieroglyphics sculptured on them. Two more ranges of corridors terminated the building on the other side of the courtyard, all covered with stucco ornaments; one with hieroglyphics, the rest with figures in bas-relief, which, according to the drawings, must be highly curious. One of these consists of two figures, decorated with pieces of feathers, necklaces, girdles, and sandals, each having hold of the same baton. Another represents a man placing a plume, or ornament of some kind, on the head of another man, who is seated before him; while a third is of a figure strangely loaded with some remarkable garniture of ornament or arms, who is aiming a blow at a kneeling suppliant before him. All these are enclosed by hieroglyphics which probably tell the tale of the personages represented. These are the chief points in the palace itself on which we can venture to enlarge, but there are some other buildings connected with it which deserve notice. This we must, however, defer to a future opportunity.

[To be continued.]

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THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

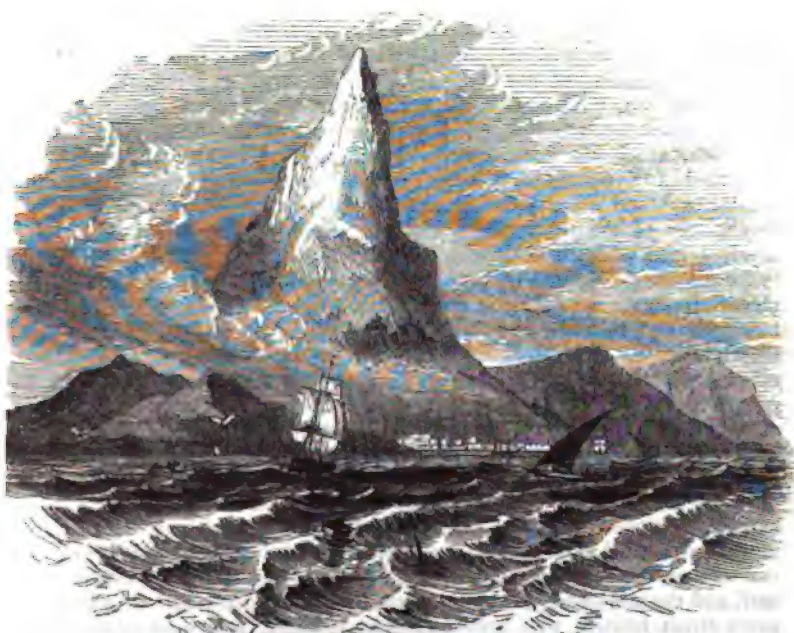
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THE CANARIES.—No. I.  
TENERIFFE.



THE Canaries, or "Fortunate Islands," as they were called by the ancients from their exceeding fertility, form an archipelago sixty miles west of the northern coast of Africa, and consist of seven principal islands. The first of these is Teneriffe; this and Gran Canaria being the largest of the group. Besides the islands there are several islets, and the whole cluster lies within an area of four thousand miles.

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Gran Canaria is plainly visible from Teneriffe on a clear day, and from Gran Canaria, Fuertaventura may be seen. Near Fuertaventura is Lancerota, with the islets Graciosa, Santa Clara, Allegranza, and Lobos in its neighbourhood; the map, however, will give a better idea of the relative position of isles and islets than any pen can do. The coasts of all these islands are rocky, abrupt, and of a geological formation singularly interesting: the very approach to Teneriffe presents those volcanic developments which at once proclaim the origin of its formation from "out of the depths" of the "ever-sounding and mysterious main."

Who that has traversed the great Atlantic has not watched the tracing of the course on the chart with an eager wish to have the first glance of "the peak," rising from the waste of waters like the giant of the storm. Now he looms through the mist hiding his snowy head in the clouds, anon the sun pierces the dazzling veil, and his mighty shoulders and lower limbs, projecting into the sea, break for the moment the tremendous grandeur of his altitude.

Many an Englishman, too, on catching a mere glance of Teneriffe, is apt to associate its name with the renown of Nelson; but, truth to tell, the expedition against Santa Cruz in 1797 was not only disastrous, but might have proved fatal to the interests of the great naval commander, had not time and circumstances afforded him opportunities of retrieving the past.

It was on the 20th of June that a squadron of the royal navy of England, headed by Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B., commanding the "Theseus," arrived off the island of Teneriffe. On the 24th the squadron, consisting of the "Theseus," "Calliope," and "Zealous," 74, "Seahorse," 38, "Emerald," 36, "Terpsichore," 32, the cutter "Fox," and a mortar boat, was increased by the arrival of the "Leander." On the 25th, at eleven P.M., nearly seven hundred seamen and marines embarked in the boats of the squadron, one hundred and eighty on board the "Fox," and seventy-five in a captured boat, to which was added a detachment of the royal artillery, the force amounting to nearly eleven hundred men. These, commanded by the rear-admiral in person, pulled in for the town of Santa Cruz. Within gunshot of the mole-head, forty pieces of cannon opened upon the British. The "Fox" was struck by a large shot and instantly sank, ninety-seven men on board her perishing; Sir Horatio, just as his boat touched the shore, was struck by a shot on the elbow, as he was in the act of drawing his sword, and being thus completely disabled, he was immediately taken on board his ship. Although, spite of all opposition, the landing was effected, and the mole-head carried, its guns spiked, and the order given to advance, the fire from the citadel and houses was so destructive that few of the gallant seamen escaped; Captain Bowen was shot, and Captain Troubridge, missing the mole-head, landed southward of the citadel, and, with such men as he could muster, proceeded to the Plaza, the appointed rendezvous. Neither admiral, nor officers, nor men, were there; the sailing-vessels had been lost in the surf, and the arms and ammunition damaged by the wet; and at daybreak every street bristled with artillery, eight thousand men were advancing, and Captain Troubridge found himself obliged to capitulate. He, therefore, proposed to the governor that the British should re-embark with their arms, in which case he engaged that the squadron should not further attack the town, nor molest any one of the Canary Islands. These terms having been acceded to, the governor gave permission to the British admiral to purchase such provisions as were required.

The loss to the British was very severe: the total number killed and drowned amounting to one hundred and forty-one, besides one hundred and five wounded, and five missing. Sir Horatio Nelson's right arm was amputated.

On what slender incidents do the wondrous events of this world turn! The slightest change in Nelson's position, a swerve of the boat, had the steersman been unskilful, might have changed the destinies of Europe; and had Nelson received his death-wound then, who shall say what position England would now have held in the scale of nations? How many ascribe such incidents to chance, forgetting that the bark of human existence is steered by the hand of God himself!

In alluding to this "affair at Santa Cruz," it has been said that "Poor Nelson considered himself ruined for ever, and that which was destined to be the most glorious period of his life [we cannot concur in this last remark] appeared to him at that time a blank" . . . "To an Englishman," says one writer, "Nelson with two arms would appear unnatural, and we are accustomed to associate with his empty sleeve a deed of great heroism, which at best was a very rash sort of business."

If some object to this discursive page about Nelson's disaster, I pray them to excuse it on the score of its belonging to the history of Tenerife; and more than this, the circumstances attending it were creditable to the governor, who, notwithstanding his superior force of eight thousand men against the exhausted remnant of the besieging party, generously listened to the proposals of Captain Troubridge's capitulation, permitted his party to carry off their arms, and sanctioned the purchase of provisions for the squadron.

Santa Cruz is the chief town of Tenerife. It has a fine quay, along which extends a wall shaded with trees. The town is irregularly built, but the chief street is wide and airy. At the upper end of this street, or square, is the governor's house; at the lower end is a monument commemorating the "miraculous visit" of "Our Lady," the Virgin Mary, to the Guanches, the original inhabitants of the islands.

The mole, which is much abused as incommodious and even dangerous, should never be complained of by the natives, inasmuch as it was the means of saving their city on the occasion of Nelson's bombardment.

The streets of Santa Cruz, built like those of Cape Town, at right angles with each other, are rendered picturesque by the groups that fill them. Women glide about in the black mantilla of Spain. Men, though adopting the European dress, will never throw aside the carpa, or cloak, and such as cannot afford this adopt the common Witney blanket. The camel is here used as a beast of burden; and the tall, vacant-faced, ungainly, but gentle things, have an odd look to a stranger landing, and for the first time walking through the narrow highways. The houses are low, with their white window-frames partially glazed, and are usually furnished with shutters half-way up.

The two chief churches are those of the Assumption and Saint Francisco, the latter belonging to the suppressed convent of that name. In the former, which is the parish church, are a couple of flags taken or found at the time of Nelson's disastrous visit; they are preserved in glass cases, and the Spaniards celebrate the anniversary of their victory by a feast. I think it is Debary who mentions that some English sailors once planned an attack to recover these flags, but never carried out their wish.

The stranger's first expedition, after refreshing himself on landing, is of

course to the Peak. Northward of Santa Cruz rises a series of steep, abrupt mountains, rugged, peaked, and parted by deep ravines paved with lava. Many of these mountains are of basaltic formation, and the soil from which the grape is produced with which the Teneriffe wine is made, is composed of the decomposed lava and ashes from these elevations. Debary visited the peak in the month of February, and recommends this season as the best for such an expedition. After ascending the first acclivities, he reached the town of St. Christobal de Laguna (St. Christopher of the Lake).

This town, the old capital of the island, was founded on St. Christopher's day, the 25th of July 1495, by Alonzo de Lugos, who succeeded in conquering the island, but with considerable difficulty. The natives have still many legends connected with the numerous defeats of de Lugos. The town is damp, dreary, and desolate, the grass growing in the streets; but it has a goodly show of public buildings, a bishop's palace, and the ruins of many convents.

The Laguna is now a large tract of table-land surrounded by mountains. This redeemed land is exceedingly fertile, rejoicing in smiling corn-fields, gardens, and healthful villages; pretty villas peep out of the trees in the valley, and the tall date-palms wave their fans over the travellers' way: camels, heavily laden, add to the novelty of the landscape; and the natives are friendly and hospitable in offering refreshment for man and beast.

Between Laguna and Oratavia, on the western side of the island, the country improves; but after quitting the forests of chestnut-trees the shrubs diminish in size, the rocks assume the most fantastic forms, and each step increases the labour of the journey.

It is upwards of twenty miles from Santa Cruz to the foot of the Peak. From the delightful atmosphere pervading the rich woods between Laguna and Oratavia, the traveller passes into comparatively frozen regions. An awful stillness reigns around: on the one hand lie desert plains, the ground undulating and covered with white sand; on the other rise the snowy slopes and mountain peaks, a few shrubs relieving the dazzling landscape by their exquisite green; while on the nearer approach to the Peak, puffs of vapour indicate the neighbourhood of the Caldera or Caldron. The tremendous cone, the summit of which is called the Piton, rises from the midst of seven smaller elevations: these smaller cones are extinct volcanoes.

The crater of Teneriffe presents many features similar to that of Vesuvius. The Caldron is a hundred yards in diameter and fifty in perpendicular depth; from this issues a hot vapour, accompanied by a noise resembling the bellowing of a bull: the height of the Peak, from the summit to the base, is twelve thousand two hundred feet.

The best halting-place for the night is said to be Los Estamina de los Ingleses (the English inn); but even here you meet with indifferent refreshment, and are glad to draw round the fire to repose yourself ere proceeding on your journey, by the light of pine-torches, before break of day. So rarefied is the air here that the stars hang in the bright heavens with luminous distinctness; while gusts of wind, sweeping through the ghastly passes that cleave the mighty hills, are amazingly contrasted with the peace of the valleys through which you passed at the commencement of your expedition.

But after toiling over blocks of broken lava, and under the bitter influence of a frozen atmosphere, conceive the reward in beholding, in

all the sublimity of a gorgeous sunrise, the vast extent of glittering ocean round you, and, above, the peaks of Tenerife and Gran Canaria gilded with the glow of Aurora's first smile.

"When we gained the summit of the Piton," says Humboldt, "we were surprised to find scarcely room to seat ourselves conveniently; the west wind blew with such violence we could scarcely stand: it was eight in the morning, and we were nearly frozen with cold. The wall which surrounds the crater like a parapet is so high that it would be impossible to reach the Caldron if on the eastern side there was not a breach, which seems to have been the effect of the flowing of very old lava."

Von Buch likens the top of the Peak to a tower encircled by a fosse and bastion.

On their way up to the Piton, Humboldt and his "companions observed a phenomenon not unusual on high mountains, but very striking. A layer of white and fleecy clouds concealed the sight of the ocean and the lower region of the island, this layer did not appear above one thousand six hundred yards high: the clouds were so uniformly spread, and kept so perfect a level, that they wore the appearance of a vast plain covered with snow. The colossal pyramid or peak, the volcanic summits of Lancerota, of Fuertaventura, and the Isle of Palma, were like rocks amid this vast sea of vapours, and their black tints were in fine contrast with the whiteness of the clouds. By an observation made at the above elevation at sunrise, it was ascertained that the true horizon—that is, a part of the sea—was distant one hundred and thirty miles."

They found on their descent that the apertures in the smaller cones act as vents, or chimneys, to the great crater in the centre; the vapour from these vents appears like pure steam, but on examination will be found to be impregnated with salt and sulphur.

"Some of these funnels, or apertures," says Humboldt, "are on the external brink of the parapet that surrounds the great crater. We plunged the thermometer into them, and saw it rise rapidly to sixty-eight and seventy-five degrees."

Although there has been no appearance of an eruption within the Peak since 1797, the subterranean fires have not died out; neither do the islanders forget the tale told them by their forefathers of the ruin which fell on the town of Garrichico in 1706, when the inhabitants had barely time to fly with their goods and chattels from the burning showers of lava. Garrichico, indeed, has never recovered from the effects of this catastrophe. In the last century it was the head-quarters of ecclesiastical power and dignity; now crumbling fanes and shattered heaps of monastic ruins are all that attest its former grandeur.

Teneriffe is considered to be the volcanic centre of the Canary Islands, and the eruptions in the neighbouring isles appear to have occurred when the great crater was partially closed, just as those of Ischia and Monte Nuova coincided with periods when Vesuvius was inactive.

The descent from the mountain is made by steps cut in the blocks of black lava: these passed, you find yourself in a locality reminding you of Scotland, with its bleak hills and fir copses; but, hurrying by, you enter bright bowers filled with exotic fragrance, and, emerging from these, behold the dwellings of industrious peasants embosomed in vineyards!

Happy is the expectant traveller who is able to realize the aspect of the Peak under the influence of a setting sun in fine weather. To appreciate the perfect magnificence of this sublime spectacle, he should behold the

pyramid clear from its summit to its base, the whole archipelago of the islands "set in the silver sea," and Palma, Gomera, and the great Canary at his feet. The mountains of Lancerota, free from vapours, stand out in bold relief against the azure sky, while from the effects of refraction the eye takes in a surface of the globe; including five thousand seven hundred square leagues.

The descent from the cone is made with great rapidity, the rarefied air cooling the head unpleasantly, while the feet are scorched by the heat of the earth beneath them.

Besides the commercial population, the military, and the peasantry, there are many old Spanish residents at Teneriffe: these dwell in picturesque quintas on the wooded slopes that overhang the quiet and fertile valleys. "Poor and proud" they are called; and save when, accompanied by the ladies of their families, they visit Santa Cruz or St. Christobal on the occasion of some religious festival,\* they live in the deepest retirement. Whatever may be their characteristics, they have a right to live as pleases them best; and to the man who finds happiness himself by looking charitably on his neighbours, it is by no means uninteresting to contemplate the proud repose, so to speak, of these descendants of the old hidalgos of haughty but romantic Spain.

There is a museum at Santa Cruz, containing little that is curious or interesting, if we except the arms of the conquerors of the Canaries. One relic of the past is deserving of notice, it is a well-preserved mummy of one of the aborigines of the isles, a Guancha, or Berba, as these people were called; it had been found in a cave in an upright position, and, judging from its size, being six feet high, it was probably the body of a chief; the head, hands, and feet were exposed, but the rest of the form was encased in brown goat-skins. These bodies were usually enclosed within coffins hollowed from a single block.

In 1773 a mummy was exhumed from a cave in the Peak of Teneriffe, this cave having been a burial-place for the ancient pagan owners of the soil. After this many such bodies, all sewed in goat-skins, embalmed, and in wonderful preservation, were brought from this recess; and the one first found was conveyed to England in H.M. sloop "Weasel," and deposited by Captain Young in Trinity College, Cambridge. According to accredited data this body was five hundred years old, the hair long, black, and curly, the teeth and nails perfectly fresh.

Teneriffe is the largest of the Canary Isles, being seventy-four miles long and thirty-five wide. Its climate is considered by some more salubrious than that of Madeira. The physician who accompanied Captain Cook on his voyage, was the first who pronounced an opinion on the sanative quality of the island. It is decidedly drier than Madeira, for, on due calculation, it has been ascertained that whereas on an average rain falls at Funchal, in Madeira, seventy days in the year, Santa Cruz is only visited thirty-six days in the same period.

It is said that the first settlers of Teneriffe abandoned the island during a panic from an eruption of the Peak, and that they who possessed it at the time of the Spanish invasion were not their descendants. There is still,

\* Pilgrimages are still made to the shrine of Nosa Senhora de Candellaria—Our Lady of the Candlestick—at her chapel, four leagues from Santa Cruz. Teneriffe seamen believe in her assistance in reefing and furling sails in storms, and in the image being found next morning with hair and garments wetted by the spray!

however, a remnant of the Berbers, or Guanchas, on the island: they are taller and fairer than the Spaniards, but have neither retained the dress, customs, nor language of their ancestors; they are quiet, honest, and industrious.

The first inhabitants of the Canary Islands came from the neighbourhood of Mount Atlas; but as we shall have to touch further on the subject of the aborigines as we proceed in our description of the neighbouring islands, the reader will be kind enough to accompany us to Gran Canaria, of whose mountain tops, with those of Lancerota, Fuertaventura, and Palma, he has already caught a glimpse from the summit of the magnificent Peak. To behold these sublime objects from the Piton, with a sea of vapour concealing the lower regions of the isles, must be a spectacle which can only be realized by climbing "the colossal pyramid of Peak," and witnessing, by a fortunate chance, so striking a phenomenon. "It was with regret," says Humboldt, "that we quitted this solitary place, this domain where Nature towers in all her majesty."

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NO LIE THRIVES.—No. XXI.



THE 21st of June, the day appointed for the meeting of the creditors, had now arrived. It was easy to perceive that Mr. Sharman had passed a disturbed if not a sleepless night, for his eyes were heavy when he came down to breakfast, and his cheek was very pale. Willis was already in the room when he entered, as was Emma: both met him with cheerfulness,

but with marked tenderness and delicacy. Their attention during the meal was not lost upon him, but he could neither eat nor rally sufficiently to converse with them; and once as he returned the anxious and affectionate look of his daughter, the tears swam in his eyes. It had been agreed that Willis was to accompany him to the meeting. The offer had been made, and its acceptance urgently pleaded by Willis, for in the first instance it had been declined by Mr. Sharman,—for what cause the former was for a little time perplexed to define. At length it struck him,—“You fear my self-command, Sir?” said he, “and think I may be betrayed into some intemperate act or expression. I give you my word, that you may rely upon me.”

“Willis,” said the good man, extending his hand to him, “with this assurance I shall be thankful for your company. I am, indeed, fully prepared for unmanly conduct from Cartwright, and am resolved to put up with it let it be what it may. A good cause must never be injured by unguarded or rash words of resentment; a bad one cannot be improved by any means, and least of all in this way. Thank God! my conscience is clear of any act that can be construed by malice itself into dishonesty—directly or indirectly.”

The clock struck; the little colour that was on the lip and cheek of Mr. Sharman fled. Willis arose, and presented his hat to him. His hand trembled as he took it; and scarcely venturing to cast a look at Emma, he walked out of the room. The poor girl, who had hitherto suppressed every indication of suffering, now burst into tears. Willis took a few steps backwards, as he was about to follow Mr. Sharman, and approached her.

“Pray do not cry,” said he; “this ordeal passed, and all will be well again.”

“He will at least have kindness from you,” sobbed Emma; “and oh! how I thank you.”

It was not a moment it might have been supposed for the birth of any feeling but that which naturally sprung from the occasion; but, certain it was, that neither ever appeared so amiable in the eyes of each other as at that instant.

Willis was immediately by the side of Mr. Sharman. They walked on in silence till they reached the Dolphin. As they were ascending the staircase that led to the market-room, in which the meeting was to be held, voices were heard rather loud within, the door being open. Both distinctly caught the words —“I maintain it will be a shame to press hard upon such a man; and I say again that, for his sake as well as ours, every accommodation ought to be given him.” Whatever the answer might have been, it was interrupted by their entrance. Cartwright, however, was speaking, and an angry expression was on his countenance.

All those who were sitting, instantly arose as Mr. Sharman advanced, and many of the parties shook hands cordially with him. In a concise, but feeling manner, he at once opened the business of the meeting, laying before them a comprehensive and distinct statement of his liabilities and his assets. He was heard with the utmost attention, and to the increasing satisfaction of all present, except Cartwright and two or three others, whom the latter had industriously endeavoured to raise as a party against any proposition that might be made by the solicitor on behalf of Mr. Sharman. The books had been kept so accurately—every transaction was so clearly shown, and appeared to have been so honourably conducted,

that not a single difficulty presented itself; and only an occasional expression of approbation formed an interruption to what was going on. These manifestations, however, had a visible effect upon Cartwright. It was with evident difficulty that he constrained himself; and at length he openly lost his temper. As principal creditor, the opportunity was afforded him of exercising his ill will. He put questions to Mr. Sharman, which were at once frivolous and vexatious; he started objections with no other view than to annoy him; and he professed a misunderstanding in other points which he did not entertain.

A look of disgust at such conduct sat on the countenance of most all present, and accents of displeasure arose from different parts of the room. Nothing deterred, however, from his purpose, Cartwright continued to interrogate and object, and Mr. Sharman calmly and clearly to reply; till such was the impatience that now manifested itself, that Cartwright began to perceive that his vindictive spirit was carrying him too far.

Willis heard and saw all that was passing with an emotion that cannot be described; but, to his inward satisfaction, he found that he was, indeed, able to control himself; and in his heart he thanked God that in such a test as this, he might hope he had completed the victory over the infirmity that had so long beset him.

Cartwright's malice, however, had not yet exhausted itself—once more he returned to the attack. Pretending not to have understood a reply previously made to one of his questions, respecting an item in the statement submitted to them, he said, looking full into Mr. Sharman's face, "Be particular, Sir, in what you say. You will please to recollect that, though you are not on oath, you are bound to answer as if you were."

"An oath," replied Mr. Sharman, in a firm and manly voice, "is a satisfaction to others only; his own word, to the honest man, is his guarantee for the truth he utters."

Cartwright sneered. For a moment Mr. Sharman was compelled to struggle with the conflicting feelings that swelled his bosom.

"Gentlemen," said he, at length, turning to the table, "as I am situated at this moment, each of you, by the will of Providence, may some time be: though I heartily wish no such misfortune may befall any of you."

"Enough, enough," cried several voices together; "we are perfectly satisfied. Let us hear what your solicitor has to propose."

Mr. Sharman cast a glance towards the speakers, and his eye glistened; then, facing Cartwright, he thus addressed him, in a voice which, though at first unsteady, became as he proceeded distinct and firm:—"Mr. Cartwright, it has pleased God to put a great difference between you and me this day. I have long been aware that you entertained no friendly feeling towards me—for what cause I am entirely ignorant—a cause, however, I must suppose you have. I may, though most unintentionally, have offended you—even justly offended you; we will admit this. But is it manly, is it charitable, is it politic, thus to bear down the unfortunate, and insult the fallen in the hour of his trial? That which has happened to me, may happen to every one in trade. Surely, then, it behoves all to behave to a fellow and a brother, as they may one day desire to claim from him under a similar emergency. That any man is put to inconvenience, or may be a loser by me, is a most painful thought; but, Sir, you have seen enough in this day's examination of my affairs to prove, that, if time had been granted me, I could have paid every creditor



the full amount of his demand. I am fallen, Sir, in my circumstances, but not in my own respect, and I hope not in that of others generally."

In an instant the profound silence that had prevailed was broken. "No, no," re-echoed through the room. "You have gained more than you have lost," cried one loudly. Mr. Sharman bowed to them, and continued:—"Permit me to say, Mr. Cartwright, that I would not exchange places and feelings with you this day; though if you stood, unhappily, in my situation, I would scorn to treat you otherwise than with the kindness and consideration due to such an unfortunate position."

A murmur of applause ran through the room, suppressed only by the feeling of respect that was felt for the speaker, who, immediately taking up his hat, said, "I will now, gentlemen, leave my solicitor to discuss all points of business with you, and to make such arrangements as you and he may think proper."

He then bowed, and with a heart much lighter, notwithstanding what had happened, than he had entered the room, withdrew. No sooner, however, had he retired, than the meeting became very stormy, and it separated without any arrangement having been agreed upon. Many persons shook hands with him as he passed through the inn, or who happened to meet him on his way home. Mr. Sharman had refused to accept the arm of Willis as they went to the meeting, but he now took it of his own accord, and seemed anxious, by the rapid pace he kept up, to reach his own house. Emma was watching at the window for his appearance. In a moment the door was opened. The necessity for exertion and self-control was now over, and exhausted nature sought her own relief. Throwing himself into a chair, he pressed his daughter to him; and lying his head on her bosom, wept freely. Nor was he the only one thus overcome. Emma's cheek rested on her father's brow, which she wetted with her tears; while Willis, who held her opposite hand in both his, made no endeavour to hide how much he was affected.

Composure, however, was soon restored, and feelings of honest and deserved exultation and gratitude cheered the breast of each. All that had passed was related to Emma, who, with beating heart and glowing cheek, heard how grossly Cartwright had insulted her father.

"How could you bear it, as you did?" said she.

"You might rather ask how could *I* bear it as *I* did?" murmured Willis, with a smile.

Mr. Sharman looked kindly on them both. "There are limits to all things," said he: "when insolence, brutality, and unmerited oppression are carried beyond a certain point, the aim is lost, and the effect recoils upon the head of him who offers the insult. There is little to commend in me, or to awaken surprise; but there is a great deal to praise, and still more to rejoice at in Willis. At all events, we have each had a victory—he over himself, I over my humbled foe; and both of us I hope will use it wisely and gratefully."

For some time Mr. Sharman was kept in a painful state of suspense. Cartwright and another were the only parties who refused to sign any deed for his accommodation; and after many delays, and many alternate hopes and fears, it was finally determined that Mr. Sharman should pass through the Gazette. The docket was accordingly struck, and a statute of bankruptcy declared.

The worst, however, was now over. In a very short time, and in a manner highly complimentary to the character of Mr. Sharman, a first-

class certificate was granted by the Commissioners, to the joy of all his friends. A dividend of twelve shillings had been declared in the full meeting of the assignees, and a further and final dividend not long after of two-and-sixpence. Mr. Sharman sighed heavily when he heard the result; but as he had nothing to accuse himself of, his feelings were those of sorrow, not of reproach. He had now the world, however, to begin again; and there were those who did not fail to come forward with offers of assistance. Willis, however, had forestalled the proposals of all. With his mother's consent, he determined to commence business on his own account, and re-open the old shop; and when all was arranged, he entreated Mr. Sharman to enter into partnership with him. His point was carried; and the report was received with general satisfaction by the inhabitants of Seaforth. All augured well of the success of the new firm, and with reasonable grounds. The unblemished character and experience of the one, and the activity, perseverance, talent, and irreproachable conduct of the other, were advantages that, under ordinary circumstances, would hardly fail to promote and secure prosperity.

With what a different sensation did Mr. Sharman point out his name as it now appeared, connected with that of Willis Richmond, in the Gazette, to his daughter!

"Who would have thought it?" said he. "Excellent young man—that he is. Could I wish for a moment to separate my interest from his, it would be to express my hearty desire for his success; as it is, it would appear selfish. Ah! Emma, I have been thankful that your poor mother was spared the knowledge of my misfortunes, and relieved from sharing them. I need but her presence now, to rejoice in the proof that we neither of us thought too highly of him while he was yet but a youth."

Emma smiled, and a faint colour tinged her cheek; but she made no reply. Willis was very seldom the subject of her conversation; though she was never at any pains to change a discourse which had his merits for its theme.

[To be continued.]

#### THE GOLD COINAGE.

THE gold coinage is said to be twenty-two carats fine, which means, that any gold coin consisting of twenty-four parts has twenty-two parts of fine gold and two parts copper (alloy). The standard for watches is eighteen carats fine, or an ounce of such gold contains a fourth part alloy. The Bank of England buys bullion, or uncoined gold, at 3*l*. 17*s*. 9*d*. per ounce, and sells it at 3*l*. 17*s*. 10½*d*.; and as there are 622 times 1½*d*. in the former, and 623 in the latter, the Bank gives 622 coined sovereigns, or equivalent bank notes, for a mass of 623 uncoined sovereigns.

THE duty on foreign corn for the year ending January 5, 1853, exceeded 400,000*l*.; showing that eight million quarters of various kinds had been imported into Great Britain in the year 1852; and this is exclusive of Indian corn, which pays no duty on importation. This enormous quantity has been exceeded in the first nine months of 1853, and in the month ending November 5, 1853, 600,000 quarters of corn and 300,000 cwts. of flour had been imported.

## THE RUINED CITIES OF THE WEST.—No. III.

On the left of the palace at Palenque are several distinct and independent buildings, one of them being a tower conspicuous by its height. This consisted of three stories, with a base of thirty feet square, and including another distinct tower within it, in which was a narrow stone staircase. The whole building was a substantial stone edifice, but its uses incomprehensible. To the east of this tower is another building, with two corridors, one of them richly decorated with pictures in stucco, and having in the centre the tablet of which we give a drawing. This tablet is of

Fig. 1.



hard stone, set in the wall; the sculpture in basso-relievo, and the whole, which is about four feet long and three wide, encircled by a rich stucco border, now partly defaced. The principal figure sits cross-legged on a couch ornamented with two leopards' heads, and wears a necklace of pearls, to which is suspended a small medallion containing a face, possibly an image of the sun. "Like every other subject of sculpture we had seen in the country," says Mr. Stephens, "this personage had earrings, bracelets on the wrists, and a girdle round the loins." The head-dress

differs from most of the others at Palenque, in that it wants the plume of feathers.

The second figure is of a woman richly dressed, making an offering of what appears to be a plume of feathers, in which the head-dress of the other is, as we have said, deficient. There are three hieroglyphics over the head of the principal figure, and four over that of the other. There is the appearance as if a table had stood under the tablet.

In another part of the building they found several stone tables, one which stood across and blocked up the corridor being eight feet long, four wide, and three high.

Once only our travellers attempted an exploration of the country. "From the door of the palace, almost in a line with the front, rose a high steep mountain, which we thought must command a view of the city in its whole extent, and perhaps itself contain ruins." Taking the bearings, with compass in hand, and an Indian with his machete before him, Mr. Stephens endeavoured to make an ascent, but it was so steep that he had to draw himself up by the branches, and when at the top he found the wood so thick that no part even of the palace could be seen. There was a high mound of stones with a foundation wall still standing on this height, and trees growing out of it, on one of which he climbed, but could see nothing in any direction but the forest and a great wooded plain.

From the palace no other building is visible. At the foot of the south-western corner of the terrace is a ruined pyramidal structure, which appears once to have had steps on all its sides. These have been dislodged by the trees which have sprung up between them. About half way up this structure can be seen, through openings in the trees, a building seventy-six feet in front and twenty-five deep, raised on an elevation of one hundred and ten feet on the slope. This is surrounded and overgrown by trees, but there are five doors and six piers yet standing. The whole front was richly ornamented in stucco, and the corner pieces covered with hieroglyphics, each of which contains ninety-six squares. The piers are ornamented with human figures, two on each side, facing each other, one being that of a woman with a child in her arms (fig. 2), standing on a rich ornament, and enclosed by an elaborate border. The head is destroyed; over the top are hieroglyphics, and traces of others appear at the corners. The interior of the building is divided into two corridors, with a ceiling rising nearly to a point, and paved with large square stones. "The front corridor is seven feet wide. The separating wall is very massive and has three doors, a large one in the centre and a smaller one on each side. In this corridor, on each side of the principal door, is a large tablet of hieroglyphics, each thirteen feet long and eight high, and each divided into two hundred and forty squares of characters or symbols." They are of stone, and set in the wall so as to project four or five inches. The sculpture is in bas-relief. "Many of these hieroglyphics have been obliterated by the action of water and the decomposition of the stone, and both the tablets were covered with a thick coat of green moss, from which it was necessary to wash and scrape them, clean the lines with a stick, and scrub them thoroughly."

Besides all this, from the darkness of the corridor, caused by the mass of trees growing around, it was found necessary to burn candles or torches, and throw a strong light on the stone whilst Mr. Catherwood made his drawings.

The Indians call this building an "escuela," or school; but the parties who were at the ruins with our travellers called it "The Tribunal of Justice," and said that the tablets contained the written laws. All speculation must, however, be at fault, and mere guesses are all the information that

Fig. 2.



can be obtained with regard to these remarkable and most interesting ruins. There are no records concerning them in history, no traditions concerning them afloat in the secluded district in which the relics of these once magnificent cities lie hidden and forgotten. Could the mighty trees which surround these solemn mementoes of past days speak, they could give us no account of them: they could but tell us that when they first burst from their cells within the seed or the acorn, these stately buildings were forsaken, ruined, and desolate; that no man dwelt therein, none worshipped in those temples; that the flow of blood from the human sacrifices which had so long washed those altars, and been offered

to propitiate those gods which were no gods, had long ceased; and that no hand had interfered to obstruct their growth as they forced their way up through the crevices of the stones, and eventually displaced them and hurled the sculptured idols to the ground!

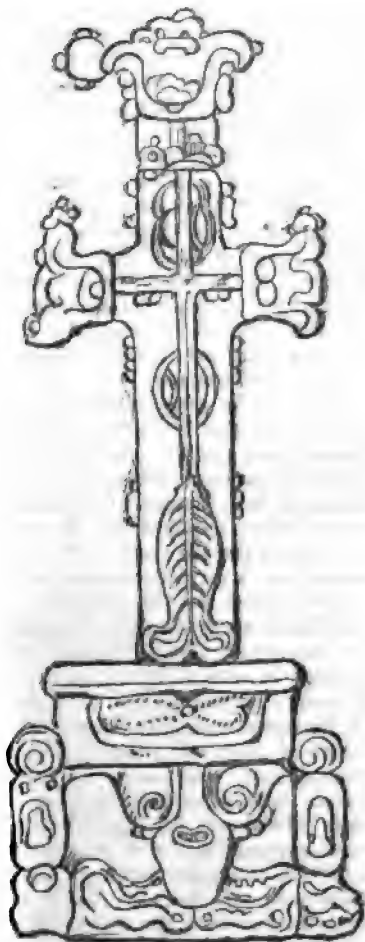
One important and striking fact remains to be noticed before we pass on to a brief account of other places where similar ruined structures are found. It is that the hieroglyphics here, at Quirigua and at Copan, were all the same. The intermediate country, an extent of about one hundred and fifty miles, is now occupied by races of Indians speaking many different languages and wholly unintelligible to each other; but by the fact of these ancient characters being all of the same stamp, we may infer that at the time when these cities were in their pristine glory, one nation of one speech, or at all events having the same written character, occupied the land.

One other of the curious remains at Palenque we must describe. It is a tablet containing ranges of hieroglyphics, the principal subject of which is the cross. This is of the form of which we give a drawing (fig. 3), "surmounted by a strange bird, and loaded with indescribable ornaments." There are two figures, one on each side the cross, both looking towards it, and one apparently making an offering to it. The costume of the figures is in a different style from any others our author saw, the folds of the garments seeming to indicate that they wore some soft and pliable texture like cotton.

Near the building that contained this tablet was found the only statue that ever has been found at Palenque.

Mr. Stephens says: "We were at once struck with its expression of severe repose, and with its strong resemblance to Egyptian statues, though in size it does not compare with the gigantic remains of Egypt. In height it is ten feet six inches, of which two feet six were under ground. The head-dress is lofty and spreading; there are holes in the place of ears, which were perhaps adorned with earrings of gold and pearls. Round the neck is a necklace, and, pressed against the breast by the right hand, is an instrument, apparently with teeth. The left hand rests on a hieroglyphic, from

Fig. 3.



which descend some symbolical ornaments." This figure stands on a hieroglyphic; the sides of the figure are rounded, and the back of rough stone. It probably stood imbedded in a wall.

We must not attempt to give an account of even a tenth part of the wonderful fabrics, sculptures, tablets, &c., which lie crumbling amidst these forest wilds. Of the history and date of this city we can form no guess; it only seems reasonable to suppose that at the time of Cortez it had ceased to be a living city, because a village about ten leagues distance is called "Las Tres Cruces," from three crosses which it is said Cortez erected on his way from Mexico to Honduras; and it is probable that had it then been other than a ruin he would have heard of it, and turned aside to subdue and rifle it.

There is an extraordinary and most interesting tradition afloat among the natives, of a living city which it is supposed still exists in its primeval state, full of inhabitants, and precisely in the same condition as before the inroads of the Spaniards. It is said to lie on the other side of the great range of the Cordilleras, in the land formerly called "Tierra de Guerra," or the land of war, from the warlike character of its inhabitants. A portion of this land was never conquered, and a part of it is to this day occupied by unbaptized Indians, who have never bent beneath the Spanish yoke, nor submitted themselves to the central government.

Our travellers were told that four days' journey from Mexico, on the other side the great Sierra, this living city of which we have spoken existed, and that it had been seen; the padre who told them said that he himself had seen it. He had been told by the villagers of Chajul that from the topmost ridge of the Sierra the city was visible: with much labour he had climbed to the naked summit, "from which, at a height of ten or twelve thousand feet, he looked over an immense plain, extending to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and saw at a great distance a large city spread over a great space, and with turrets white and glittering in the sun."

The Indians say that no white man has ever reached this city; that the inhabitants speak the Maya language, are aware that a race of white men has conquered all the adjacent lands, and murder any white men who attempt to enter their territory. There is a thrilling interest in the idea of a city occupied by men such as they were in the days of old, ignorant of European speech and manners, and encircled, as it were, by an atmosphere of their own, thus continuing from age to age undiscovered and unconquered, that makes an imaginative mind long to gain entrance among them, to see their customs, and become acquainted with the state of their minds and the degree of their knowledge. It may be that the same language is now in use amongst them as is contained in those strange cabalistic characters which we find sculptured on the tablets at Copan and Palenque; that there we should find similar buildings still in use for the purposes for which they were constructed, and men who could explain the whole enigma which so puzzles us concerning their date, their builders, and their uses. But it seems that no man has been found venturesome enough to undertake the enterprise; and either the dignitaries of Central America do not believe in the truth of the tradition, or they have other matters to occupy them, that they account of more real importance than the exploration of this terra incognita, and the subjugation of the relics of aborigines which may linger amongst them; for no attempt has ever been made by the public to discover what wonders may be hidden beyond the great Sierra.

It is, however, stated that two Americans, together with a Portuguese of the name of Pedro Velasquez, have contrived to reach this interesting city. One of them, it is said, was killed in attempting to enter it, another in making his escape from it, and the third, Pedro Velasquez, not only succeeded in making his escape from the city but also in conveying with him two of its inhabitants, a boy and a girl.

In fact, two children, with black curling hair, a somewhat Jewish type of countenance, of slender form, and clear olive complexion, were exhibited during the summer of 1853 in London; but the story of their birthplace, and of the circumstances of their capture, need confirmation. It seems improbable that a single individual should have been capable of abducting two young people from their home and their country, such as that home is described to be, and of conveying them in safety to this country; and the circumstance that the children are reported as having no language of their own, and as of being quite at their ease in playing with English children, and able to signal all their wants to them, would lead us to the idea that they could not have been descended from the ancient Mexicans, and brought up to fourteen or fifteen years of age in that aboriginal stronghold from whence it is said they were taken.

[To be continued.]

#### ANCIENT LONDON.—No. XIV.

THE City wall ran originally direct from the Thames bank at Montfitchet's tower, to Ludgate; but in the year 1276, a portion of this wall was taken down by Robert Kilwarby, Archbishop of Canterbury,



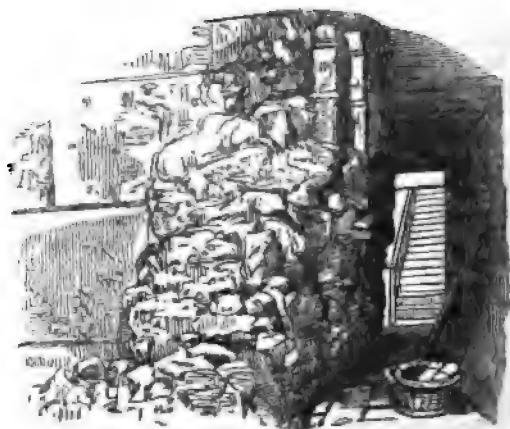
REMAINS OF LONDON WALL, ST. MARTIN'S COURT.

who had permission of the mayor, Gregory de Rokesley, and the barons of the City, to provide a site for the erection of the above-mentioned house for the Black Friars. In consequence of this breach in the defences of the City, Edward I. required the citizens to build out the wall from Ludgate to the river Fleet opposite Bridewell, and thence to the Thames,



so as to include the precinct of the monastery within the circumference of London wall.

A small fragment of the original wall is still visible in St. Martin's Court, and, at an angle with it, running in the direction of Bridge Street, is a portion of the subsequent erection of the friars' wall. The 'Times' printing-office—formerly the king's printing-house—is situated, immediately on the line of the old wall, about midway between the



LONDON WALL AND BASE OF PILLAR OF BLACKFRIARS' CHURCH UNDER 'TIMES' OFFICE.

Thames and Ludgate. About 1848, some excavations were carried under this building for the construction of a stake-room, to serve the engine by which the presses are worked, and other offices. Here the workmen came upon a mass of the wall of London, of such strength and hardness as to render it impracticable to cut through or remove it, and it now remains under the floor of the printing-office, being in height, about eight feet, and about sixteen feet in length. It is composed of a coarse grouting, containing large fragments of stone and tiles mingled with mortar. A remarkable feature in connection with this vestige appears in the existence of remains evidently appertaining to the church of the Black Friars, of which this spot was the site. These consist of huge squared stones incorporated with the old wall, and the bases of clustered columns, which have formed the pier of a large door, probably the west entrance to the church. Remains of the corresponding pier were found opposite, about seven feet apart; but they are now concealed by the erection of a brick wall. The mediæval fragments are in the perpendicular style of architecture, and window heads and other fragments in the same style, indicating repairs or alterations due to the fifteenth century, were found in the process of excavation. An ancient sewer running southwards in the direction of the Thames was also laid open; and in the ground contiguous were what appeared to be melting-pots, constructed of bricks, and containing fused glass and charcoal—relics of the appropriation, after the dissolution, of part of the premises for a glass-house; likewise a quantity of coloured glass, some of a remarkably fine blue colour: other pieces were found beautifully opalized by a chemical action of the soil in which it had lain. A quantity of fine

vitrified tiles were also turned up, being probably part of the pavement of the church, likewise fragments of mediæval earthenware, some of which bears a fine green enamel; fragments of the Flemish vessels called graybeards, and bits of ironwork, among which was an ancient fire-dog, were found mingled with the rubbish of the Fire of London. Great quantities of human bones were likewise found, having apparently been promiscuously thrown into pits, as if formerly collected and there deposited.

The Black or Dominican Friars, an order founded in 1170, by St. Dominic, whose office was that of preaching friars, including an especial mission for the conversion of Jews, had their first house in this country at Oxford in the year 1221. They had a house in London, in Holborn, near the site now occupied by Lincoln's Inn, from which they removed to the site appropriated to them by Archbishop Kilwarby. Two lanes, lying between Baynard's Castle and that of Montfitchet, were taken in for this purpose; and it was ordered by the charter of the king—Edward I.—that the wall of London to be extended as aforementioned, so as to include their premises, should be furnished with a tower at the angle where it reached the Thames. The church was a large edifice richly ornamented by the munificence of Edward I. and his queen Eleanor, who were the chief benefactors, if not the founders of the establishment, and it obtained the fullest amount of privilege and immunity allowed to religious fraternities—among others, the right of sanctuary. The premises were entirely walled round, and had for entrance four gates, and within the extensive precinct there were a number of shops whose occupiers pursued their trades and mysteries independent of the City, being subject only to the king, the superior of the house, and their own justices.

The privileges of this precinct survived the suppression of religious houses; and some time after this event, when the mayor attempted to interfere with them, he was promptly silenced by a message of Henry VIII., that "He was as well able to keep the liberties as the friars were:" a similar reply was made by Queen Mary, when the City again claimed the jurisdiction of the Blackfriars precinct.

The church of the Blackfriars, like the Tower of London, was a depository for charters and records; and some of the high nobility had their lodging within the precinct.

To be interred in the church, wrapped in the black garb of the friars, was a post-mortem privilege in high demand. Here was deposited the heart of Queen Eleanor, the patroness of the establishment, and also that of Alfonso, her son, who died at Windsor at the age of twelve years. The remains of Margaret, daughter of the King of Scots, lay on the north side of the choir, and many other illustrious names graced the funeral memorials of the Black Friars. In this church several parliaments were held, among which was that popularly called the Black Parliament, perhaps so denominated in compound reference to the Black Monks of Westminster, in whose house it begun, and the Black Friars where it was carried on, or to the colour of the transaction for which it was called, this being to carry out a demand on the part of the king, Henry VIII., for an aid of 800,000*l.* to carry on his extravagant wars, a claim which was greatly moderated by the firmness and prudence of the Commons. Here, in 1529, the Cardinals Campeggio and Wolsey sat in judgment on the question of divorce between Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon. The royal parties lodging meanwhile in the palace of Bridewell, to await the mock citations of the suborned court,

and in the same place began the parliament whose sentence on the statute of *præmunire* determined Wolsey's downfall. The house of the Blackfriars was the lodging of the emperor Charles V. in 1522, when he visited Henry VIII. In 1538, Bishop Fisher, who held it in commendam, surrendered this house to the king, and nine years afterwards the prior's lodgings and the hall were sold to Francis Bryan; the remainder was afterwards granted by Edward VI. to Sir Thomas Carwarden. In Elizabeth's time the purlieu of the Blackfriars became the resort of fashion, and one of its distinguished inhabitants was Lord Herbert, son of William the fourth Earl of Worcester, whose house the queen graced with her presence in 1600, on the occasion of the marriage of that nobleman to the daughter and heiress of John, Lord Russell, son of Francis, Earl of Bedford. The queen was met on landing by the bride, and was carried to the house in a *lectua* or litter, borne by six knights. Here the queen dined, and afterwards adjourned to the house of Lord Cobham, to supper, passing on the way through the house of Doctor Puddin, who, we are told, presented her Majesty with a fan. At Lord Cobham's there was "a memorable maske of eight ladies, and a straunge dawnce new invented. Their attire in this, each hath a skirt of cloth of silver, a rich waistcoat wrought with silkes, and gold, and silver, a mantell of carnasion taffete, cast under the arme, and their haire loose about their shoulders, curiously knotted and interlaced. Mrs. Fitton leade: these eight ladys maskers choose eight ladies more to dawnce the measures. Mrs. Fitton went to the queen, and wooed her dawnce: her majesty (the love of Essex rankling in her breast) asked what she was? 'Affection,' she said. 'Affection!' said the queen; 'Affection is false.' Yet her majestie rose up and dawnced."\*

The Count de Tillier, ambassador of France, in the latter part of the reign of James I., had his residence in the Blackfriars during his stay in England, and it was near his house that the dreadful accident, long afterwards remembered by the name of the Fatal Vespers, took place. On Sunday, the 5th of November, in the year 1623, a congregation of about three hundred persons were assembled in a gallery over the gateway of the French ambassador's lodging, for the purpose of hearing a sermon from a Jesuit of great reputation as a preacher, by the name of Father Drury. Under the floor of this gallery was an empty apartment, and under that again, another, comprising in all a height of twenty-two feet from the ground. The upper floor it was afterwards discovered, was supported only by a single beam, not more than three inches thick in the centre. The people had been seated half an hour, when the beam gave way, and the whole assembly was suddenly precipitated to the very bottom, together with the wreck of the two floors. Between ninety and a hundred persons were supposed to have been killed: among these were the Jesuit Drury and another priest, also a Lady Webbe, and the daughter of a Lady Blackstone. Many more were seriously injured.

The bigoted of the time ascribed this calamity to a token of heaven's displeasure against the Roman Catholics; and a violent controversy ensued in a series of pamphlets which continued to rage for a considerable time after.†

\* 'Sydney Papers,' ii., 203. Pennant.

† The particulars of this disastrous event, together with notes of the publications to which it gave rise, are collected by Malcolm, 'Londinium Redivivum,' ii., 375.

Strype mentions a remarkable discovery at the Blackfriars, which happened after the Fire of London. Some workmen digging, in order to clear away the rubbish on the site of the convent, came upon an old wall, in a cellar, of great thickness. Here they found a kind of cupboard, which being opened, there were found in it—

“four pots, or cases, of fine pewter, very thick, with covers of the same, and rings fastened on the top to take up or put down at pleasure. The cases were flat before, and round behind. And in them were reposed four human heads, unconsumed, preserved as it seems by art, with their teeth and hair, the flesh of a tawny colour, wrapped up in black silk, almost consumed. And a certain substance of a blackish colour, crumbled into dust, lying at the bottom of the pots. One of these pots,” he says, “with the head in it, I saw in October 1703, being in the custody of Mr. Presbury, then soap-maker in Smithfield; which pot had inscribed in the inside of the cover, in a scrawling character, which might be used in the times of King Henry VIII., J. CORNELIUS. This head was without a neck, having short red hair upon it, thick, and that would not be pulled off; and yellow hair upon the temples, a little bald on the top, perhaps, a tonsure, the fore-part of the nose sunk, the mouth gaping, ten sound teeth, others had been plucked out, the skin like tanned leather, the features of the face visible. There was one body found near it, buried and without any head, but no other bodies found. The other three heads had some of the necks joined to them, and had a broader and plainer rasure, which showed them priests. These three heads are now dispersed. One was given to an apothecary, another was intrusted with the parish clerk, who got money by showing of it. It is probable they were at last privately procured and conveyed abroad, and now become holy reliques. Who these were there is no record, as I know of, nor had any of them names inscribed but one. To me they seem to have been some zealous priests or friars, executed for treason, whereof there were many in the Rebellion in Lincolnshire, anno 1538, or for denying the king’s supremacy, and here privately deposited by these Black Friars.”\*

Playhouse Yard, a place occupying part of the precinct of the Blackfriars, carries in its name a memorial of the theatre of which it was the site, in James I.’s time. It seems to have been a *private* theatre; upon what grounds so designated does not appear, but probably it was held as such from being under the patronage or in the pay of some nobleman.

This house was partly the property of Shakspeare; and several of his plays, and likewise those of Ben Jonson and of Beaumont and Fletcher, were brought out here. Between St. Martin’s Court and the Old Bailey was the site of Ludgate. Lud, the sponsor of this portal, according to the questionable chroniclers, gave offence to his brother Nennius, by sinking the name of Troynovant in that of Caer Lud, or Lud’s Town, by which he designated his London, it being deemed a heinous presumption that the memory of Old Troy, hitherto cherished as the mother city, should be thus abandoned. Lud, it appears, had the popular qualities of being hardy and bold in war; in peace, a jolly feaster, and, says Huntingdon, “he conquered many islands of the sea, and was buried by the gate, which from thence we call Ludgate.” Otherwise, it is told that he built the gate which he called by his name Lud’s Gate, and ordered that, after his death, his body should be harnessed in brazen armour, and set upon a brazen steed, that he might still appear grim and

\* A similar head, the neck lacerated by decapitation, is preserved in the church of the Holy Trinity, Minories, anciently the site of the convent of Nuns Minoreesses.

threatening to all who should approach the gate of his city. The etymology of Ludgate has been attempted to be explained from its proximity to the river Fleet, by the declension of Fleet, Flud, Lud; but this furnishes nothing more satisfactory than an illustration of the faculty of alacrity in sinking; and the tradition of the olden time still clings to the site.

According to received accounts, Ludgate appears to have been erected or reconstructed, in the year 1215, when the barons of the realm, being in arms against the king, entered the City, and despoiled the Jews' houses, applying the materials to the edification of the gate: a remarkable corroboration of the fact was observed in 1586, when the gate was taken down, in order to be rebuilt, in the discovery of a stone bearing a Hebrew inscription to the following effect: "This is the station of the Rabbi Moses, the son of the honourable Rabbi Isaac;" apparently a sign of the thirteenth century, appropriated as building material by the unscrupulous barons. The statues of Lud and other kings, it is stated, were set upon the gate by direction of Henry III. Queen Elizabeth appeared in effigy upon Ludgate, rebuilt in her reign, being the identical figure now to be seen in a niche, outside the new church of St. Dunstan in Fleet Street.

The statues supposed to represent Lud and his sons Andrageus and Theomantius, finally taken down with the gate itself, remained a long time in the bone-house of St. Andrews, Holborn; but were obtained by the Marquis of Hertford, and are now placed in the grounds of Hertford House, Regent's Park, along with the figures that formerly struck the hours in the clock-house of old St. Dunstons. The former were supposed by Flaxman to have preserved the likeness of the original figures as copies, or perhaps free restorations of the statues of the time of Henry III.

"Ludgate," says Pennant, "was in my memory a wretched prison for debtors; it commenced what was called a free prison in 1373, but soon lost that privilege." The term free, in connection with a prison, which reads like a paradox, is accounted for by its having been a place of voluntary refuge for debtors. "*Non sceleratorum carcer, sed miserorum custodia*," is the definition of its unhappy tenants in a speech composed on their behalf by Roger Ascham, and addressed to Philip of Spain when he passed through the City in 1554. A description of this house of misery is quoted by Maitland, in which the author, himself a prisoner, complains of the authorities for obliterating the inscription set up by Sir Stephen Forster of "Free Water and Lodging," and carving over the door in its stead, "This is the Prison of Ludgate."\* This Sir Stephen had been an inmate of the said sanctuary or prison; for although it offered the privilege of free access, it is not shown that egress was equally optional, unless on payment of old scores. It is stated that while begging at the grate, according to the old custom, Forster was questioned by a wealthy widow as to what amount would serve to procure his liberation. He said twenty pounds. She paid the money and took him into her service, and eventually bestowed herself upon him as his wife.

The old dramatist Rowley has preserved the tradition in the name of one of his characters, Stephen Forster, the scene being laid in the prison of Ludgate, but with a different action. Sir Stephen Forster became Lord Mayor, and in grateful memory of his liberation, or in tenderness

\* Maitland, vol. i. p. 28.

for his successors in captivity, he enlarged the prison, and added to it a chapel, and, most probably, the beneficial provision of water announced in his inscription.

It was at Ludgate that Wyatt's insurrection, in opposition to the marriage of Mary to Philip of Spain, met with an effectual check. He passed, with his host disordered and pressed on by an attack in the rear, along the Strand and up Fleet Street, but found Ludgate shut upon him, and manned against his approach. At this crisis he threw himself in despair upon a bench opposite the Bell Savage Inn,\* but being induced to retrace his march, he was stopped at Temple Bar, where, on being called upon by a herald to yield himself, he assented, provided it were to a gentleman, upon which, one, his equal in rank, received his sword, and his execution presently put the finishing stroke to the disasters of a rash but patriotic enterprise.

## PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN OLD TRAVELLER.

### APPROACH TO BRUSA—MOUNT OLYMPUS IN BITHYNIA.

ON our road from Constantinople we rested several times; but for the distance of five and twenty miles—from the seaport of Ghenlik to the large Greek village of Demirdash—we scarcely met a living soul or saw any living creature except the lizard and cicala: such is the depopulation of the Turkish empire, and this close to its capital. From a coffeehouse we sloped towards the broad, verdant, beautiful plain of Brusa, and saw the dark cypress groves and the unaccountable tall white minarets of the first capital of Osman, the founder of the Turkish dynasty and empire, stretching along the foot of the Mysian or Bithynian Olympus. The sublime mass of that celebrated mountain rose right before us, invested with a mantle of wonderful blue, and scarfed round the shoulders with a scarf of silvery mist, which was let drop at our approach. It was the noontide hour; there was not a breath of air to stir the leaves of the vines or the copses of myrtle by which we rode: there was not a sound except the shrill cry of the cicala, which always pipes loudest when the day is at the hottest.

As we went on in this solemn stillness, the eye took in the whole of Olympus, from its lowest base to its utmost summit. The elevation is only seven thousand English feet, but you see it all. I have seen and ascended much loftier heights, but these are approached by degrees and a succession of climbing; it is Alp rising over Alp; you cannot see base and summit together. You stand upon a ridge, three or four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and are told that such a mountain is nine, ten, eleven thousand feet high; but the altitude is counted from the sea, and you are four thousand feet above that before you can make out a distinct, separate mountain, and then you may be puzzled to discover the receding

\* The Bell Savage was one of those galleried ians which afforded accommodation for the spectators of the itinerant drama,—in the olden time the car of Theopis being drawn up in the ian-yard. Tarlton performed here. The fanciful sign, whose origin has been variously accounted for, probably sprang from one of the characters represented—a beautiful female, counterpart of Peter the Wild Boy. *La Belle Sauvage* is recognised by a writer in the 'Spectator' (Vol. i. No. 28), as originating in an old romance translated out of the French.

summits. Except in the seaward view of Mount Etna, where you have the volcano from its roots in the Mediterranean to its fiery head ten thousand and odd feet above the level of the sea, I doubt whether I ever before saw in one glance seven thousand feet of elevation. The sublimity of Olympus, too, is aided by the breadth of its masses and the simplicity of its form; it has no pinnacles, or thin jagged peaks, it is broad and solid all over; it rises starkly up like a wall, from the plain, and from that green flat up to the empyrean, it shows out as one compact mass. We pulled up and gazed for a full quarter of an hour in silent awe and admiration. The mountain looked so near that we thought we should be in Brusa in half an hour; it took us nearly two hours to get thither.

By slow degrees as we drew nearer, more and more mosques opened upon us, together with the massive walls of Turkish baths and white Turkish fountains, once very splendid but now all going to ruin. Most of the mosques were deserted and falling to pieces: the pretty fountains were shattered and dry, no longer conveying to the thirsty traveller the cool, bright, sparkling water of Olympus. Within the city there was still water enough.

Many little things on this journey told us that we were out of Europe. On the golden sunny slopes behind Demirdesh, at the very first vineyard we came to, our Mussulman groom dismounted and helped himself and all our goodly company to great bunches of fine ripe grapes. This is Asiatic freedom and custom; the wayfarer is entitled to a supply to quench his thirst and send him on his way refreshed and rejoicing, while over in Europe, in the districts near Constantinople, they enclose their vineyards, and fiercely guard their grapes with guns and armed men.

As we crossed by a rotten, dangerous wooden bridge, the river Lufar, which traverses the Brusa plain in all its length, we saw a party of Greek youths washing a small flock of white goats, which were pure and snowy-white after the operation. As they were brought one by one out of the water, and up the green bank, a boy wreathed their horns with water lilies, and hung chaplets of wild flowers of beautiful blue and yellow tints, round their necks. It was a classical picture: in this guise the goats looked as if they were decorated for sacrifice at some temple of old Pan.

Another picture had a very different and a very holy character, for it served to illustrate a touching passage of Scripture. A flock of sheep were feeding at the edge of a little wood, in which the shepherd had taken refuge from the heat of the midday sun; but, seeing that his flock were getting too much scattered, and were wandering towards some marshy, boggy land (caused by the overflowing of the unchecked, unattended Lufar), the shepherd came forth from the cool wood, advanced across the open plain, and then raised his voice; the sheep faced about, collected together, and then followed the shepherd, who, crook in hand, walked slowly back towards the wood; the sheep knew his voice and followed him.

In the same way I have often seen a flock of sheep in other parts of Asia Minor, and in some of the Greek islands, collect at the sound of the shepherd's voice, and follow him for hours, the shepherd invariably marching in the van of the sheep, and leading, not driving. They made no use of dogs for collecting and controlling the movements of the flocks. In Asia Minor they had large and powerful dogs, but these were kept only for the purpose of protecting the sheep from the attacks of wolves, jackals, and other beasts of prey.

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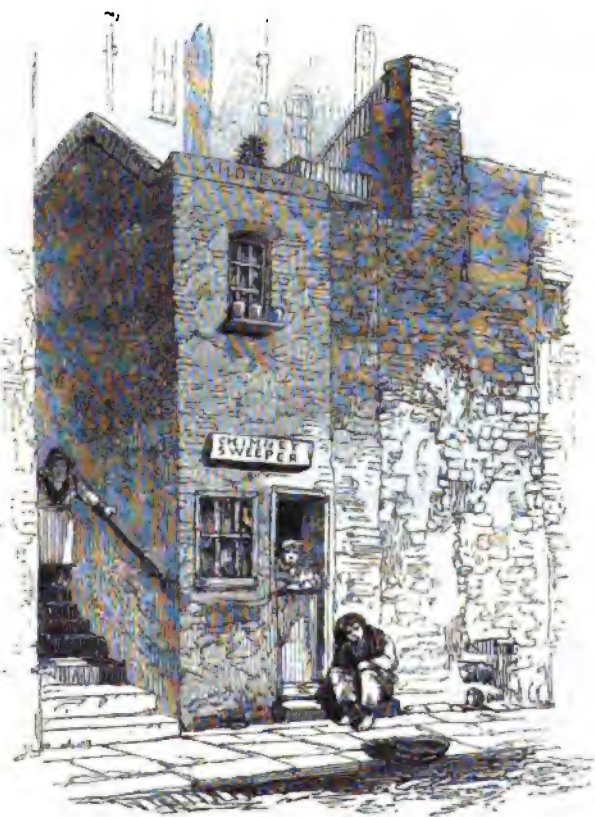
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ANCIENT LONDON.—No. XV.



OLD MASONRY IN SEACOAL LANE.

IN the year 1792, a barbican or watch-tower, situated between Ludgate and the Fleet Ditch, was discovered, through the demolition by fire of some houses which had previously concealed it. Two views,

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contemporary with the discovery, were published by Mr. J. T. Smith, a large contributor to the *Vestige* of London and Westminster. The same tower is likewise to be recognised in a plan of London, by Hollar. It would appear that towers of this description stood somewhat in advance of the wall, and were analogous to the outposts of an encampment; their office being that of places of look-out, whence the first signal of danger could be communicated. The antiquary Bagford, in a letter to Hearne, thus describes their use:—

“Here they kept cohorts of souldiers in continual service, to watch in the night, that if any sudden fire should happen, they might be in readiness to extinguish it; as also to give notice if any enemy were gathering or marching towards the City, to surprise them. In short, it was a watch-tower by day, and at night they lighted some combustible material on the top thereof, to give directions to the weary traveller repairing to the City, either with provisions or on some other occasion.”\*

From Ludgate, London wall continued in a straight line northward, till it reached Newgate. A little distance from the site of Ludgate,



TOWER BELONGING TO LONDON WALL, OLD BAILEY.

a tower, belonging to the wall, still exists behind the premises of Mr. Elton, builder, in the Old Bailey. The tower had its entrance from the top of the wall, consequently the base presented only the appearance of solid masonry, which formed the boundary at the back of the premises.

\* The lantern on the old church of St. Mary le Bois was designed with a similar intent, and, it may be observed, that many churches situated near the sea, and on the border of a river, or skirting old highways, are provided with a beacon turret for the guidance of the mariner or wayfarer, as the case might be. The old firepan still remains upon the beacon turret of Hadley church, on the St. Alban's Road; and it is said to have done duty as a guide to the troops of the Duke of Cumberland, when proceeding over Barnet Common, then called Gladsmuir, on their way to check the Scottish Rebellion.

It appears that a favourite dog, belonging to the owner of the place, had found a chink large enough to squeeze himself through in pursuit of rats; but as he failed to return, Mr. Elton employed some of his men to remove several stones in order to discover, what he supposed to be a passage through the wall, to a piece of waste ground on the other side, belonging to the Stationers' Company. However, on entering, he found himself in the interior of a square tower, with a clear space of about eighteen feet in height; the floor by which it had doubtless been divided into an upper apartment, and a dungeon, or store-room below, having disappeared. The floor has been replaced, the basement being made into a two-stalled stable, and the space above appropriated for a hayloft. In this state it remained without further notice, until observed by the writer. The building is of late mediæval character, having a small window, the top of which is slightly elliptical, turned in brick, and a door of similar construction; the walls have an inner casing of brick, covered with rough cast; and the roof of brick ribbed with stone.

The exterior face of the tower is constructed of coarse rubbled stone. The look-out from the window is in an oblique direction from the line of the wall, inclining northward, by which it may be conjectured that the tower itself had commanded a flanking position, and may have defended a postern or sallyport in connection with one of the neighbouring gate—Newgate or Ludgate. On the south side of this tower are some remains of London wall, composed of coarse masonry or ragstone. This part of the wall is not considered to have come into the original enclosure of the City.

The circumstance of a Roman cemetery having existed on the site of St. Paul's Churchyard, coupled with the fact before mentioned, that intermural burial was forbidden by the Roman law, seem, in themselves, a sufficient reason for such a limitation; and the discovery afore mentioned, of a mass of apparently Roman masonry, near the end of Paternoster Row, goes to corroborate the belief, that the original wall run so as not to include the cemetery, the above-mentioned fragment being, most probably, a portion of the old wall, where it turned in an angle at the north-east corner of the churchyard; in which case it must have taken, to touch Ludgate, such a retrograde curve as does not appear consistent with the customary rectangular order of the Roman towns. Indeed, it has been advanced, that Ludgate was not one of the original entrances to the City—a supposition fatal to the tradition of Lud's claim to have founded the gate—unless we are to suppose that the British defences, such as they may have been, differed in position from those laid down by the Romans. In another point of view, Cripplegate has been taken as the point from which the wall ran direct to the Thames; but this theory is founded upon slight grounds of conjecture; and in either view it might be conceived that as there is every reason to believe, that the cemetery existed long before the Roman wall was constructed, the latter may have been turned, in consideration of the former, so as to avoid it, without cutting off the ground lying between Ludgate and the river. For it is to be remembered, that in the instance of London, the Roman colonists are understood to have found a British town already planted, and upon which they engrafted their settlement: this being a different case from the establishment of an entirely new town. And having sat down and laid out their colony as circumstances favoured, we are to understand that the wall was fitted to the town at a late

period of its existence as a Roman settlement, and drawn out in consequence, according to the position and local conditions of the place. The extension of the wall westward, so as to include St. Paul's precinct, appears due to a period not earlier than the twelfth century, when the precinct was enlarged, by the purchase of several streets and lanes, by Bishop Beaumore, and encompassed by a strong wall with gates.

That a gate of Roman London was situated near the present site of Newgate is suggested by the discovery of a Roman military way, supposed to have belonged to Watling Street, carrying the line of Holborn into the City in this direction; most probably it was situated further to the east, corresponding with the original line of Snowhill.

Some remains of great strength, at the foot of Breakneck Stairs, in Seacoal Lane, and in the cellars on the north side of Green Arbour Court (celebrated as the residence of Oliver Goldsmith), are suggestive of the existence of a fortification thus far to the west of Newgate, and commanding a bridge or pass over the river Fleet, which formerly ran near the foot of the stairs. The masonry is partly of chalk and flints, and partly of a coarse rubble having the appearance of Roman work, being composed of fragments of tile, stones, and flints, imbedded in mortar of extreme hardness. The course of masonry runs in a line towards Newgate. In the process of repairs, it has been ascertained that underneath the present steps are the former flight of steps; and the latter, being much narrower, indicated a more contracted passage to the elevated ground to the east. Tokens of the near approximation of the Fleet were observed in some excavation which was made at the foot of the stairs. This approach, whatever may have been its precise character, has much the appearance of having appertained to the military defence of the City on this side; and it may be remarked that, in the name of the Old Bailey, originally implying the ballium or base court of a place of strength, there is a significance of a work of greater military importance than a mere gate of entrance to the City; and this is further corroborated by the old name of Seacoal Lane, which was the Little Bailey, probably the outer ballium of the fortification. Stow says the name of Newgate arose in its comparatively recent erection, viz., in the time of Henry V.; but it appears that it was thus named merely on being rebuilt or repaired, for which is not clear;\* and that a gate, used as a prison for state offences, stood there in the beginning of the thirteenth century, it having been repaired in 1218,† and this, for any account we have of its origin, may have been the original fabric of the Roman period. Previous to the time of Henry V., it was called Chamberlain Gate. It stood eastward of the present site.

Newgate was greatly damaged by the Fire of London. The present building was begun in 1770, and the first stone was laid by Alderman Beckford; but being partly demolished by the rioters led by the fanatic Lord George Gordon, it was afterwards carried out according to the present plan, by an amount of 30,000*l.*, supplied in different grants, during the progress of the building. From Newgate, the wall travelled in a north-easterly direction, enclosing the monastery of the Grey Friars, whose site the buildings of Christ's Hospital now cover. Here, a postern was opened in the reign of Edward VI.

\* The re-edification was effected by the executors of Sir Richard Whittington. His statue with the cat remained until the final demolition.—*Pennant*.

† *Arnold's 'Chronicle.'*

The church of the Grey Friars, a mendicant fraternity of the order of St. Francis, was founded by John Ewin, mercer, about the year 1225; and the foundation obtained such favour with many royal and noble persons as well as wealthy citizens, that it became the most magnificent conventual church in London. William Joyner, Lord Mayor of London, in the year 1239, built the Choir, and Henry Wallis, likewise Lord Mayor, the body of the church; wards for the sick, and other offices, were built by Walter Patter, alderman, who likewise furnished divers vessels of brass for the service of the kitchen: Thomas Felcham built the vestry, Gregory Rokesly, who was likewise concerned in the foundation of the house of Black Friars, built the dorters or sleeping-places, and furnished beds. The refectory was built by Bartholomew of the Castle. Peter de Heyland built the infirmary and divers places for diseased persons, and Bevis Bond, king at arms, provided the study. The choir was begun, in 1306, by Margaret, second queen of Edward I., as if in emulation of the favour bestowed upon the Black Friars by her royal predecessor. Isabella, queen to Edward II., contributed threescore and two pounds towards the building; and Gilbert de Clare gave towards the woodwork twenty great beams out of his forest at Tunbridge. John de Bretagne shares with Henry Wallis the reputation of building the body of the church. He likewise gave many rich jewels and ornaments. Several persons contributed to furnish the windows. The Lady Margaret Seagrave, Countess of Norfolk, gave the stalls in the choir. The munificent Sir Richard Whittington, in the year 1429, founded the library, which was in length one hundred and twenty-nine feet, and in breadth thirty-one; having twenty-eight desks and eight double settles. The library was furnished with books at the then great cost of 556*l.* 10*s.*, 400*l.* of the expense being borne by Sir Richard Whittington, and the rest was contributed by Dr. Thomas Winchelsey, a friar of the establishment; and for the writing out of Dom Nicholas de Lira's works in two volumes, to be chained in the library, one hundred marks were given. The ceiling of the choir was provided for by various contributors, to the amount of two hundred marks, and the painting cost fifty marks. The conduit-head and water-course were given by William Taylor, tailor to Henry III. The whole church was three hundred feet in length—of the feet of St. Paul—eighty-nine feet in breadth, and in height, from the ground to the roof, sixty-four feet two inches.\* The church contained three chapels, called the Lady Chapel, the Apostle's Chapel, and Allhallows Chapel.

To enrich the house of the Grey Friars, and to be interred in one of those chapels, in the choir or in the chapter-house, shrouded in the habit of the order, was held a sufficient guarantee against the penalties to succeed a life of questionable morality. Four queens—Margaret and Isabella, the foundresses, Joan, daughter to Edward II., and queen of Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, and Isabella, wife of William Warren, titular queen of Man, to eke out the royal list—found such shelter as its consecrated vaults were capable of imparting to their last repose. Isabella—"she-wolf of France"—may be supposed of all others to have had great confidence in the assurances of the fraternity, for she is said to have been buried with the heart of her murdered husband upon her breast.†

\* Maitland.

† Strype.

Here, likewise, rested Beatrix, daughter of Henry III. and Duchess of Brittany; Isabella, daughter of Edward III., and wife of Ingelram de Courcy, created Earl of Bedford; John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, a youth slain in an encounter of chivalry at a Christmas festivity, in Woodstock Park in 1389, by a stout knight called John Saint John.\* John duc de Bourbon, a prisoner of Agincourt, after a captivity of eighteen years, was laid in the narrow cell allotted by the fraternity; and with numerous others, great and renowned in their day, were many who were sped by the hand of the executioner to their last earthly bourne. Among these were Roger Mortimer—the traitress Isabella's "gentile Mortimer"—after hanging two days on the gibbet. Sir Robert Tressilian, Chief Justice of England, and Sir Nicholas Brembre, Lord Mayor of London, who suffered in the like ignominious way: of the former it is reported in an old edition of the State Trials, that "when he came to the place of execution, he declared that he should not die while he had anything about him; and that the executioner on stripping him, found certain images, the head of a devil, and the names of divers others. The charm being broken by the removal of the supposed talismans, the law took its course."

Sir John Mortimer, knight, was put to death by the Lancastrian party "on a fictitious charge, by an *ex post facto* law, called the Statute of Escapes, made on purpose to destroy him: he was drawn to the place of execution, and underwent the rigorous penalty of treason;"† but his remains were buried in the church of the Grey Friars. Likewise, those of Thomas Burdet, Esq., whose execution is an instance of the tyrannical application of a law actually intended to protect the person of the king from witchcraft and sorcery. Sir Thomas had a favourite white buck which the king—Edward IV.—happened to kill. The knight, in anger, wished the horns of the buck in the body of him who advised the king to slay it, and for this speech, as wishing evil to his sovereign, he was brought to trial and beheaded.‡

The sumptuous monuments and funeral memorials of the many personages—eminent, virtuous, criminal, and unfortunate—which crowded the Grey Friars church, were ruthlessly condemned in 1545, by the fanaticism of the time, and were sold by Sir Martin Bowes, Lord Mayor, for about 50*l*. "So passeth away the glory of the world." The church itself, at the Dissolution, was desecrated and despoiled of its ornaments for the use of the grasping king, and became a storehouse for French prizes; but when the overbearing monarch, glutted with the prodigal indulgence of his wilful desires, felt the approach of death and the visitings of remorse, he granted the convent and church to the City, and ordered the church to be used for Divine service. The Great Fire of London completed the havoc begun by the king, and those who truckled to his imperious pleasure in the destruction of the once fair edifice, a blackened cloister being the only fragment of the stately pile that has survived the terrible conflagration, and the subsequent operations of Sir Christopher Wren, who founded on the site the buildings appropriated to Edward VI.'s admirable charity, familiarly known as the Bluecoat School. Between this site and Aldersgate Street, some strag-

\* Holinshed.

† Pennant—Stow's Annals, 364, 365. Parliam. Hist. 190.

‡ Holinshed.

gling remains of the London wall are to be seen, skirting the south side of the burial-ground of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate.

Aldersgate, a name which has been subject to various fanciful etymologies, remains, notwithstanding, in the dark with respect to its origin and denomination. Stow supposes it to have been one of the four original gates of the City, on the ground that Aldgate signifies old gate; this, as Aldersgate, is to be considered as claiming a higher antiquity in the comparative degree. Howell derives it from one Aldrich, a Saxon; and Arnold, from elder-trees growing in the neighbourhood; but, as Aldrich the Saxon and the elder-trees are only brought forward in this case as pegs to hang a derivation upon, we are left to the somewhat loose definition of Stow, or the option of attempting to discover a better. With such an alternative in view, it may be suggested that the proximity of the gate to the Ealdormanna Burgh, or, as modern phrase has it, Aldermanbury, the locality of the venerable rulers of the City in the days of Athelstane, by whom or at whose behalf this gate may have been founded and named accordingly, may suggest a further exercise in quest of a derivation, surer data not being available. Recorded particulars inform us, that this gate was inhabited in Queen Elizabeth's time by John Day, the famous printer, who is understood to have introduced the first Italic characters, and the first fount of Saxon type into our typography.

In the cellar of the inn called the Mourning Bush,\* which stands adjacent to the site of Aldersgate, are remains of the masonry belonging to the structure of the latter. Near the end of Aldersgate Street, outside the wall, stood the Roman specula, or Saxon Burg-kenning, or Barbican, from which the street so called derives its name. The custody of this responsible post was intrusted by Edward III. to Robert Ufford, Earl of Suffolk. A neighbouring residence of the kings of England destroyed in 1251, but afterwards rebuilt, was called the Base Court. This place was inhabited in the reign of Queen Mary by Catherine, the widow of Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, in her own right as Baroness Willoughby of Eresby, and then wife of Thomas Bertie, ancestor of the family of Ancaster. This lady, in contempt of the revival of the faith of Rome, is reported to have dressed a dog in a bishop's rochet or surplice, and, in especial ridicule to Bishop Gardiner, called it by his name;† a jest for which she and her husband found it expedient to leave the country for a season. Their son, who was born during their exile, was named Peregrine, being an allusion to the expatriation of his parents. Another house in the Barbican belonged to the Earls of Bridgewater. It was burnt in 1675, Lord Brackley, the earl's eldest son, and a younger brother, with their tutor, falling a sacrifice to the unhappy calamity.

The present site is Bridgewater Square, a spot celebrated once for its orchards, which bore such an abundance of fruits at the time of the siege of Newcastle as, says Evelyn, were never produced before or after that time. This he accounts for by the decrease of smoke resulting from the scarcity of coal in the capital from that event. He inveighs with great indignation at the increase of that species of fuel, and at the introduction of so many manufactories productive of smoke, which not only deform our noblest buildings with the sooty tinge, but

\* This remarkable sign is said to have originated in a loyal landlord hanging sables upon his sign—The Bush—on the execution of Charles I.

† Collins' Peerage, ii. 3.

also from the quantity of coal, brought on catarrhs, coughs, and consumptions, in a degree unknown to Paris and other cities. "The City of London," says he, "resembles rather the face of Mount Etna, the court of Vulcan, Stromboli, or the suburbs of hell, than an assembly of rational creatures, and the imperial seat of our incomparable monarch."\*

London and its consumption of coal have both become more than trebled since Evelyn's days; but the superiority of its sanatory economy, especially with regard to drainage, has given it the advantage of most of the cities he mentions or alludes to in point of salubrity, although much remains to be done.

Among the illustrious residents in the Barbican, John Milton should be included as pre-eminent: and the celebrated antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman, died here in 1640. Milton's house in this place was the scene of his reunion with his first wife after her conduct had nigh provoked him to the measure of a second marriage, in justification of which he published his work entitled 'The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.'



CRIPPLEGATE POSTERN.

At the point of the wall nearly opposite Barbican, where it bounds the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate, on the south, are the remains of two towers, one of which is incorporated with the Hall of the Barber Surgeons, forming a semicircular end to the hall; a fragment of the wall is likewise visible in the kitchen belonging to the building.

\* Evelyn's 'Fumifugium.'



THE CANARIES.—No. II.  
GRAN CANARIA.



GRAN CANARIA.—The principal town of this island is Las Palmas; it is built on either side of a ravine, through which runs a clear stream, spanned by a rather elegant bridge: a pleasing view greets the lover of the picturesque as he looks up the ravine from the bridge, the palm-trees waving on the landscape, and the whole prospect crowned by the blue ridges of the Pixos mountains. The whole valley is very fertile, and it is curious to observe the Moorish style of irrigation carried into practice, viz., by ploughing in semicircles leading one into another: the top furrow is called the "mother," and water being turned into this, it flows through all the ground under cultivation.

The town of Las Palmas is well built, and contains the remains of houses erected by the first conquerors. The chief edifice is the cathedral of St. Ann, and next to this ranks the club-house, formerly a convent. It now contains a reading, concert, ball-room, and theatre. The chief resort of the ladies of the place are the gardens of the Alameda, which are laid out with some taste: after the heat of the day they are frequently thronged with loungers.

The most lukewarm person in matters of religion must feel awe-struck if he thinks of contrasting the past condition of the monastic institutions of Las Palmas with the purposes to which their desecrated aisles are now devoted.

The suppressed convent of St. Augustus presents a strange spectacle now-a-days, when its ancient quadrangle is prepared for the reception of the amateurs in the horrible pastime of cockfighting. In the centre rests a large cage, and round this rise tiers of seats, filled with spectators intent upon the denizens of the cage. So soon as one pair of birds is defeated,



or rendered powerless, standing in pools of blood, their places are filled by fresh victims; but I am sure that the readers of the 'Home Friend' would take no pleasure in the revolting details of so cruel an exhibition.

Once this quadrangle, which in olden time echoed to the solemn orison and vesper chant, was turned into a circus for the reception of an American *troupe*.

The upper classes of inhabitants at Gran Canaria are better off than the "poor and proud" grandees of Teneriffe. The hills are ornamented with charming quintas, surrounded by vineyards. By the way, who that rides through these garlanded approaches can resist giving a thought to Prince Henry and Falstaff, and Poin and Bardolph, regaling on "sack and canary" at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap?

The second town of importance at Gran Canaria is Telde: it is picturesque, and partially surrounded with palm-trees; it has a lord of the manor, a Spanish count, the only man of rank on the island.

These country residents seldom leave their pretty quintas except for the purpose of "assisting" at some religious festival. The inhabitants of Telde, in particular, if compelled to visit Las Palmas, hasten back to their homes with what expedition they can, dreading yellow fever, for, as regards this fearful disease, Telde is a charmed spot.

The aspect of Gran Canaria is very different from that of either Teneriffe or Madeira. It is of circular form, and the surface, though mountainous, is not so rugged as in the other islands. The culminating point, El Cumbre, is six thousand six hundred and forty-eight feet high. The best anchorage is at Ferro.

There are various grades of inhabitants dwelling in Gran Canaria, which is the centre of the Archipelago. The interior is peopled by a dark, wild race, living in cottages, built tier upon tier, in caverns, and at Teraxana there is a colony of free blacks living in grottoes, and having no intercourse with Europeans. The other towns are Alalazo, in which the houses are formed from excavations in the mountain, and Agrumez. Telde is the most fertile district of the whole; it lies on the coast.

There are two suppositions as to the origin of the name "Canary," some believing it to have been derived from "canis," the Latin for dog; Lancerota, one of the islands, being still famous for a breed of fine animals resembling the Newfoundland dog. M. Debary, however, tells us that a race of people called Canarii lived beyond Mount Atlas,\* and this author has no doubt of the Libyan extraction of the aborigines of the archipelago.

Gran Canaria extends thirty-five miles from south-west to north-east. This island was not conquered without considerable difficulty, the natives in the fourteenth century showing such determined resistance that their besiegers were fain to pass on to Gomera.

The inhabitants of Las Palmas are kindly disposed towards the English; and our young sailors, on landing during any season of festivity, are warmly welcomed. The reunions always end in a dance: the women are as lovely here as in the other islands, and exquisitely graceful in their movements. Their style of dancing is slow and dignified, and although they are fond of waltzing, they do so to a stately measure, and cannot be reconciled to the rapid whirling of the polka or the waltz as they are performed by their English guests.

\* A chain of high mountains in Barbary, North Africa.

So agreeable is the climate of Gran Canaria, and so fertile its resources, owing to the rains which fall more abundantly here than at Tenerife,\* that it must be a charming retreat for those whose happiness is centred in their own domestic circle: in short, it holds out many inducements as a residence to persons of moderate means; "for," says a writer, "it would be impossible to spend four hundred a-year here if you lived in a palace, and kept as many horses as you pleased." We must, however, continue our description, by transporting our reader to the island in sight of Gran Canaria, viz., Fuertaventura.

It was in the year 1384 that the cluster of Canary Isles was first discovered to the Modern World. The whole group was granted to a Spanish noble, with the title of king, by Pope Clement VI., "on condition that the Gospel should be preached to the natives." This noble died without taking possession of the grant; and after two marauding expeditions commanded by Spaniards, the Norman, Jean de Betancour, was the first who laid claim to be the conqueror of these isles; but, after landing at Lancerota, and by his judicious conduct gaining the respect and consequent obedience of the natives, he was repulsed by the people of Fuertaventura, whose formidable aspect so astonished him that he returned to Europe, appealed to Don Henry III., and succeeded in obtaining a grant of the Fortunate Isles, with the title of king, in 1408.

He might again have met with the same resistance at Fuertaventura as he did afterwards at Canaria, but for the assistance of two women whose interest he managed to secure. These women, whose names—Tibiatin and Tamonante—have been handed down to posterity, persuaded their pagan king to be baptized, and this done, they submitted to Betancour as sovereign of the archipelago.

Before Betancour died, he obtained a decree for the consecration of a bishop of the Canary Islands.

Some time after the Norman's decease, Diego de Herrera became lord of these isles, in virtue of his marriage with the heiress. It was he who tried in vain to subdue Gran Canaria, the inhabitants dauntlessly refusing to acknowledge any foreign government. Fuertaventura, however, continued satisfied with the rule, and the chief town, Betancuria, derives its name from its first conqueror. It has a rapidly-increasing population, and is separated from Lancerota by the canal of Bocayna.

Fuertaventura is less mountainous than the other Canaries, and its surface is deficient in streams. There are some fertile tracts in the island, and its deficiencies, as compared with its neighbours, are less felt than they would be in a lonely spot, owing to the commercial and social intercourse kept up with its sister isles.

Fuertaventura is seen from Gran Canaria, and as it is distinctly visible from the northern coast of Africa, it is not improbable that it was the first explored by the Libyans, from whom the reader knows it has been asserted that the aborigines sprang.

In support of this theory, various customs analogous to those of Northern Africa have been brought forward. The Guanches, as the inhabitants conquered in the fourteenth century were called, had the custom of shaving their heads (probably in token of mourning),† and of

\* All these varieties of climate are produced by the position of these isles with respect to the ordinary course of the trade-winds.

† The Kafirs have this as well as other patriarchal customs among them.

living in caves, for which facilities were afforded by the nature of the dry and sandy soil: as regards the food, too, it must not be forgotten that the goff, or goffu, the main nourishment of the poor at Teneriffe, is similar to the cuscusu eaten in Barbary and on the shores of Gambia. The assertion that the original inhabitants sprang from America carries with it little weight, and some theorists have not hesitated to declare that the Guanchas were of the lost tribes of Israel.\*

That these Guancha kings and their subjects were of a determined and brave constitution, was proved by the resolute courage displayed by the inhabitants of Fuertaventura when assailed by De Betancour; and that a noble heroism pervaded their nature was demonstrated by a law, that all who ill used either women or children should be excluded from the ranks of nobility.

Off the north coast of Fuertaventura lies the islet of Lobos, probably from its being the resort of sea-wolves, which abound in these latitudes.

LANCEROTA, also lying near Fuertaventura, was, as I have shown, the first island discovered by De Betancour, the Norman. Here the inhabitants soon surrendered to his rule; but after his first futile attempts on Fuertaventura, and his defeats at Gran Canaria, he found, on returning to Lancerota, after obtaining his charter as king, that his garrison and the natives had quarrelled, and that a fearful fight had been the result.

The policy pursued by De Betancour proved him to be equally just and wise. He inquired into the truth of the affair, and ascertaining that the error had originated in the conduct of his soldiers, he forgave the inhabitants. As he had lost a great many men he probably made a virtue of necessity: be this as it may, the Lancerotians laid down their arms to him, and, seizing the auspicious moment, he brought forward the priests who had accompanied him from Europe; thereupon King Guardafia † consented to be baptized, which was done with due ceremony.

A singular phenomenon occurred at Lancerota in 1730. On the 1st of September the earth opened, and a considerable hill of ejected matter accumulated in a single night; a few days later a stream of lava from another vent overflowed several villages; on the 7th, an immense rock rose from this lava, with a violent report, and the stream, changing its course, overflowed St. Catalana and other villages. For eight days a cataract of lava continued to rush into the sea with a horrible roar, destroying multitudes of fish, and after a brief interval an enormous mass of stones, sand, and ashes were ejected on the site of Catalana.

On the 11th of December the lava, which had reached the sea, assumed the shape of an island, which was strewn with the remains of fishes; soon a high hill, which had been thrown up in one day, was re-engulfed, and torrents of lava flowed from the opening into the sea. In this manner not fewer than thirty cones were formed: these were arranged in nearly a straight line, as though marking the edge of a continuous fissure.

During these convulsions a fierce and destructive storm swept over the island, and from the sea rose volumes of smoke and flame with loud detonations: these commotions continued from time to time for five years, and so terrified the inhabitants and injured their territory, one-third of the island being covered with lava, forming hills from four hundred to six hundred feet high, that many were compelled to emigrate.

\* Juba, the second King of Mauritania, described the Guanchas; Pliny followed his description. Juba's work is unfortunately lost.

† Guardafia is clearly a North African name.

Lancerota is fifteen miles long and ten broad. From the height of its mountains it is discoverable at a great distance.

PALMA is one of the pleasantest and most thriving of the Canaries. Some of its mountains are upwards of seven thousand feet high; the soil is rich, and the hilly slopes are prettily wooded; honey, wax, wine, fruits, and sugar are all produced at Palma, and taffetas are even manufactured at the principal town, Santa Cruz. The population of the island in 1835 amounted to thirty-three thousand and eighty-nine souls. As in the other islands, English travellers are always made welcome by the hospitable inhabitants. Although of small extent, the exceeding fertility of the spot draws many voyagers hither for rest and refreshment, on their way to the West Indies. The wine here is esteemed the best after that of Teneriffe.

GOMERA, lying west of Teneriffe, from which it is separated by a strait, is of more importance than from its size might be supposed. The channel which divides it from the larger island is thirteen miles wide. Gomera extends twelve miles in length and nine in breadth; its mountains are covered with perpetual snows, but its valleys are highly productive. Sufficient corn is grown here to support the inhabitants: it has its sugar-works too, and a goodly supply of wine and fruits for those Spanish vessels which choose their anchorage here.

The chief town has been named after the favourite Spanish saint, Sebastian.

Gomera was one of those islands which submitted with a tolerable grace to De Betancour, who on his arrival there found that a Spanish ship had visited the island some time before, leaving, as one of Pope Clement's missionaries, a priest. The solitary padre must have been a good specimen of his race, since the people under his teaching accepted the terms of these invaders with little hesitation, and embraced the Christian religion.

Their example had great weight with the natives of Hierro, or Ferro, who surrendered readily to the Spaniards, being influenced, it is said, by an old tradition. It is not improbable that this tradition, or rather prophecy, was connected with the so-called miraculous visit of the Virgin Mary to the Guancha kings, commemorated, the reader will remember, by a monument erected in the square of Santa Cruz at Teneriffe. However, De Betancour and his successors gained some kind of footing in Teneriffe, and built a fort there, in virtue of having brought thither the miraculous image of the Virgin (probably the figure-head of some foundered ship); but neither Teneriffe nor Gran Canaria would yield to the conquerors of Lancerota, Fuertaventura, Palma, and Gomera, till Alonzo de Lugo, one of Herrera's captains, made good his position as victor.

FERRO was anciently called Pluvialia, because it was supposed to receive its supplies of water from heaven. A curious phenomenon exists in some of the Canary isles; and Ferro was famous for its "fountain-tree," so called from its attracting the rain-clouds at night. An old account of this curious tree describes it as "a good-sized oak, six or seven fathoms high, with branches spreading, loose, and open, with leaves resembling the laurel, white within and green without, and bearing neither fruit nor blossom; by day it withers, and from the leaves of several of these trees the rain pours in such quantities that eight thousand inhabitants and a hundred thousand cattle are supported by them. While the people were ignorant," continues the recorder of this curious phenomenon, "and knew not how to construct cisterns for preserving rain-water, the fountain-

trees were numerous; now they are more scarce, for as the children of Israel wandered forty years in the wilderness, and were supplied from heaven with manna, so, when they could sow and reap, the manna ceased, therefore fountain-trees are not now so much required in Ferro."

The islets of Graciosa, Santa Clara, Allegranza, and Lobos, are of no importance, except as regards their peculiar formation and their productions, which form a study for the man of science. Teneriffe has been visited by a host of learned people; and, doubtless, the islets, if explored, would afford equal matter for the interesting speculations of the geologist and botanist.

The great scourge of these islands, when it comes, is the south-east wind, blowing over the burning plains of Africa, and carrying with it that intensely hot air which destroys vegetation and induces disease. The Canaries suffered much from this in 1704, and during the droughts accompanying the arid wind, the want of water was felt so severely as to cause the inhabitants of some of the islands to emigrate. Happily a more genial climate usually prevails, and trade prospers with far countries and within the range of the archipelago.

Nature here has been bountiful—and Plenty, seated amid fragrant bowers, pours from her horn, corn, and wine, and oil, and the most delicious fruits, while the abundance of fish in the sunny waters around yield constant food for the inhabitants on the coast. In some of the islands—in Gran Canaria for instance, where the natives depend on the heavens for relief from drought—the waters are collected and preserved with watchful care: every house in Las Palmas bristles with the gurgles of the pipes in which the precious gift is garnered; and, in short, these islanders evince a forethought and capacity fully accounting for the success they have hitherto enjoyed.

Besides their wealth by land and sea—in vegetation and in fish—the Canary Islands are well stocked with animal food; the pheasant, and the wood-pigeon, and the red-legged partridge, also abound in the woods, and the landscape rejoices in the song of the linnet, the blackbird, and the thistle-finch, as the canary is called.

The population of these islands was estimated by Hassel at a hundred and eighty-one thousand, and the area of the whole archipelago at three thousand two hundred and thirteen square miles.

The exports are wine, silk, soda, and fruit.

Although the Spaniards were the first civilized navigators who established themselves in the Canaries, the isles were at one time occupied by the Portuguese, but the Spaniards regained possession of them A.D. 1478.

No man is wiser for his learning: it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.

SELDEN.

MEASURE not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

FULLER.

## NO LIE THRIVES.—No. XXII.

It was the evening of that day on which the partnership between Mr. Sharman and Willis had been made publicly known that the latter called to spend an hour with Frank, if he could bear it. The last few weeks had made a great alteration in him, and it was evident that his career was about to close. He was seated in his arm-chair, with Cora, as usual, lying across his legs. He received Willis with great pleasure, and for a time conversed cheerfully with him on his future prospects; and expressed himself with much feeling when he wished "the new firm well." On a sudden his countenance fell, and a look of great sadness overspread his features.

"There is nothing too good for you, Willis," said he; "you should have been my father's son instead of me; how proud he would have been of you!"

He passed his emaciated hand over his brow, and an involuntary sigh escaped him. Willis took the hand nearest to him, and pressed it within his own.

"Oh, Cora," said Frank, endeavouring to move, "how heavy you are grown!"

Willis gently took her up, and placed her on the ground; but almost the next moment she had raised her fore-paws to her master's knees, and stood looking wistfully into his face.

"Poor dog!" murmured he, patting her head, "you'll miss me." Then turning his eyes to Willis, he said, "Did I ever offend you?"

"Never that I am aware of," replied he, quickly. "We have had words; but—"

"But they were my own bringing on," said Frank, supplying the words at which the other seemed to pause. "You would have been more a friend to me than I was willing to be to myself; but that is not the point now. If I ever did offend you, and you can recollect it, forgive me."

"My dear Frank!" cried Willis—he could say no more.

"Enough! enough!" murmured he, returning the pressure of Willis's hand; "God bless you!"

Cora at this moment again tried to be taken on his knee. "No, no," said he. "Willis, she should be yours, but I *think* my father would like to keep her." He sighed. "Now, let's talk of something else."

He instantly turned the conversation by addressing some observation to his sister Harriet, who was never absent when she heard that Willis was in her brother's room. She had caught the words—"you should have been my father's son," and the thought instantly occurred to her in what manner that might be accomplished. But no such idea had either now, or at any previous time, entered the mind of him whose assent was most essential. On the contrary, his behaviour to her was as guarded, as his views were adverse to anything that might encourage hopes she might entertain. He admitted her agreeable qualities, gave her whatever merit was due to her; but he shuddered at the remembrance of the deceit that had characterised her in childhood, and, as he had reason to think, was yet familiar to her. On the present occasion, she would have engaged him in an animated and lively dialogue; but Willis was unable to maintain his part; and he every now and then turned to look at Frank,

who seemed in no way interested in what they were saying. The conviction that he should not see him many more times grew so strong and painful, that he was glad to withdraw.

"Good night, Frank," said he, taking his hand affectionately.

"Good night, Willis," replied he, and raising his hollow eyes, and looking earnestly at him, he said in a low voice; "a long, long night will soon be mine."

"Mr. Frank is very low this evening," said Jane, as she opened the door for Willis, "but I do not take any notice of it. He has been talking about you and Mr. Sharman, by times, all day. He has been much happier of late, for he and his father are much more comfortable together."

Jane said what was perfectly correct. So long as Mr. Davis feared he might be called upon to place his son in a situation, that a recommendation would be necessary to insure success from any application for the purpose, and that if such situation could be obtained he could never place dependence on its being honourably retained, his affection was not only held back in abeyance, but it was alienated from the unhappy young man. No sooner, however, was it known to him that his first-born, the child of his fondest hopes and expectations, was fast passing towards the "bourne from whence no traveller returns," than the full tide of his former love began to rise in his breast, and to manifest itself in every act of tenderness he could evince. The change in his feelings, however, made him in no degree less unhappy, but it was soothing to Frank, and as such it was a source of gratitude to Jane.

No intelligence as yet had been gained of Sally, and the uncertainty that hung over her fate awakened every feeling of remorse in Frank, and forbade him to dismiss the painful retrospect of the past from his mind. Dr. Luxmore could recover no trace of her in London, nor could her friends in the country give any account of her; the latter, in fact, had never heard from her since she first quitted her native village. At length her mother, one morning, called on Mr. Courtenay, and presented him with a dirty scrap of paper which she had received in a cover the day before. On this was written, in an illformed hand, and with defective spelling, the following words:—

"Mrs. Groves,—I am desired to let you know that your daughter, Sally Groves, died last night. She begs you will forgive her, as she hopes and thinks God has already done."

There was neither date nor signature, nor could he make out the post-mark. It was certainly from no office in London; but, beyond this, nothing could be obtained. Mr. Courtenay cautiously communicated the intelligence to Frank, who heard it with much emotion.

"Poor girl!" sighed he, "what would I give if I could blot out that sad page from my history! Oh! that in the days of health and strength we could see and understand what feelings may awaken in us when sickness weighs us down, and the mists of passion have melted away."

"We do see, and should understand them, too," said Mr. Courtenay, "if we do not harden ourselves against the conviction. Each man's life is a mirror in which the truth is reflected that sin begets sorrow, the forbidden indulgence of our appetites, shame and remorse: but the image that conveys warning to all is slighted by ourselves. Not a story that we read but points its moral in the same truth, and but too probably with the same success. It is a great satisfaction, however, to think the poor girl has died penitent."

"And with hope in her death," rejoined Frank, eagerly. "I am every way thankful," and he hid his face in his pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Courtenay was about to make a reply, when the door opened, and Mr. Atkins entered.

"I shall now leave you in better hands than mine," said Mr. Courtenay, instantly taking leave of Frank.

As soon as they were alone, Frank, who found that Mr. Atkins was acquainted with the circumstance that he had just learnt, expressed the same sentiment of thankfulness to him which he had before uttered to Mr. Courtenay.

"Surely," said he, "I may take the joy I feel, at the hope of this poor girl's forgiveness, as an earnest of my own! Is it presumptuous to think so?"

"I trust not," replied Mr. Atkins. "That she was brought to repentance, and that a knowledge of the fact has reached you, is a proof of mercy to yourself that may well warrant the cherishing of a hope which may be yet further strengthened by, as I believe, your own serious contrition. At all events, let the example and the encouragement to be drawn from it operate beneficially, as well as soothingly, upon you. Seek, with increased earnestness, the pardon of your God, through faith in the atoning blood of your Saviour, and rely firmly, though with humility, on that promise of acceptance through Him, of which the most righteous among men, as well as the profligate, stand alike in need.

Frank did not long survive this event. His last hours were made peaceful by the united kindness of his valued friends, soothed by the tenderness of his father, and the assurance of his forgiveness, and, above all, by the unceasing attention and affection of the faithful Jane. The lock of his mother's hair was in his hand when he expired; it had always been suspended round his neck in a locket. He would often gaze on this in silence in his last illness, and once only did he allude to the manner in which she had brought him up.

"O, Jane!" said he, "if it had pleased God to spare my life, and to have allowed me to become a father, I would have taught my children, above all things, the love and practice of truth, and shown them in every way possible the meanness, the baseness, the folly, and the danger of every species of deceit. To my poor mother's *mistaken* habit (I might give it a harsher term, and with justice, if I had the heart), in this respect, I cannot but trace, if not all my deviations from the right path, at least the greater part of them. Her constant practice of petty deceit, to say the least of it, broke down every upright and honourable feeling in my mind, and made me look on that as only venial, which was, in reality, most reprehensible; her unhappy exultation in the skilfulness of the art she practised, and its corresponding success, was most fatal to me. Nor have I been the only one, I see with sorrow, who has received injury from the same cause. The seeds she sowed in her family have all, alas! taken root. My sisters deceive my father as my poor mother did, and brothers and sisters deceive each other as the turn suits. Love them I do, but I cannot respect them, cannot trust nor confide in them. You, Jane, you only are straightforward and sincere; and how you can have preserved that character in a house like this I am at a loss to understand—it is a puzzle to me."

"I have preserved that character," replied Jane, "simply because I was brought up from my very infancy in the love of truth, and with its example always before me. The habit, therefore, is as natural to me as,



I grieve to say, the general practice of deceit is natural to all belonging to you. My mother's every look was sincere, and sincerity in her family was the surest way to her favour. The love of her, therefore, was the love of uprightness and truth, and we must have ceased to feel that we were her children before we could have departed from the path in which we had always walked with her."

Frank sighed heavily, but made no further remark. In the last conversation, however, that he ever held with his sisters he earnestly exhorted them to adhere to truth, and to adjure a practice which had cost him so dear. They were ignorant of many events connected with his history, but on such parts of it as he could properly relate, he feelingly, and without reserve, dwelt freely, enforcing his admonitions with a tenderness that could scarcely fail to give permanent effect to his words.

Jane shed many bitter tears over him; and perhaps, the only lasting if not real mourners in the house for his departure was herself and his poor dog Cora. She lay on the bed till he was placed in his coffin, nor showed much uneasiness till all being removed and the door locked, she could no longer get into the room. She then attached herself almost exclusively to Jane, refusing, to his regret, to follow Mr. Davis; and, long after her master's death, and when she had become the companion of his father's morning walk, she would return to Frank's chamber, snuff under the door, and whining ask any one who was passing to give her admittance.

In the meantime, business went on very prosperously with Mr. Sharman and Willis. The latter carried home excellent reports of their increasing connexion to his mother, whose share of happiness at this time had, perhaps, never before been exceeded. To her Willis was most attentive and indulgent, but to himself he was self-denying, almost, as Mrs. Richmond at least declared, to parsimony. It was in vain that she remonstrated with him on the subject—in vain that she taxed him with an intention of speedily taking a wife—she won nothing from him but a cheerful smile, and an assurance that she had nothing to fear from his abstemious course of living, and nothing yet to hope that she would have a daughter to share with him in his love for her. She had too much dependence upon him to question the propriety of his conduct in any respect; she was convinced that he was acting on a correct principle, though he seemed careful to withhold its nature from her, and she was satisfied to wait his own explanation.

At the close of the first year a balance appeared in favour of the firm. Willis now proposed what he conceived would be an improvement in the business; the suggestion seemed so judicious that it was approved of by Mr. Sharman, and adopted. The second year was still more favourable, and Willis handed the sheet, on which he had shown the product of their operations, with a mantling cheek to Mr. Sharman. He cast a rapid glance over it, dwelt for an instant on the sum total, and a fervent "Thank God!" burst from his lips. Both were silent.

"Willis!" said Mr. Sharman.

"Sir!" answered he.

Their eyes met.

"May I say all I wish?" asked Willis.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Sharman.

"Then, sir," exclaimed he, "I will no longer keep secret the wish,—the intention of my heart, should it please God to favour me, from the moment that we entered into partnership,—to pay in full and with interest,

the remainder of the debts due to your creditors. I am sure it is the wish of your own heart, and the means is now in our power, with prudence and safety to ourselves."

Mr. Sharman seemed to hesitate. "If," said he, "this product had been the result of my own sole operations, if to experience I had added a proportionate sum of money to the stock, if any tie of relationship existed between us, if you had been my son, if —"

"You would have acceded to my proposal?" cried Willis, catching at the words. "Is that what you mean?"

"I would," answered he.

"Then make me such!" exclaimed Willis, seizing his hand and looking at Emma, who sat by.

Emma trembled, and turned very pale.

"What does she say to it?" said Mr. Sharman, casting an affectionate glance towards her.

"She must kindly answer for herself," replied Willis; "I have felt myself hitherto bound in honour to suppress the sentiments I have long entertained for her; and so long as the aim I had at heart was not attained, I should have preserved silence towards her, whatever it might have cost me. But will you not speak, Emma?" continued he, turning towards her.

"I will answer for her," said Mr. Sharman, pressing her to his bosom, and laying her hand in that of Willis. "I cannot better show my gratitude, as she is the only, so may she prove the best and dearest recompense I can make you; and may she, under all circumstances, be to you what her dear mother was to me."

No time was lost in carrying the intended project into execution. The creditors were invited to meet at the Dolphin on an appointed day, though it was not exactly stated to them for what purpose. All, however, naturally concluded it was to make some kind of arrangement with them. Mr. Sharman received each with cordiality, and when every one had assembled, he acquainted them in few, but feeling and appropriate words, with the purpose for which he had convened them. It is needless to say that he was heard with pleasure; a cheque was instantly presented to each individual, a receipt was returned with expressions of high approbation for the honourable conduct that had been shown by the parties. Cartwright alone remained silent. It was evident that he was struggling with himself to give vent to the feelings which agitated him, but which he was incapable to express adequately; the cheque for the amount of his debt lay before him; he had leisurely doubled it in two, and he continued to pass his thumb-nail over each fold several times. At last he slowly deposited it in his pocket-book: for a minute or two he seemed buried in thought, then, suddenly rising, he came in front of Mr. Sharman.

"It's of no use," cried he, "come out it must and shall. Mr. Sharman, I was not ashamed to behave like a brute to you in this room, some time ago. I don't know why I should be ashamed to behave as a man to you now. I have acted a pitiful part by you for many a year, and I'll tell you why. I have been always jealous of you. But all this is over, though I have more cause to entertain that sentiment for you to-day than I ever had before. You must not think, however, that what has been done just now has made the change in me. No, the present is not the beginning of a better feeling towards you. The reproach that you gave me the day we all first met in this room, aggravating my dislike of you as if

did at the time, came home to me at the last; I own it took a long time to work upon me before any good appeared of it, but it was not the less sure for that. Sorrow, too, is a good, though a sharp teacher" (he had lost his only son some months before); "but now, let bygones be bygones. Here is my hand,—will you overlook the past?"

"Willingly, willingly," cried Mr. Sharman, taking his offered hand.

"And forgive me?"

"Yes! and heartily forgive you, too."

"Well done!" exclaimed Cartwright, "the inch being greater, now for the ell,—let us be friends. I mean in right earnest, friend to friend, till the whole is wound up, and the great account given in to Him whose only hopeless debtors will be those who did not know how to cancel a debt."

#### THE RUINED CITIES OF THE WEST.—No. IV.

AFTER another long and fatiguing journey, partly by land and partly by water, our travellers reached Sisal, a port on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, from whence they proceeded a little way inland in search of some ruins of which they had heard. Mr. Stephens says, "In the afternoon, rested and refreshed, we set out for a walk to the ruins. The path led through a noble piece of wood in which were many tracks, and our Indian guide lost his way. . . . . We took another road, and, emerging suddenly from the woods, to my astonishment we came at once upon a large open field strewn with mounds of ruins and vast buildings, on terraces and pyramidal structures, grand, and in good preservation, richly ornamented, without a bush to obstruct the view, and in picturesque effect almost equal to the ruins of Thebes." . . . . "The place of which I am now speaking was beyond all doubt once a large, populous, and highly-civilized city, and the reader can nowhere find one word of it on any page of history. Who built it, why it was located on that spot, away from water and any of those natural advantages which have determined the sites of cities whose histories are known; what led to its abandonment and destruction, no man can tell. The only name by which it is known is that of the Hacienda on which it stands."

These buildings are referred to in a deed one hundred and forty years old as "Las Casas de Piedra," and that is the only record in which they are named, and no tradition, save some wild superstitions of the Indians with regard to some of the individual buildings, are extant. It was only within a year before this visit that the forests which encompassed the ruins had been cut down, and the structures exposed to view.

The first object which attracts the eye on emerging from the forest at Uxmal is a building sixty-eight feet long, built on a solid artificial elevation two hundred and forty feet long at the base, and one hundred and twenty broad, and protected all round by a wall of square stone which reached quite to the top of the elevation. On the east side of this structure was a flight of very steep stone steps, of which one hundred and one were in their places, and perhaps about thirty had been displaced. A stone platform, about four and a half feet wide, ran along the rear of the building. At each end of the house was a room eighteen feet long and nine wide, and between them a third, thirty-four feet long and nine wide. The whole building is of stone, inside of polished smoothness, outside square and plain to the height of the door, but above it ornamented

with a rich cornice or moulding, and covered to the top of the fabric on all sides with rich and elaborate sculptured ornaments, forming a sort of arabesque.

The style of these ornaments was wholly unique and peculiar, bearing no resemblance to those found at Copan, Palenque, or in any other country he had seen. The designs were strange and incomprehensible, very elaborate, sometimes grotesque, but often simple, tasteful, and beautiful. Among the intelligible subjects are squares and diamonds, with busts of human beings, heads of leopards, and compositions of leaves and flowers, and the ornaments known everywhere as *grecques*. The ornaments which succeed each other are all different; the whole form an extraordinary mass of richness and complexity, and the effect is both grand and curious: the construction of these ornaments is not less peculiar and striking than the general effect. There were no tablets on single stones, each representing separately and by itself an entire subject; but every ornament or combination is made up of separate stones, on each of which part of the subject was carved, and the stone then set in its place in the wall. Each stone by itself was an unmeaning fractional part, but placed by the side of the others helped to make a whole, which without it would be incomplete. Perhaps it may with propriety be called a sort of sculptured mosaic.

From the front door of this extraordinary building a pavement of hard cement, twenty-two feet long by fifteen broad, leads to the roof of another building, seated lower down on the artificial structure. . . . There is no staircase or visible communication between the two buildings. The lower one contained a chamber twelve feet high, with corridors running the whole breadth of it, and the external part of the walls loaded with ornament as the larger buildings before described.

The steps leading from the doorway to the foot of the structure were entirely destroyed. The Indians look on these edifices with superstitious awe, and will not be prevailed to go near them at night: they say that immense treasures are hidden among the buildings. This house is called the "Casa del Enano," or "House of the Dwarf;" and there is a curious superstition among the Indians relative to its origin, which they ascribe to witchcraft, and affirm that it was built in one night.

Another immense and extraordinary building, called "Casa del Gobernador," or "House of the Governor," stands just opposite to this, and is by far the grandest in position, the most stately in architecture and proportions, and also the most perfectly preserved of all the buildings in this place. It is supposed to have been the royal house, and the residence of the king or governor.

The house stands on three ranges of terraces, the first six hundred feet long and five high, and on the top is a platform twenty feet broad, from which rises another terrace fifteen feet high. The great platform above is now cleared from the trees which till lately grew on it, of which the stumps remain, and is sown with corn. At one corner is a row of round pillars about eighteen inches in diameter and three or four feet high, extending about one hundred feet along the platform, and these were the only specimens of anything like pillars or columns which our author had seen among all the ruins that he had explored in that country. In the centre of the platform is a range of stone steps, more than one hundred feet broad, and thirty-five in number, ascending to a third terrace fifteen feet above the last, and thirty-five feet from the ground; and on the top of

this third terrace, its doorway facing the steps, stands the "Casa del Gobernador." The façade measures three hundred and twenty feet, and it stands with all its walls erect, and almost as perfect as when deserted by its inhabitants.

There was one very remarkable circumstance noticeable in this grand building, and that is, that all the lintels had been of wood, and throughout the ruins most of them were still in their places over the doors. These lintels were heavy beams eight or nine feet long, eighteen or twenty inches wide, and twelve or fourteen thick, made of very hard wood. The guide told them that it was of a kind not found in the neighbourhood, but brought from distant forests near the lake of Petan, about three hundred miles distant. In the destructibility of these beams lay the approaching ruin of these fine structures, for the walls were settling on them; some had fallen, others were broken and worm-eaten, and more mischief had arisen to these otherwise substantial buildings from the decay and breaking of these wooden lintels, than from any other casualty which had befallen them: within this casa is a room sixty feet long by twenty-seven wide, divided into two corridors. The floors, ceilings and walls, all of square blocks of stone nicely laid, were finished with more skill and care than those at Palenque, the layers which form the ceiling being bevelled as they rise, and presenting a polished and even surface, and the laying and polishing of the stones throughout being as perfect as under the walls of the best modern masonry. The exterior of the house was covered with the same sculpture as that of the "Casa del Enano."

Besides the two buildings above described there is one called "Casa de las Monjas," or "House of the Nuns:" why so called is unknown, but it is supposed that the name is a mere result of Spanish association, and has no basis of history, legend, or record to rest on. It is situated on an elevation fifteen feet high, and in form is quadrangular. It is built of cut stone, and the whole exterior covered with the same strange and rich sculpture as the others. At the head of the courtyard of this casa were two gigantic serpents, with their heads broken and fallen, winding from opposite directions along the whole façade.

But we cannot enumerate all the numerous and curious buildings which our author describes: one is called "Casa de Tortugas," from some sculptured turtles over the door; another "Casa de Palomos," from its having some likeness to a pigeon-house, but neither the names, which were mere fancies of the Indians, nor anything which our travellers could discover, threw the least light on the subject of the date or use of these wonderful structures. There were no idols as at Copan, no tablet as at Palenque. A beam of wood, about ten feet long and very heavy, which had fallen from over a doorway in the Casa del Gobernador, contained a line of characters carved or stamped on it, almost obliterated, but appearing to be hieroglyphics similar to those at Copan and Palenque; but these were the only characters found among the ruins, and the only connecting link of resemblance between the ruins of those places.

One very strange circumstance connected with the ruins at Uxmal was that no water had ever been discovered in the neighbourhood; not a single stream, fountain, or spring within a distance of a mile and a half. It was suspected that tanks, or underground reservoirs, might exist, but none had ever been found; or it might possibly have been that these noble buildings had never been dwelling-houses, but constructed for public purposes of state or of amusement.

The exterior of every building among the ruins near Uxmal was decorated in the same elaborate manner as those before described, that is, that the whole of the walls above the height of the doors was closely covered with sculpture, each stone differing from the other, and all fitted together so as probably to tell, when complete, some story, or form some record of past events. He says that one building presented a surface of seven hundred feet, another of two thousand feet, thus ornamented, and this will give us some slight idea of the immensity of the work performed, and of the vast resources and civilization of the people who performed it. That this people should have passed away, leaving no other record of their existence than those which these marvellous relics, the work of their hands, afford, is a strange and startling fact that calls loudly on us to consider what is "man in his best estate? surely he is altogether vanity; surely every man walketh in a vain show; they are disquieted in vain, he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them."

## PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN OLD TRAVELLER.

### A TRAVELLING TAILOR—TRADE IN LEECHES.

OUR host at Brusa, M. Charles, who kept what is called (not very appropriately) the Hotel de Belle-veu, was one of the boldest travellers we met with in the East. Mr. MacFarlane (see 'Turkey and its Destiny') has given a short account of the man. He was a Fleming by birth, and still a young man; he had always had a passion for rambling. When scarcely ten years old he wandered away from home to see the greatness and wonders of Antwerp, and while yet a boy he strolled over all the districts and regions which now constitute the kingdom of Belgium. He had taken up the trade of a tailor as the best means of travelling over the world. When he cast about him for some calling which might be exercised peripatetically, he took counsel of many friends, "*Mon ami*," said his best adviser, an old Belgian tailor, "*mon ami, avec des aiguilles et une paire de ciseaux on vu au bout du monde!*"\* So M. Charles became a tailor; and since then had he not made garments in France and Italy, in Algiers, Bona, Tunis, Alexandria, Cairo, Smyrna, Constantinople, Trebizond, Erzeroum, Tiflis, Stamboul, Agaid, and Brusa? He still exercised his trade, having in addition to his hotel a shop in the Teharshy, with a couple of native journeymen in it.

His vicissitudes in his original business were really amusing. At Algiers he found the place overstocked with French tailors; at Bona he could have had plenty of coats and pantaloons to make, but there was no cloth to make them with. Cloth was expected in the next ship from Marseilles, but that vessel brought none. He was then told that it would surely come in the next ship; but Charles, instead of taking the chances of waiting, shipped himself off for Tunis. Then he found both cloth and customers, but could not find a shop. At last he took half of the premises of a well-situated blacksmith and farrier, and nicely separating his shop from the Arab's with a thick Moorish matting, and rigging up a shopboard right in front, he went to work, and made clothes for Franks, Frankified Mussulmans, and even cloaks and mantles for Turks of the old school. He also made money; but he caught the malaria fever, grew weary of the place, and eager to see the land of Egypt, and so he shifted his shopboard to

\* With needles and a pair of scissors one may go to the world's end.

Alexandria, "ou il trouvait beaucoup d'ouvrage." He could not be so near to the Pyramids without going up to see, so he soon ascended the Nile, saw the Pyramids, spent all his money, and then settled down at Cairo to tailor for more. He was doing a brisk trade, particularly for Franks (and M. Charles was really a good artiste), when the plague drove away his customers and induced him to beat a retreat. He was going to the Red Sea to embark for Bombay, but he was told that the natives were skilful, and that there was little opening for a tailor in our Indian empire; therefore, instead of going to Hindostan, he went to Turkey. Being in Turkey the thought struck him that he ought to see Persia, and, after some three or four years, when he found or fancied that his business was overdone in Pera and Galata, he fell in with a wandering speculative German who also wanted to go to Persia, and was quite sure that a fortune was to be made by buying up leeches there for the markets of France and England. The pair set off together, by the way of the Black Sea, Trebizond, and Erzeroum; the German philosopher furnishing the plan and the Flemish tailor the funds; the philosopher being able to do nothing but talk and speculate, and the tailor being able to pick up a little money at any large town.

I forget to what lakes and waters the philosopher steered in search of his leeches, but when they got there they found none. According to the philosopher this was all owing to an unreasonably hot summer, which had dried up all the pools. They were barbarously treated by the Persians in general, and despoiled by Persian robbers. The philosopher parted company, and was supposed to have perished in the wilderness. The tailor was more fortunate: he was succoured by an Englishman, and getting to Tiflis, he there found abundant and even profitable employment from Russian officers and Georgian grandees. He did not tell us what circumstances, accident, or whim brought him back to Constantinople; but then it was his kismet to marry a Greek perote. His wife had a living, and very enterprising old mother, who had kept a lodging-house in Pera, and fancied that a fortune was to be made by keeping an inn at Brusa, for the accommodation of English and other travellers. M. Charles knew that travellers would want clothes made or clothes mended, and that there were two European consuls at Brusa and some Franks, and likewise some Turks who wore frock-coats and giaour pantaloons, and so the whole family (by this time he had two children), with their fortunes transferred themselves to the foot of Mount Olympus.

Thus with needles and scissors our courageous Belgian tailor had fought his way through the world, and had seen a great deal of it. Though his education was scanty, he could occasionally give very happy descriptions of the countries he had visited.

The leech trade is rather an important one in Turkey, whence the greater portion of our supplies is brought, via Trieste, Germany, and the Rhine. The Turkish Government farms out to certain Frank houses the right of collecting the leeches in the lakes and pools; these Franks, who pay annually a considerable sum for the privilege and monopoly, employ agents who travel about the country and collect the leeches by means of the peasantry of the different districts. We were informed that the best are found in the lower part of the pashalic of Brusa. In the town of Brusa we frequently saw immense quantities of them. When shipped for exportation they are enclosed in large barrels; they require great care on shipboard, as they easily get out of health and die. With every care and attention great numbers always perish on the voyage to Trieste.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

**A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

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THE TURKISH FEAST OF THE BEIRAM.



WATCHING FOR THE BEIRAM (NEW MOON).

THE long penalty imposed upon themselves by the more bigoted believers in the Mahometan faith is now speedily drawing to a close, and the bazaars are now more brilliantly illumined than ever, and thronged throughout the night by an immense concourse of spectators and pleasure-hunters. The old Turk, who was so morose and savage last week at the sight of a water-carrier by day, now softens down amazingly in his demeanour, and even goes so far as to stop and smooth down his beard and enter into patronizing converse with the vendors of sweet delicacies, with whom he already bargains for a copious supply of their commodities, so

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soon as the first thundering report of the cannon from the Turkish batteries shall announce the advent of the long-looked-for Beiram.

The cadi, and the mufti, and the mulzettim, and all the bigwigs in Antioch, are almost rabid from impatience and anxiety, longing for the propitious hour when the new moon shall be first descried by the olemas from the minarets, and nervously fearful lest some envious clouds should arise to obscure the slight brilliancy of the young moon, and so render their fast of a few hours if not a whole day's longer duration. Such an occurrence as the latter is a rare event; but nevertheless it has happened within our own sphere of knowledge, and we once knew the whole city of Antioch thrown into a state bordering upon distraction, because the old olema appointed to watch for the first lunar profile in the heavens, happened to fall asleep on his post; and though the new moon had been visible to several of the natives who had scaled the loftier breaches of the old city walls to watch for its welcome appearance, yet were the people compelled to undergo twenty-four hours' additional fast, because the feast had not been proclaimed in the usual form by cries from the minarets, followed by salvos of artillery. However, on the present occasion, we are supposed to be more fortunate. Every Turkish family is involved in bustle and confusion; but they are merry withal, and singing songs, and hooting to neighbours, and are so far forgetful of their usual austere discipline as to wish their Christian neighbours good evening, and even offer, if they call on the morrow, to stand treat as far as a pipe of tobacco and a small cup of coffee goes.

Fat sheep, that have been preparing against this festive occasion by being stuffed morning, noon, and night with all kinds of delicacies, are brought forward and slaughtered in the streets, the father of the family acting as butcher; whilst the younger children dance round in extacies, clapping their hands at the fatness of the prostrate victim, and shrieking with delight at the fine dinner in perspective for the morrow, the pillauks, and the yaknees, and the kobeyas, and other like delicacies, to which they have been strangers for many a week past.

But whilst the fathers are thus occupied out of doors, we may be permitted to take a peep within the secret limits of the harem, though to gain this admission is difficult indeed, or to gain an insight impossible, save and except, as in our case, we happen to be the favoured occupants of a two-storied house which overlooks all the surrounding neighbours' court-yards, and whence, carefully ensconced behind a thickly-trellised window, which entirely excludes the possibility of our being seen, we can watch all the manoeuvres of our neighbours. Were it not for this, the whole town would rise up in arms, and our temerity meet with a rather unpleasant rebuff. We are, however, safe, and we note every action of the fair occupants of Hadgi Mustafa's harem. Bless us, what a bustle they are in to be sure! Whole detachments of freshly-slaughtered fowls are being plucked and prepared, and carefully trussed by the youngest and the prettiest of the hadgi's three wives, whose delicate little hands and fingers seem meet for better employment. She does not think so herself though, for she is singing away as merrily and as sweetly as a linnet, and her thoughts are all occupied on the approaching three days' festivities—how she will enjoy her swing in the gardens, and the flowers and the fine fruits, and the music and the dancing; - but above all, she is in raptures with a new silk dress and a pair of tinsel bracelets which the loving old Mustafa, her husband, has presented her with only the day before yesterday. All

this we gather, not from any imaginary interpretation of her thoughts, but from the snatches of conversation which pass between the three wives and the black slave girls, whenever they halt for a minute or two in the midst of their busy operations.

All the other women are as active as bees: one is preparing the sweet-meats, and to judge from the quantity of sugar and rose-water, and almonds and spices, and twenty other nice ingredients, they will doubtless be capital palatable cakes; but of this we shall be better judges to-morrow, when, in accordance with a long-established and hospitable usage, every Turk supplies his next-door neighbour with samples of all the good things of which he himself is a partaker.

The second wife—she with the gold ring in her nose and the large bangles—is deeply occupied in investigating the interior of a huge cauldron, containing boiled rice and finely-minced meat well mixed together. In her lap is a perfect forest of vine leaves, and with wonderful dexterity she extracts these one after another, and places in every leaf exactly so much of the rice and meat as can be rolled up in the leaf with convenience, and without any of the contents being lost, when the whole comes to be boiled in a cauldron, before being served up with lemon-juice and black pepper. This is a very favourite dish with all the inhabitants, as well as the resident Europeans and all in Syria, and consequently to excel in manufacturing it is a bone of contention amongst the women, and a distinguishing mark of high attainments in the culinary art.

Countless pots, full of dainties, whose appetite-enticing odours reach our olfactory nerves, are simmering away pleasantly before the fire.

The sun has set full twenty minutes, and we look up, and through the fast-gathering night decry the anxious watchmen on the minaret tops, peering between both hands in that direction whence they hope to discern the anxiously-awaited visitress. Suddenly a merry strain bursts almost simultaneously from twenty lofty minarets, and is caught up and re-echoed by a multitude of anxious spectators from the streets below. Little boys rush to the city gates with shrieks of delight, anxious to be in time to see the first bright flash, and hear the first deafening report of the royal salute about to be fired: timid girls, urged on by a contrary inclination, huddle together and stuff cotton into their ears, so as to escape the shock occasioned by the roaring voice of the artillery: swarms of men are busy by the river-side washing their hands and feet, and going through all the necessary ablutions imposed upon them by the Koran before they resort to the Jamis or mosques to pray. In a few moments these mosques are crowded to excess, and nothing is heard in the silence of that hour save a mighty murmuring of many voices, as the Turks chant or mumble through their formula of prayer.

This ceremony over, the feast of the Beiram has commenced; and for three nights and three days there will be no interruption to the festivities, save for a short hour or two's repose during the greater heat of the mid-day; and then they seldom resort to their couches, being content to wrap themselves warmly in their meshlahs or cloaks, and so they sleep soundly to the pleasant music of the summer breeze as it rustles amongst the foliage of the trees, under whose friendly shade they recline, or lulled in their slumber by the rippling of the waters of the river and the mild gentle cooing of the turtle-dove.

But the grand sight is the bazaars to-night: if they looked gay during the fast of the Ramadan, they are now brilliant in the extreme, and may

be compared to any one of the fabulous cities which in youth we loved to read of in the 'Thousand and One Nights' Entertainments.' There are no clumsy camels, or kicking mules, or obstinate donkeys, to obstruct one's pathway or endanger one's limbs—no, no! none of these are admitted on this festive occasion; and even if they were admitted, the camel-drivers, and the muleteers, and the donkey-boys are too much bent upon enjoyment themselves to give a thought to labour or the cares of this life.

The streets are thronged with foot passengers, all decked out in their holiday attire.

Step aside with me into this convenient corner, where we are free from the press of the multitude, and now take a survey of the countless lights which are of every colour of the rainbow; and in some cases all these colours are combined in one lamp. Look above and across the street: suspended to stout cords, gracefully decorated with festoons of flowers and myrtle-boughs, are a perfect firmament of tiny little lamps in every shape and brilliancy of colour. Look higher still, and the tall minarets of the city seem to represent one perfect blaze of light: above these again is the vast canopy of heaven, studded with its transcendently-bright stars, the workmanship of that Infinite and Merciful Creator, whose long-suffering and pity are extended to all his creatures, be they of whatever creed, so that even the infidel, dark in understanding, is permitted to enjoy the good gifts of this world. As high as those stars of heaven are above these flickering lights of a few hours' duration, so great and unspeakable is His love throughout all eternity.

But our thoughts at present are unavoidably attracted to things far less profitable—the passing scene of life for the moment.

Here comes a stately Turk, with highly-perfumed beard and long flowing robes of the richest texture: his aspect, though sedate, has something of a quiet internal enjoyment developed in it; so much so, that although it would be highly indecorous for him to smile, he can with difficulty refrain himself, so full is his heart: such ample justice has he done to the late dinner-party, at which he has played a good finger—we were going to say fork, but that would be quite out of place at a Turkish dinner-party.

This is the *cadi* or judge of the city, a man learned in Oriental languages and laws, but which, however, does not protect him from the charge of being addicted to speculation. The present year has doubtless yielded him a rich harvest, at the cost of many a poor man's tribulation. He cares little for this, however, at the present moment, if ever he has been troubled with a twinge of conscience. He is richly clad, has costly rings on his fingers, and is followed by half-a-dozen sycophants, who try to outrive each other in whispering audibly his praises for the behalf of the passers-by.

We dismiss him from our sight without any regret; and the next object that attracts attention is a group of giggling girls, all carefully muffled up, yet not so closely as to prevent inquisitive eyes penetrating through the thin gauze that covers their pretty faces, and there distinguishing such roguish-looking eyes as will be sure to commit sad havoc with many a young man's heart before they hie them to their homes again. The object of their present mirth is the *cadi* just mentioned, and they make no secret of their encomiums, which, to say the truth, are not such as we ourselves should wish to have conferred upon us.

Their merry laugh has scarcely subsided in the distance, when a Jew

heaves in sight laden with a variety of saleable articles, and dressed out on this occasion as he never dresses even upon his own great festivals. If anything illustrates the march of civilization in Turkey, it is the fact of this man being found here at such an hour and on such an occasion. Twenty years ago he would have been set upon and torn to pieces, and considered by the Turks as defiling the atmosphere they breathe. Nothing of the kind occurs now, however; on the contrary, the best customers he hopes to meet with are Turkish ladies. They will be all flush of money to-night, and all dearly love finery, especially such flimsy tinsel as our friend the Hebrew has for sale. One great cause of his being protected is, that he is feared; not that he himself—poor harmless being—could contend with a furious multitude, but that he is under the protection of European consuls, and if anything in this world will deter a Turk from mischief, it is the fear of being brought in contact with these functionaries, whose influence with their own pashas is immense.

But we have done with the Jew; and a thin, sombre individual, dressed in a long blue suit, with a black handkerchief round his fez, attracts our attention. Who can this be that ventures amongst the gaily-dressed multitude in such an undertaker's suit? The reply is, that this is no less a personage than the banker of the pachalic, an Armenian by birth and creed, and perhaps the wealthiest man within the city walls. Much wealth, however, has not contributed to much happiness or health in him; the richer he grows the more his whole energies are wrapt up in the one absorbing theme—gold. Besides the vast revenue yielded him by his official position as banker to the pachalic, he has, amongst other schemes, one means of acquiring wealth which adds little to his credit.

If you observe he has now stopped, and is in earnest conversation with a robust-looking lad meagrely clad, and to all appearance in very poor circumstances. This is a poor countryman of his own. The banker makes a trade of procuring for all the Armenians that come to this city employment in the various callings of life; but he does this upon the express stipulation that as their salaries rise, so are they to double the annual fee which they stipulate to pay him for the consideration of getting them employment. None durst break through this parole given, for the banker's influence at head-quarters is so great, that the delinquent could never hope to meet with even-handed justice: on the other hand, should any of his numerous protégés get into a scrape, he interests himself on their behalf, and helps them with money and his influence, a *quid pro quo* kind of arrangement, from which the banker derives no small profit.

Next to the banker, a noisy procession of youths, clad in grotesque costumes and preceded by a band of squealing musicians, excites our curiosity. We follow with the rabble, consisting mainly of half-naked little children, who, children like, are much addicted to mischief—witness our hat, which, from its grotesque shape, has excited not only their curiosity, but several less welcome tokens in the shape of half-eaten fruits and dried peas. Turning fiercely upon these juveniles we put them to instant flight, and availing ourselves of the protection of a friendly old Turk, follow on the heels of the noisy procession.

At last we stop opposite to the massive portals of the Government House, which is wide open and brilliantly illumined. Here the youths—who prove to be the scholars of the Turkish school—go through a variety of ludicrous dances, singing lustily the while something about Beiram

and buxshish,\* the only two words we can distinctly comprehend from the dunning noise kept up by the (drums) taboors, but which, especially the latter, from their familiarity, strike ominously on our ears, and we find ourselves unintentionally searching in our pockets for loose coppers to distribute amongst the noisy youngsters.

By-and-by the governor himself, attended by all his guests, makes his appearance in the balcony of the house, and then the noise becomes deafening and the riot indescribable. According to annual custom the Cowas Bashi comes down and distributes a large handful of coppers amongst these youthful marauders, and the governor incites them to prosecute their studies with assiduity.

The multitude then moves on to visit the house of the *cadi* and other *effendis*, and we move on, too, but in a different direction. This time we are homeward bound, with *bed* in perspective. But before we reach that latter desirable article of household furniture, we do stop for a few minutes in a little open space to watch the sports of a parcel of young girls and boys, who are wheeling round and round on a circular swing at a rate that makes one dizzy to gaze at. An occasional shout of laughter proclaims the mishap of some unlucky urchin who has fallen from his perch. He has not far to fall, however, and the chances are that in the course of an hour he will be up and down again, or rather, we should say, racing again—while we ourselves hope to be in the arms of *Somnus*.

Thus ends the first day of the *Beiram*; to-morrow will be the same, so will the next day, save and except the schoolboy procession, and with this addition, that the entire day will be spent in the gardens.

F. A. N.

### THE TUNNY FISHERY.

IN more than one of our previous numbers we have made mention of the *Thunny*, or *Tunny*—a fish, the name of which is familiar to most readers, though we do not recollect anywhere having met with a description of it, and the method of catching it, which is at the same time accurate and popular. We will do our best to supply the deficiency.

The *Tunny* is known among naturalists by the name of *Scomber thynnus*, or *Thynnus vulgaris*, and is considered to belong to the same family with the mackerel (*Scomber scomber*), or at least to one nearly allied to it. In general form it resembles the mackerel, but is thicker in proportion to its length, and shorter in the snout. The upper part of the body is bluish-black; below it is of a silvery grey, with white spots. The mackerel is covered all over with scales so minute as to be only perceptible under close examination; the scales of the *tunny* are scarcely more apparent except in the cheeks, where they are large, rough, and pointed, and form a sort of necklace, or rather corslet. But the most remarkable difference, at least to the unscientific observer, is its vastly superior size, which measures from three to seven feet, or sometimes more. Its weight is proportionate. Aristotle speaks of one which weighed fifteen talents, or twelve hundred pounds, and specimens weighing a thousand pounds are not unusual. In *Sardinia*, whenever it weighs less than a hundred pounds, they give it the name of *scampirro*, a diminutive derived from *scomber*.

\* A present or gift.

We might call such a fish a tunnikin. One from a hundred to three hundred pounds is considered as but a half-tunny (*mezzo-tonno*). The fishery of the tunny dates from the highest antiquity. It was established mainly at the two extremities of the Mediterranean, at the places where this sea contracts its channel, and where the migratory fish are forced to come more closely in contact with each other. To the Black Sea they resorted in myriads for the sake, it was supposed, of the great quantity of nutriment brought down by its numerous rivers. There they remained



DEVELOPMENT AND INSTALLATION OF THE MADRAQUE IN THE SEA.

during the summer, and it was on their passage to the Bosphorus that the richest captures were made. "The Propentis" (Sea of Marmora), Gibbon tells us, "has ever been renowned for an inexhaustible store of the most exquisite fish, that are taken, in their stated seasons, without skill and almost without labour." Among these, young tunnies were the most celebrated. They were supposed to have their origin in the Palus Mæotis (Sea of Azoph). Thence they followed the coast of Asia Minor, and the first were taken at Trebizond and Pharnacia, but they were then but small. At Sinope (recently made memorable by the destruction of the Turkish fleet) they had already attained a size large enough for salting; and that town, built upon an isthmus, and admirably situated for this fishery, derived immense profits from it; but it was more especially the city of Byzantium, or Constantinople, which was enriched by this fish. The shoals of them that entered into the Bosphorus, near Chalcedon, met with a white rock, which, it was said, terrified them, and forced them to turn on the side of Byzantium, and to enter into the port, so that all the advantage of this fishery fell into the hands of the Byzantines, on which account Chalcedon was termed the City of the Wind. Cuvier is of opinion that in

consequence of this abundance of tunnies, the gulf in question received the name of the Golden Horn; though with more probability the epithet golden was expressive of the riches which every wind wafted from the more distant countries into the secure and capacious port of Constantinople, which from its curved form was termed the horn. This prodigious quantity of fish still visits Constantinople, as in the times of the ancients.

In the west of the Mediterranean, and for a short distance outside the Pillars of Hercules, or Straits of Gibraltar, the tunny fishery was still more ancient, having been established as early as the time of the Phœnicians. From that period this branch of industry was extended and perpetuated along these coasts. The salted preparations of fish from Spain and Sardinia were considered in the time of the Romans as superior to those from Constantinople, and were sold at a higher price. Their savoury quality was attributed to the quantity of acorns which fell from a small species of oak very common on these coasts, and the people were led to believe that it was at the bottom of the sea itself that the oaks grew which produced these acorns; and, strange to say, this opinion still survives unimpaired. The ancient geographer Strabo notes the places where men were stationed to give notice of the arrival of these fish, just in the same manner as M. Hommaire does the tunny-scopes in the entrance of the Black Sea, which we have described in a previous article.

It is, however, in Catalonia, Provence, Liguria, Sicily, and Sardinia that this fishery is most actively carried on, principally in two ways, by the common tunny net, and another of a peculiar nature, which the French call *madraque*. By the first method, when the sentinel, who is posted on an elevated situation, has given the signal that a shoal of tunnies is approaching, and from what quarter, numerous boats set out under the direction of a commander-in-chief, range themselves in a curved line, and form, by joining their nets, an enclosure which terrifies the tunnies, and which is drawn closer and closer by adding fresh nets within the first, so as always to bring back the fish near the shore. When there remain but a few fathoms of water, a large and final net is spread, having at its extremity a lengthened bag, which is drawn to land, bringing the tunnies with it. The little ones are then taken out by the hand, and the large, after they have been killed with poles. This fishery, as practised on the coasts of Languedoc, sometimes yields at a single cast two or three thousand quintals of these fish.

Of the *madraque* a lively description is given by M. Révoil, of which we shall avail ourselves for the benefit of the English reader. The tunny itself he erroneously considers as a kind of dolphin; and, on account of its roving propensities, likens it (with more propriety) to an "Englishman"—meaning by the term, that variety of the human species which resides in England, and is notorious on the Continent for its propensity to make annual arrangements for spending the autumn in excursioning.

Modern ichthyologists, according to this writer, maintain, since, that it enters the Mediterranean from the Atlantic Ocean, traverses the coasts of Africa and Asia until it reaches the Sea of Azoph, when it turns to the north, and returns by the coast of Europe. Others are of opinion that the scaly monster, the largest kind of fish admitted to the table of civilized men, is more erratic and less regular in its habits. These naturalists maintain that the mighty shoal enters by the Straits of Gibraltar and then divides; some turn to the right, and pursue their course along the shores of Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Egypt, and Asia Minor; the others to the left,

along the European coast; and that those among them who escape the snares laid for them by the fishermen of the three continents, reunite at the entrance of the ocean, where they seek for safety during six months, to encounter, however, the same danger in the succeeding season.

The tunnies frequent the coasts of the Mediterranean, because, according to the assertion of the fishermen, they find in the weeds which grow at the bottom of this great mass of salt water, a kind of nourishment which suits their tastes. These weeds, called "sea-acorns," have originated the title applied to the tunny of "sea-hog." But one of the causes to which ought to be attributed the predilection of this fish to the Mediterranean, is the facility they find in depositing their spawn, especially on the shores of Sardinia, where the weeds grow so thick at the bottom of the water, that in some of the bays it is impossible to navigate a ship. Unlike other fish of the same race, they do not spawn at the mouths of rivers, but in the seaweed which covers the rocks on the coast.

The tunnies keep together in large shoals, and sailors relate that it is not unusual to see them play about in the track of a ship, either to enjoy the shadow which they project, or to avail themselves of the refuse thrown over from the galley.

Nothing more curious can be conceived than a battalion of tunnies forming an immense parallelogram, and performing, without the least confusion or disorder, a series of military evolutions which would do credit to a well-disciplined regiment. It is even asserted that the order preserved is so exact that, if any one can calculate the number contained in the first rank of the shoal, nothing is easier than to arrive, by a simple operation of arithmetic, at the contents of the whole body. They advance only in bad weather; but if the sea be calm they consider it a time for relaxation, and perform the most fantastic gambols on the surface of the water. To see them from the top of a rock or the yard of a ship, one might think one's self present at the sports of a flock of goats in the middle of a verdant park.

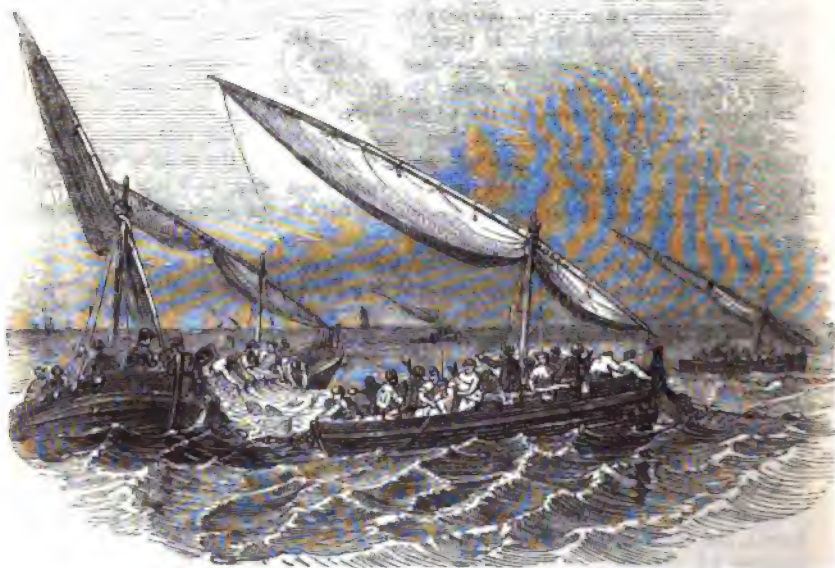
The more ancient methods of catching tunnies were by the harpoon and drag net. Fishing by the latter method was conducted as follows:—

A dark night was selected, and the fishing-boat, with its nets on board, was rowed with muffled oars towards the spot where the tunnies had been observed at sunset. There the net was gently dropped into the sea, and one extremity attached to a buoy. This operation completed, and the net floating by the help of numerous corks, the boat passed in front of the shoal, and the fishermen raising a simultaneous shout, began to beat the water with poles and oars, screaming with all their might, to frighten the fish and drive them into the net. The tunnies, terrified at the phosphorescent light of the sea (which in the Mediterranean is remarkably brilliant), the noise and the general commotion, dispersed and darted into the meshes of the net. Meanwhile the fishermen, gathering in its two extremities, dragged it ashore and made a prize of the fish, sometimes, but very rarely, in considerable numbers, which they found entangled in the meshes.

Observation of the peculiar habits of the tunny, suggested another method of fishing, as was the case with the salmon fishery in England. It had been noticed that this fish, from whatever cause, never swims alone, and moreover that it never turns, but always endeavours to continue its progress as nearly as possible in the same direction. If a shoal encounters any obstacle, instead of breaking through it, or leaping over it, it still pursues its way,



coasting the obstacle as long as it exists. This peculiarity once discovered, nothing was easier than to contrive an engine fitted to take advantage of the fish's want of judgment. The madraque was invented, an immense net with large meshes forming a perpendicular wall which extends to a great distance into the sea, buoyed up by corks and moored by anchors. This net stretches in a straight line from the coast to the middle of the madraque, from the opposite side of which extends another net seaward. From whatever point the shoals of tunnies arrive, they encounter these appendages of the madraque, and, according to their custom, instead of darting at this obstacle, and demolishing it by a single blow of the tail, they follow it to the end, and then finding nothing to impede their advance, they make a sudden turn and find themselves in the first chamber of the net, now consisting of smaller meshes, and disposed in the shape of a large square. These perfidious meshes guide the devoted fish to a second and third chamber, the meshes of each of which are closer and stronger than the preceding, until they reach the fourth and last chamber, called the corpon (chamber of death), which is an enormous bag attached to the bottom of the sea by heavy anchors, and formed of meshes of stout cord, so close that a crown-piece could not be passed between them.



THE TUNNIES DRAWN OUT OF THE MADRAQUE.

In the fishing season, early in the morning, long before sunrise, four boats, each with a crew of seventeen persons, leave the shore in quest of shoals of fish, which it is their object to drive into the madraque. Like their diminutive relatives, mackerel, the tunnies swim near the surface, and betray their position by their gambols. The four boats make towards them, and quietly keep on their course in such a way as to drive them towards the snare. They pass along the flanking-wall of the net, enter

the first chamber, the second, the third, the corpon. Their fate is sealed. Nothing now remains to be done but to take them on board the boats. The boats take different stations, and their crews haul in the net from the bottom and bring it to the surface of the water; their huge victims, hopelessly floundering in the agonies of death, are seized, one by one, by the tail, and lifted with herculean strength into the boat, and when the corpon is exhausted of its contents it is let down again for another catch.

Very frequently, in spite of the efforts made by the fishermen to keep secret the exact time of their operations, lovers of the spectacle obtain information of what is going on, and flock to the madraque as to a festival. Previously to the revolution of 1793, the hauling of the corpon was an object of attraction to the ladies of Marseilles, who flocked thither in crowds, and vied with each other in the display of decorations both of their boats and persons. A military band accompanied the fishermen and their visitors. The purity of the air, laden with fragrant perfumes from the shore, the mildness of the climate, the brilliancy of the sun's rays sparkling on the slightly-agitated waters, the freshness of the breeze, the animated spectacle of the gigantic fish, the joyous shouts of the fishermen, the acclamations of the visitors mingled with sweet strains of music, made the scene singularly striking. The "fashion" has however passed away, and ladies are now rarely spectators. In Sicily, where the same system of fishing is pursued, the tonnaro, as it is called, is one of the favourite amusements of the wealthy as well as one of the principal branches of commerce.

The madraque, which is materially injured by long submersion in the sea, and requires renewal, either wholly or in part, at least once a year, demands not only the services of a large number of fishermen, but a considerable capital, since provision must be made for repairs resulting from stormy weather, and from damages inflicted by sharks, dolphins, and other fish of less tractable demeanour than the tunny; for these fish, once enclosed in the madraque, carry all before them.

As an article of food the tunny is highly prized: its flesh is solid, dark in some parts, and of a more decided flavour than that of most other fish. In Sardinia it is salted like the cod, and thus prepared it is in great demand for the markets of Spain, Italy, and the Mahometan States; but at Marseilles it is marinated with a particular kind of olive oil, which congeals in cold weather. The whole of the fish is good; but the thin part is considered the most delicate, and is sold at a high price, being classed among the dishes which are fit "to set before a king."

According to Pennant, the tunny is not uncommon in the lochs on the western coast of Scotland, where they come in pursuit of herrings, and a few instances are recorded of its having been captured further south. One examined by Pennant measured seven feet eight inches in length, and weighed four hundred and sixty pounds.

The bonito, the indefatigable enemy of the flying-fish, is a species of tunny, but is much smaller, rarely exceeding thirty inches in length.

Pliny tells us that until they are a year old they are called pelamides, and says that the fishes of all ages swim with their right side towards the land, because they see best with their right eye. The story of the white rock at the bottom of the sea near Chalcedon which frightens the fish away, is also one of his fables. In reality tunnies are as abundant near Chalcedon as in other parts of the Bosphorus. The young fish are still called pelamides, and in the autumn appear in such abundance that they may be caught by so simple a contrivance as a string and a basket. Dr. Neale

relates that, during his stay at Terapia, he one day observed a singular rippling appearance in the waters of the Bosphorus, forming a dark serpentine line about a mile and a half long. Over, and all around this rippling were assembled a prodigious concourse of aquatic fowls, swans, cormorants, pelicans, ducks, &c., which shrieked in hoarse concert as they dived upon the myriads of pelamides floating in mid-channel. While he was looking on, boats from Constantinople began to arrive. By mid-day there were hundreds, navigated by Turks, Albanians, and Greeks, all pulling against the rapid current, bawling, shouting, and wrangling for the prize, which they were even forced to contest with the wild-fowl, who intrepidly descended to seize the fish when struggling amid the meshes of the net. This scene lasted, day and night, till the fourth morning, when the last of the shoal passed Terapia. In returning in the spring, Dr. Neale adds, the tunnies carefully avoid the rapid currents, as they are closely followed by the xiphias or sword-fish, which constantly pursues them in their passage to and from the Mediterranean. They are of very rapid growth, for though in the month of July they weigh no more than an ounce and a half, in August they weigh four ounces, and in October thirty.

C. A. J.

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#### ANCIENT LONDON.—No. XVI.

CRIPPLEGATE Postern, the next gate in succession to Aldersgate, is considered by Maitland to have been the original and only entrance to London from the north, and that by which Ermin Strait entered the City. A record of its antiquity is preserved in an account written by Abba Floriacensis, and handed down by Lydgate, of the translation of the relics of King Edmund the Martyr, from Bedrithsworth, or St. Edmundsbury, their original place of repose, to London. This happened in the reign of Ethelred II., about sixty years before the Norman Conquest, when the kingdom of East Anglia had fallen under the visitation of the rapacious and unsparing Danes; and the venerated remains, being threatened with desecration, were transferred by Alwin, Bishop of Helmham, to a place of sanctuary in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is stated, that in their transit the bearers conveyed their precious burthen into the City through this gate, which was supposed to have derived from the circumstance a miraculous virtue, and took its name of Cripplegate from the resort of the lame and impotent, who trusted to be cured of their maladies by the contact of its consecrated pavement. Cripplegate is mentioned in a charter of William the Conqueror, but as a postern only; but it is possible by that time its character as a main entrance had been supplanted by the erection of Aldersgate. The view in the woodcut (page 514) shows the groove in which the gate formerly turned, and a considerable mass of ancient masonry, the south side of which is visible in part of the premises used as a warehouse by Messrs. Deacon, to whose place—the White Horse Yard—the gate itself serves as an entrance.

We frequently hear of the consideration which is supposed to be due to Temple Bar, from its being, however modern an erection, the only gate of the City now in existence; but this is a mistake, grounded on ignorance of the existence of the time-honoured vestige at the opposite side of the City, possibly the remains of one of the four original gates and, at least, of one of those which gave access to London previous to

the Conquest. The 'Gentleman's Magazine' for the years 1760 and 1761 states, that on Wednesday, July 30, were sold to Mr. Blagden, a carpenter in Coleman Street, before the Commissioners of City Lands, the materials of Aldgate for 177*l.* 10*s.*, of Cripplegate for 91*l.*, and of Ludgate for 148*l.* Two months were allowed for the removal of each of the gates, that of the latter being begun on Monday, August 4th, and Aldgate on Monday, September 1st; but that the removal of Cripplegate was suspended is evident from the existing remains. Bishopsgate, we are told, was sold on Wednesday, December 10th; and on Wednesday, April 22nd, 1761, Moorgate was also sold for 166*l.*, and Aldersgate for 91*l.* Part of the materials of those gates, then lying in Moorfields, were repurchased by the City at the recommendation of Smeaton, the engineer, and cast into the Thames, to strengthen the starlings of old London Bridge, the new centre arch and adjoining piers being endangered by operations connected with the recent alteration.

It may be presumed that the present portion of Cripplegate was repurchased by the proprietor of the inn-yard of that time, for it is one of old standing: and that it was preserved in common with a considerable portion of London wall which forms the southern boundary of the premises. Adjoining the gate the masonry is composed of large blocks of stones, laid without much regularity; but a little further down the yard, the old wall appears to have been compiled with great care and nicety, and exhibits a curious imitation of the workmanship of those Roman portions, where layers of tile intersect successive courses of masonry in regular order. The layer of masonry next the ground is composed of very large squared stones, over which is laid a course of tiles; a space of eleven inches over the tiles is raised by a course of small stones, neatly squared, and laid with great precision three deep; then a double layer of flints, sharply squared. There are three of those courses of stone, and as many of flint, and over that a superstructure of irregular masonry. The lower part of the wall might be put forward as a model of construction, and it maintains the intention of its workmanship, being as perfect in every respect as when the materials were first laid.

Cripplegate was a prison for debtors at an early time. It was rebuilt by the Brewers' Company in 1244, again in 1491 by a legacy bequeathed for the purpose by Edward Shaw, goldsmith, and mayor in 1483; and last, it was repaired in 1663. Over the gate were apartments appropriated for the accommodation of the water bailiff. It had only one postern for foot-passengers, situated on the east side. Queen Elizabeth, after her accession to the throne, rode from the Charterhouse on the 28th of November 1558, through Barbican, and entered the City by Cripplegate, proceeding by London Wall on her way to the Tower of London.

The neighbouring church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, is associated with the name of the gate, not only literally but by the character of the saint, to whom it is dedicated as the patron of the mendicant fraternity, which tutelage he divides with St. Martin, and the same legend is related of both, either saint being said to have divided his cloak with a beggar; but in the instance of Egidus, or Giles, it is further stated that the beggar, who was sick, instantly recovered his health and soundness on being arrayed in the moiety of a garment thus bestowed.

The venerable church, founded in the year 1090 by Alfune, the first master of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has undergone the ordeal by fire once (1545), and that of general repair three several times; and although

the whole building, except the tower, was destroyed in the first catastrophe, yet from the successive evidence of a declining taste, which have been engrafted upon it, the latter calamities may be considered wellnigh as disastrous as the former.

This once noble edifice is the place where Milton desired to be buried near the remains of his father. The entry in the parish register records his death and the locality of his tomb—"12th November 1674, John Milton, gentleman, consump'ion, chancel." A curious account of an examination of the remains of Milton, made during a repair of the church in 1790, was drawn up and published by the antiquary Philip Neve. John Fox, the earnest compiler of the 'Acts and Monuments of the English Church,' has here his monument—a dumb witness compared with the popular 'Book of Martyrs,' a work to be found in companionship with the Bible in many a humble dwelling whose whole library they constitute, and one peculiarly calculated to stir the mind of the unsophisticated reader. Its record of acts of wondrous constancy and endurance, the manifest distinction between the oppressor and the oppressed, the zeal of the narrator admitting no shade of compromise between the blackness of black on the one hand, and the whiteness of white on the other; and the horrible pictures of torture and extremity of human suffering which its pages unfold, suiting it in a remarkable degree to the strong appetite, well-strung nerve, and unhesitating faith, not without a bias towards the marvellous, of the village patriarch and rustic moralist.

Here also rest from their ingenious and learned labours—Robert Glover, Somerset herald; the chronicler John Speed, and Thomas Hawley, clarencieux king-at-arms, all of whom delved in the fields of antiquarian lore. Among the monuments is that of Constance Whitney, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Whitney, of Whitney. Her mother was the fourth daughter of Sir Thomas Lacy of Charlote. This is the lady of whom it is related that the sexton attempted to purloin a ring which she had carried to the tomb, and thus awoke her from a trance, or cataleptic lethargy, which had been mistaken for death. Her monument is a clumsy representation of the resurrection; and the appearance of the body rising from the tomb has given origin to the tradition, to the disparagement of the character of sextons.

A remembrance of Thomas Busbie, a former charitable inhabitant of the parish, celebrates his bounty in a poetical tribute, of which the following verse may suffice as an example:—

"This Busbie, willing to relieve the poor  
With fire and with bread,  
Did give the house wherein he dwelt,  
Then called the Queen's Head," etc.

The tower retains some fine vestiges, which appear in the first round of the belfry, being a large and beautiful window, now built up, and, facing it, the arch which served as the great west entrance to the church. These remains are in a style two centuries later than the foundation of the church. The arch has been richly carved, and the exterior moulding appears to have contained figures similar to that at the south entrance to Lincoln Cathedral. Earlier vestiges appear in the lesser windows and doors, one of which is of the Anglo-Norman form. The patronage of St. Giles was originally in private hands, till it descended to one Alemond, a priest, who granted it, after the death of himself and his eldest son Hugh, to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, whereby they became not

only ordinaries of the parish, but likewise patrons of the vicarage from that time to the present. St. Giles is one of the few City churches which escaped the great fire of 1666.

The south side of St. Giles's churchyard is bounded by London Wall, and one of the afore-mentioned towers, or bulwarks, forms the northern boundary of the Clothworkers' Almshouses, founded about the year 1577 by William Lamb, citizen and clothworker, and gentleman of the chapel to Henry VIII. Of this William Lamb little is known, except that he was born at Sutton Valens, in Kent, was thrice married, and was buried in the church of St. Faith's, under St. Paul's. These particulars were recorded in an inscription upon a pillar of the old church, destroyed in the great fire, but his memory is preserved in his charities. These included benefactions to his native town, in the foundation of a free grammar-school, with the annual allowance of 20*l.* for the master and 10*l.* for an usher, and an almshouse for six poor people, with an endowment of 10*l.* yearly; to the free-school at Maidstone, in the same county, 10*l.* per annum for the education of needy men's children; and to the poor clothiers in Suffolk, Bridgenorth, and Ludlow, 300*l.* In London he was a benefactor to the parish church of St. Giles without Cripplegate, in the gift of 15*l.* towards the bells and chimes; to the Stationers' Company, for the relief of twelve poor people of the parish of St. Faith under St. Paul's, at the rate of 12*d.* in money, and 12*d.* in bread to each of them, on every Friday through the year; and for the relief of children in Christ's Hospital, 6*l.* per annum, and 100*l.* to purchase land. To St. Thomas's Hospital, in Southwark, he gave 4*l.*; besides other charities to the prisons, and for portioning poor maids. He left to the Clothworkers' Company his dwelling-house, a little to the south-west of Cripplegate, with lands and tenements to the value of 30*l.* per annum, for paying a minister to read Divine service on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, every week, in the chapel adjoining to his house, called St. James's in the Wall, by Cripplegate, and for clothing twelve men with a frize gown, one lockram shirt, and a good strong pair of winter shoes, already made for wearing, to be given to such as are poor and honest, on the first of October. The chapel or hermitage of St. James in the Wall was a cell to the abbey of Geronden, in Leicestershire, for two Cistercian monks. A well near at hand was the property of the monks, hence the name of the neighbouring Monkwell Street. This hermitage is stated by Maitland to have been founded in the reign of Edward I.; but a very ancient deed, in the possession of the learned antiquary Sir Henry Spelman, published by Stow, shows that it was in existence in the previous reign, and the evidence of remains existing upon the spot go to prove that even then it was a religious site of considerable antiquity.

Evidence of the antiquity of this foundation exists in a crypt, under the chapel, of pure Norman architecture. The vaulted roof has been supported by nine short columns, six of which remain; the capitals are peculiar, and appear to have been extremely well wrought. The ribs which form the groining are ornamented with zigzag mouldings in Caen stone. The crypt has been twenty-six feet from east to west by twenty feet in breadth, the size of the chapel above, but it is partly demolished.

The chapel was, in 1275, committed to the protection of the mayor, and afterwards placed under the superintendence of the Constable of the Tower, on account, as it is stated, of the "rents, chalices, books, vestments, images, bells, relics, charters, royal grants, apostolical privi-



leges, utensils, and other goods of the said hermitage without Cripplegate, being diverted or carried, unless placed under some certain custody."

A chantry was here founded for the souls of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and Lady Mary his wife, which was endowed with ten tenements in Fleet Street.



CRYPT OF ST. JAMES IN THE WALL.

This chapel, with its appurtenances, appear to have been granted to Lamb, whose musical skill, or other merits, had probably rendered him a favourite with King Henry, who gave largely when gratified or in the humour: witness his gift of "a faire house, with divers tenements, sometime belonging to a late dissolved priory," to "Mistris Cornewallies and her heires, in reward of fine puddings (as it was commonly said), wherewith she had presented him. Such was the princely liberality of those times."

Lamb turned the gift, however obtained, to good account; and his pious disposal of the world's goods has entitled him to a place among London's worthies:

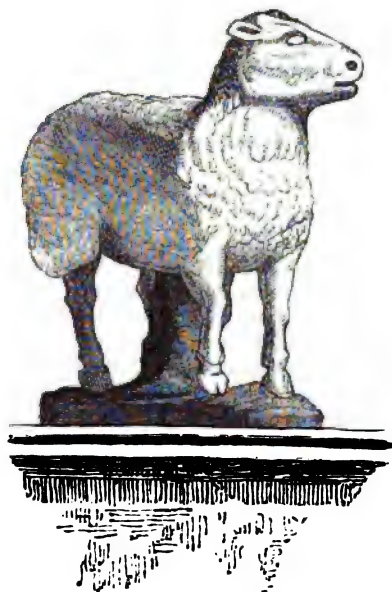
"Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans, blest,  
The young who labour, and the old who rest."

His monument is in the chapel. In a pediment are the arms of the Clothworkers' Company and the date 1612. The effigy is represented in the act of giving from a goodly purse.

Of Lamb's further gift to the City, Stow says:—"Neere unto Hobborne he founded a fair conduit, and a standard with a cocke at Holborn Bridge, to convey thence the waste. These were begun the six-and-twentieth day of March 1577."

The first of these is understood to have been situated somewhere near the end of Red Lion Street; but its exact site being a matter of question,

the following observations are appended, with a view of establishing the exact locality:—The public-house called the sign of "The Lamb," near the north end of Lamb's Conduit Street, formerly known as the "Lamb and Flag," has for its sign the figure of a lamb cut in stone, the right fore-leg being bent so as to have sustained a banner charged with a red cross, such as typifies the Agnus Dei. A near examination of this figure sufficed to satisfy the writer that it was a device of no recent workmanship, nor originally intended to do duty over the entrance to a public-house, but that in fact it had been one of the lambs, a rebus



on the name of the founder, which are said to have stood upon each of the conduits, and this probably had been appropriated for its present destination on the removal of that from which this street derives its name. The figure is carved in stone, and retains in the base a large bolt-head, such as may have served to secure it by being riveted in the stonework of the edifice, of which, no doubt, it was formerly embellished.

This discovery suggesting further observation, the writer entered the yard belonging to the public-house, and, with the assistance of mine host of the "Lamb," lifted a trap-door in the pavement of the coach-house, and descended by a short flight of steps into a brick vault. Here, with a stout cane for lack of a divining rod, he probed in the ground until a hollow sound gave token of the wooden cover of a well, and the same being laid bare by means of a spade, plied by a good-natured groom—who, however, declined the guerdon of the first draught from the spring thus rediscovered, preferring the option of the sophisticated beverage of the neighbouring tap—the fountain of the old conduit was revealed. The identity of the site appears to be precisely corroborated by the result of subsequent inquiry.



## RAMBLES IN THE PYRENEES.—No. VII.

## A NIGHT AT LAC OÖ—AN ASCENT TO THE PORT DE VENASQUE.

WE were, as I understood, in the highest pass but one of the Pyrenees. I was so absorbed in the loveliness of the scene, the setting sun, the lake, the rocks and mountains, that the abrupt question of one of our party startled me not a little. "It is all very fine indeed," he said, "but is that to be our rocking-cradle for the night?" He was looking at the boat that was very gently moved upon the stilly water. I saw that he thought a descent before dark was impracticable. Before I could answer the question, up came a joyful-looking, rotund little woman, followed by a dark-eyed, melancholy young girl. Never were stray wanderers more joyously received than we were.

"Have you got a horse here? we thought it was only a stable," was our speech.

"A stable! ha! that is pleasant enough of the sweet lady and the good gentleman. A stable, truly! and a marquis of France—yes, from Paris, even—and two young ladies, and a great milord from England, who had more gold than he could carry, slept in this same house, and would have stayed in it for ever to have fished in the lake, only—but madame shall see; yes, be tranquil, she shall be well content."

And so she bustled off towards the ~~but~~, and we followed. It consisted of one large room, built of stone, and meant for a sort of eating-room and kitchen in one, for the accommodation of travellers. Over it was a loft, a portion of which was parted off for the use of the hostess and her daughter, and the other was the guest chamber, where, it was to be supposed, the marquis and the milord, and all the other noble visitors to Lac Oö, had been lodged.

Among us, however, plain people as we were, the choice was given to me of either ascending a ladder to this loft, or of having a bed on the kitchen floor. Between exaltation and abasement, I chose for myself a midway station, and got a mattress placed on a rather high table in the latter; and then, my own provision being made for the night, I was glad to get back to my seat in the grass-covered rock, beside the tarn, whose waters nearly occupied the entire of the platform left open by the mountains.

The horses were the best lodged of our party, having only to share their stable with the guide, who slept among them.

The old woman and her pensive girl followed me out, and began spreading a net to catch the trout, which were to be beguiled from their pleasant bed in Lac Oö to feast the admirers of its beauties. A dislike to the treacherous art of fishing did not prevent me from enjoying the picturesque effect which it now added to the scene, as the mother and daughter began their work.

Toiling, patient creatures! anxious to seize the small remaining profits of the season, which must support them through the long, dreary winter.

There was something in the mild and sallow face, and dark, dreamy eyes of the young girl, that has rested on my memory—something that seemed as if, in the prospective of life, she saw only a succession of poverty and toil, an absence of joy, or even of change; while her jocund, roundabout, little mother seemed engrossed, without any dreams of the

future, in the mere care of making a little more to-day than would be necessary for to-morrow. Perhaps the great cause of the difference between them was, that the mother's lot in life was fixed—she was a wife and a mother, and worked for others, not for herself alone.

They loosened the cords of the boat; the woman sat at one end, the girl, standing on the opposite bank, held an oar and shoved it off. The sun sunk lower; the green shadow of the rocks, and the shining, trembling image of the high, silvery cascade, lengthened and lengthened. The golden beams faded away, the green colouring became almost black, and the white image of the foamy cascade, alone, of its lately varied hues, remained trembling on the dark tarn, while its original fell, with a loud yet pleasing melody, down the dark, nearly perpendicular rock that formed the barrier of the strange, wild spot.

Nature, when not distorted, is always graceful; so was that poor, rude girl's figure, when, having laid down the oar, she stood facing the bank, gradually loosening out the coil of cord as the boat moved off to the centre of the lake.

The cold that follows the departure of the autumn sun in these regions is intense; I braved it so long that the wide hearth and blazing fire of our mountain hut had then the greatest charms for me, though at the further end of the apartment the rest of the party were feasting on the trout I had seen taken captive. It would have been quite unromantic to have eaten them; so I got my cherished store of English tea and boiled it, as I always did in the Pyrenees. A stool was set for my table beside the hearth; and at the mention of tea our hostess despatched the girl to milk a cow, and she brought me the cow's entire produce in a large pail, and stood before me with a great pewter soup-ladle to ladle up the milk from time to time into the basin, which they thought necessary to contain the outlandish beverage; and at my knee stood the great, quiet-looking wolf-dog, used more against bears than wolves, with his nose just on a level with my face, and his eyes watching, with patient anxiety, each sip that went in that direction.

After our supper, another active but quiet movement cleared the table, and respread it with the simple meal for mother and daughter. It was pleasant to see that neat and comfortable meal (so much more comfortable than our comfort-loving people could imagine) up there in that wild region. The clean, white cloth (linen, clean and good, is almost unfailing here): the napkins, indispensable for the poor as well as the rich; the white glass bottle of water, and the black one of never-failing wine of the country, all arranged with an air of indifference, yet just as neatly for themselves as for their guests, the guest-things being put away and their own substituted in their place. And then, supper over, the last clearance was made, and, as if rejoicing in the conviction that their day's work was ended, they drew their stools to the fire, and joined our social circle round the wide, cheerful hearth on which the logs of mountain-fir were brightly blazing.

Were they not lonely in this hut? we asked. The woman shrugged her shoulders, and answered that they worked always. And what did they do when they left the mountain for the winter, for they rented the house only from the commune of Luchon. They knitted and spun, and carried wood to the town.

Were they not afraid of robbers in this desolate place? Robbers! no one was afraid of robbers in the mountains; there were none.

Just as she spoke, a sudden loud knock at the door made me spring from my seat. "Here they are!" I cried. "Yes, here they are!" repeated the young girl, making a bound to the door, which she opened before I could exclaim against the act. Two tall, powerful, but nearly exhausted men came in and dropped on seats. "Thank God it is found!" said they.

"It is found! it is found!" cried mother and daughter.

The clothes of the men were torn; they had been all that day and the preceding night scrambling among the rocks and ravines.

"What is found? what was lost?" we eagerly inquired.

"A sheep," was the answer.

The men were shepherds; they had literally left the ninety-and-nine in the wilderness and gone after the one that was lost, and carried the wounded one home on their shoulders with rejoicing.

The youngest, when revived by a basin of soup—the only supper the frugally-living creatures took—came and sat near the hearth, and the young girl, leaving her place, went and took a low stool beside him, and laying an arm on his knees, sat with her dark eyes raised to his rough, weather-beaten face, listening with deep interest to the history of the sheep. I looked at her, and asked her mother if the shepherd were her brother. There was a smile in the utterance of the word "No," and yet a little tone of sorrow with it that told me a tale. There was poverty, and a hard life and deep affection, for her young daughter's portion in the future.

Finally, the kitchen of the mountain-hut was left, as I thought, to my sole occupation. The shepherds went to the stable; the rest of the party to their respective lofts. I retired to my table, and remained upon it, gazing out at the moonlit scene, and listening to the mellow roar of the ceaseless cascade, and feeling all the delightful sensation natural to finding oneself reposing on a kitchen-table on nearly the highest pass of the lovely Pyrenean mountains.

I fell asleep at last, and was awake by a sensation still stronger—it was the great wolf-dog, who stood with his fore-paws upon the table, and his nose close to my face. I uttered a cry and sprang up; but the poor fellow quietly descended, without attempting to devour me, as I thought he meant to do. The cry, however, brought down the lively little hostess, who hoped madame had slept well, and then broke off into a rhapsody about the marquis and English lords and ladies, and an English priest, too, who said mass for the English visitors in a room in the town, and could live for ever in the mountain-hut if the English travellers could do without him.

So, after an early breakfast on Pyrenean trout and English tea, we mounted our ponies and set off on the descent we had failed to make the night before.

Peace be with thee, beautiful Lac Oo, and with the simple dwellers in thy rude hut of entertainment! That pleasant, social hearth, with its high mantelshelf covered with books of devotion, will long be remembered by me; and it is probable that so long as my history can tempt a stray or benighted tourist to try a night's lodging on its kitchen table, I shall not be forgotten there, but be added to the list of noble guests who wished to have tarried for ever at Lac Oo. But as such a wish is at best doubtful, I shall here record the fact that we did leave it, and proceeded some time afterwards on a still more remarkable ramble in the delightful Pyrenees.

The road to the pleasant and pretty Val de Lys parts from that to the strange and almost savage Port de Venasque, above the fine feudal tower of Castel Vielle, perched like an eyrie on a lofty crag, to guard, in former days of strife and rapine, the now peaceful vale of Luchon from the Spanish marauders who poured down the pass above it.

Of the pretty Val de Lys I had only a peep: no lilies are there. Its name is derived from its numerous cascades, lys being an old term for water, as it is now for lilies. Its scenery contrasts strongly with that I afterwards entered upon; but indeed, when I look back on this day's expedition, it is to me a matter of some scepticism as to whether I actually performed it.

Leaving the valley of Lys, we ascended that of the Pique, being provided with a pass from the Spanish douane, which it was necessary to have examined and signed before we took the route for Venasque. A deep forest received us at once into its shadow (shade is too light a word), and at that early hour the chilly gloom was by no means grateful. The lofty crags of the Pic de la Pique disappeared from sight, and we journeyed on, myself shivering from cold, over a path black and soft from the decayed vegetable matter of which it was principally composed, and broken into deep holes by the constant passage of Spanish mules, muleteers, merchants, and English and French mountain-hunters like ourselves.

From this forest we emerged, almost as suddenly as we entered it, on a green platform, and saw before us the Hospice de Bagnères—a gloomy-looking stone house, erected by the commune of Luchon for the accommodation or refreshment of passengers in that dreary scene; a place where, if travellers are not thought to be too poor to pay at all, they will be likely to pay as much for warming their feet at the fire, drinking a cup of milk, or eating an egg, as they would pay for a good breakfast at a good hotel. There was something revolting to me in the aspect of the place, in that of its occupants, and its screaming children.

I was informed that they left it in the month of December, leaving the house open for the reception of poor wayfarers, and leaving also a quantity of wood, bread, and wine, which no one partook of without leaving money behind. I asked the woman if this were the case; she shook her head, and answered in the proverbial style, "They often take wine and leave water." She added, that some paid and others did not.

Just opposite to the hospice appears a gloomy den of rocks, of a desolate character, unequalled by anything I had yet seen in this region. Large masses of snow, newly fallen from their heights, lay quiet and pure at their foot. This vast semicircle seemed entirely to shut out the idea of a progress in that direction; but we went straight into it, and were hemmed in by these gigantic rocks: the tortuous and invisible path was, in many places, a mere ladder of rock. The pony I was mounted on was scarcely larger than one of those fine mountain-goats, whose size and curved horns emulate those of the deer. It was coal-black, with such little legs as seemed incapable of bearing my weight; yet its movements were so light, so bounding, that I could feel nothing but a sense of exultation as it leaped up the rocky, spiral ladder, as if rejoicing to show me the scene I was hastening to. I could not think I inflicted pain for my own gratification, and I daresay enjoyed myself as much as any of those lady tourists who, like "petted children," have been carried by their fellow-mortals over such places in *chaises à porteurs*. The dear little thing! I should like to go to the Port de Venasque

again only for the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with that black pony.

During an ascent of two hours it never stopped of its own accord to breathe but once, nor was I ever obliged to dismount. The guide sometimes held its tail, but he was too fond of it to make use of it as a pulley to bring himself up the ascent, which was at times so steep as to render that tail and the creature's head nearly vertical.

I had had already sufficient experience of mountain-paths to be able to commit myself to its labyrinthine caprices without perplexing my brain by a vain attempt to discover it prospectively. The rocks seem to form a *cul de sac*, and how you are to pass their tremendous barrier might be a teasing subject of inquiry, if you did not meet, in every fresh, sharp turn that your pony makes, just when your face has fronted the opposing rock, a guarantee for your future, invisible progress; and so defending that "what hath been will be," while he springs from west to east, and east to west, you feel a perfect confidence that without rein or guide he will tread in safety the masses, better known to himself than to you, or any one of his human brethren.

As we wound along, and before entering on the full difficulties of the road, we perceived a singular and most picturesque-looking object before us. On a more open height, commanding a view of the plain and of the hospice at the bottom, were two large masses of rock, guarding, as it were, the mountain-pass at each side, and at the top of one of these stood a figure, so motionless that it seemed a statue, though on a nearer approach we could not understand the whim of dressing it in real clothes.

It looked the wizard of the dreary scene; it was a sketch for the Wizard of the North. Even when we drew near, and the guides shouted, and then spoke to him, he did not move or speak; and when at last it turned a cadaverous countenance towards us, it was only to utter a few brief words, and resume its attitude and air.

He was a youth of perhaps fifteen or sixteen years old, but with the form of extreme age. His thin, bony legs, clothed in bright-blue stockings, long, peaked shoes, ornamented with rosettes and buckles, knee-breeches of a lighter blue than the stockings; a crimson vest; a dark, round jacket; a long, scarlet cap, drawn half over the forehead, and hanging down to the length of half-a-yard on one shoulder; the hands inserted into his pockets; the sharp knees bent forward; the shrivelled face and coal-black eyes stedfastly, immovably surveying the plain beneath him—he seemed, as we wound upward to his elevated post, a mountain-spirit, a weird being of the olden time, watching to entrap the hapless wanderer.

"Who is he?" in a low, anxious voice I said to the guide, thinking I should at least hear a mountain legend.

"The domestic of the Mayor of Venasque, who watches for his master," was the answer.

Soon after we had passed the poor Spanish servant-boy we emerged on something like a green plain—a grassy knoll among the rocks. Here I pulled up my dear, little, goat-like steed to repose a few moments. François, the guide, standing at my side, recounted to me the unhappy fate of nine travellers, six Spanish and three French, who, having missed their path, were overwhelmed in the snow, and lay buried in a declivity or small precipice at its side. Indeed, I have heard that all the road is made holy, or at least consecrated ground, in order, I suppose, that no expense

may be incurred in removing the bodies of unfortunate passengers, whom the elements or human wickedness might cause to rest therein.

A little before we had passed a rude cross, erected to commemorate the fate of a French exciseman, who fell in a contest with Spanish smugglers, whose territory this wild pass was, ere the rule of Napoleon and the civil power of France destroyed their trade, or at least put a stop to its glory.

We recommenced our upward route, and reached an elevation over the rocks and mountains, which afforded me a sight that will dwell for ever in my imagination, but never can be described in words—words, the gift of speech, the noblest attribute of humanity, the “glory” which the Psalmist desires to awake up to praise the Lord of Glory, yet how feeble to express the mind, that is the type of immortality, the link that connects humanity with Deity! I can hardly say that it was the glories of nature I saw—Nature itself, at least this lower world, was hidden from my view, but not by mist or vapour.

I uttered a cry of surprise and pleasure, as suddenly I beheld spread before me, to the utmost limits of sight, a vast, snow-white ocean, its billowy waves at rest, with the foamy crest of each, lying one over the other, alone discernible, but a lovely golden hue resting over all. Was it a desert of snow? I thought; but it was so close I could almost touch it. No, it was the clouds of heaven—the snow-white, fleecy clouds one sees in a pure atmosphere resting in the west. They lay in a dense, motionless mass of undulated forms, flake over flake, light and aerial, and oh, how lovely! it was as if a full-flowing, wavy sea had been at once arrested by a shower of snow, and remained in magic thralldom, beneath its light, feathery burden.

The day was one of the brightest possible; the clear, blue heavens and warm sun were above us, and every cloud beneath us; and no more material object to be seen till the grey-blue horizon on one side terminated the point of vision, which on the other was abruptly closed by colossal, almost perpendicular rocks bounding the tremendous precipice that edged our narrow path.

The rounded, greenish peak of the mountain, which my feet touched, just rose above this lovely sea of clouds, and formed a singular promontory, looking like a remnant of matter left to show where a world had been; and, cut off by a mighty chasm and an impassable barrier from all other view, one might fancy oneself in a separate world, placed in a midway station between what is and what is to be.

We went on up a spiral stair of rock, the blue rocks forming a gloomy tower like those of feudal times, within which we thus mounted, and wound, upward and upward, while in the chasm, a thousand feet deep beside our narrow path, we might fancy the fearful *oubliette*, down which the prisoner of our fanciful tower might be cast, as in those romantic days we love to hear and tell of. And here, beside me, peeped out from their stony bed the prettiest, most smiling, yet melancholy-looking little flowers, the fair, gentle, elegant prisoners of my fancy-formed tower. An Anne Boleyn, a Jane Grey, a Mary of Scots, were each presented to me in the delicate things which the guide gathered for me, and told me to bring to England. I did so.

“*Voilà le Port,*” cried my watchful guide; and the little pony rested its fore-feet on the rocky step, made two or three quick, successive bounds, and carried me up on the platform of rock, before that most singular door, or entrance; and, walking up to it, placed its fore-feet in Spain, while the

hinder remained in France. And there I stopped, till less selfish thoughts made me jump down, and setting the dear little creature at liberty, and allowing a free passage to the rest of my party, I stood alone in the Port de Venasque.

The Port de Venasque is a door without an upper lintel, cut by the hand of Nature in a vast ridge of rock, which forms a mighty boundary between two powerful nations. Standing in this strange, natural doorway, with the rocks and the deep precipice at their feet behind me, immediately before my face towered up, and stretched along in its vast, gloomy extent, the Maladetta, or Accursed Mountain of the Spanish Pyrenees, with its everlasting and, until lately, untrodden snows, and its painful recollections of the adventurous guide whose bones rest within them.

A small plain, or hollow, was immediately beneath, and over the centre of this hovered, with wide-spread wings, a splendid eagle; it was the only living thing. My view from that window in the rock presented me with a picture which can at any instant be rendered present. I have been thankful even that that eagle chanced to be where it was.

In a recess at one side the guides were busy opening corn-bags and attending to the refreshment of the horses. Leaving the men and horses together, we went to refresh ourselves; and, seated on the soil of Arragon, feasted on a hard egg and that unpalatable but refreshing drink called *vin ordinaire*. We were seated then in the Val d'Esserra, with the frowning Maladetta on one hand, and the stern Port de Venasque on the other. Opposite to us was the road to Venasque; along the side of the wall of rock called Penna Blanca; why, I know not, for it is as dark as can be. While we sat reposing here, forth through the Port issued, stately and slow, on his mule, the mayor of that town, and behind him marched, on foot, my spirit or wizard of the mountains. Behind us was the Tron de Taureau, an immensely deep hole in the rock, the waters contained in which appear debarred from all possible means of escape. But, says report, and I believe the wise also, these waters, which are formed from the uncongealed snows of the Maladetta, sink under ground, there form themselves in secret into one great source of a mighty and beautiful river, which issues from its dark birthplace and mysterious cradle at Artignes Tellina, where it first rushes into sight in all the joyousness and wild vivacity of youth, tumbles down on the plain in a passionate, tumultuous cascade, hurries on in the gladness of liberty, until, grown tamer and more useful, it unites with its kindred tributaries, and flows on in all the power and grace of manhood, the majestic and splendid Garonne.

Near to this mysterious hole are the Port de Picade and the Port de Pommereau, although, as the guide remarked, "There is no door." Here a path strikes off by an easier descent to Bagnères de Luchon, by which you can pass out of the province of Arragon into that of Catalonia; and, almost directly re-entering France, reach the hospice by another and easier route than was pursued in coming. We were not, however, going back to Luchon. From the summit of the sierra, however, we had a fine view. The Pic de Picade is so called from a vast obelisk of rock which surmounts it. It is a strange, wild scene, viewed on a day when the skies were bright and the sun resplendent and scarcely a breath stirring. How different must be its aspect to that it would present in storm and gloom!

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THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

**A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

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**A SOLDIER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF INCIDENTS IN  
KAFIRLAND.—No. I.**



**VIEW IN KAFIRLAND.**

EARLY in the year 1843 I was ordered with the company under my command, as a captain of the — regiment, to an outpost called Fort Peddie, in Kafirland. Not long after my arrival at my new quarters, an officer of a corps stationed in another part of the world, being ordered to the Cape for the benefit of his health, visited my domicile; and he, being desirous of seeing something of Kafir life and manners, I proposed with my friend Captain —, of the Colonial Corps, to conduct my guest to the Great Place of Eno, the Kafir chief, about six miles from Fort Peddie.

We were attended by an orderly of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, as

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guide and interpreter. We had proceeded about a mile, when the orderly, who was in advance, turned back, saying, "Look there, bass (master)!" and directed our attention to the left front.

"Why?" said the new comer; "I see smoke, looking as if it proceeded from a railway train."

"No, no," said Captain —, who was well used to the country, "that is a flight of locusts; we shall be in the midst of it in a few minutes:" and we had not gone much further before we were completely enveloped in a cloud of these insects, which obscured the heavens.

These creatures vary as to size; but no pen can describe the beauty of the colours blended on their bodies: most of those I have seen were of a brilliant emerald hue, studded with spots of scarlet, amber, and purple; and when this exquisite combination is irradiated by the sun (that in South Africa shines with ineffable light), the reader may believe that it more resembles some enamelled specimen of jewellery set with precious stones than a mere insect of the grasshopper species.

The horses have an instinctive dread of the approach of a swarm of locusts, and, like ourselves, bent their heads to avoid the blows from these strong-winged creatures. "They shall walk every one in their path," says the prophet; they came on like the ranks of an army in a direct line. "A fire devoureth before them; and behind them a flame burneth; the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them:" (Joel ii. 3.)

On they came, the cloud fully realizing the magnificent description given by the prophet of the "vast army:"—"Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battle array. Before their face the people shall be much pained: all faces shall gather blackness." (Joel ii. 5, 6.)

I had had a previous opportunity of remarking the effects of such a visitation on the earth. Sitting at breakfast one morning in my cottage at Fort Peddie, I was startled by my servant rushing into the room, and in a voice of great excitement informing me that there were symptoms of a row in the barracks, some six hundred yards across the green, as the soldiers had turned out to a man, and were making a great noise. I started up and hastened to the verandah, whence I saw, to my astonishment, all the soldiers—lines-men, artillery, sappers and miners, and Cape Corps men—rushing to one spot, armed with sheets, pot-tides, tins of all descriptions, and shouting vociferously.

To see the little garrison in such a state was decidedly alarming, especially on a Sunday morning; and I hurried across the green to ascertain the meaning of the excitement. Before I had gone many yards I observed a long black streak in the heavens, resembling the black smoke left in the wake of some powerful steam-engine; and one of my sergeants came up to tell me that Mr. Webb, the keeper of a store, had come to the barracks, requesting the men would turn out with sheets, tins, &c., to frighten off the locusts from the gardens, as they would destroy everything green. The soldiers—independently of their readiness to assist a neighbour in distress, whether soldier or civilian—had an interest in the matter themselves, for each detachment had its garden; potatoes, onions, &c., not being procurable in this part of the country.

Webb marshalled the men for the attack on the enemy himself; and I never shall forget the sight. For many minutes the heavens were

darkened as if by the effect of an eclipse, the "vast army" stretching out its flanks and advancing steadily in the teeth of their assailants, while right and left of this great body we could see the sun glaring brightly as ever on vale and mountain. Finally the cloud descended in the midst of the clamour of tin pots and the waving of white linen, or any garments that had been caught up at the moment: ere the besieged could reach the gardens the locusts had descended. Verily "the earth quaked before them;" "they spread themselves in battle array" upon the fertile and pleasant land; and, as they had done in most of the gardens of the poor Fingoes\* over which they had passed, they completely devoured the verdure, leaving as they rose nought but dry stubble.

Some of the Fingoes had made a successful stand against the enemy by setting fire to the dry bush, just as the locusts were about to descend on their land; numbers of young locusts were, however, left behind the swarm, and these damaged the crops seriously for some months afterwards.

Our newly-arrived acquaintance was deeply interested in the novel scenes he witnessed, and had an opportunity of observing what it is not every one's lot to witness—I allude to one of those ceremonials which mark, in my opinion, the Ishmaelitish origin of the Kafir. But before we descend into the valley, resounding with the monotonous chant of women and the echoes of their huge and primitive drum, let us pause to examine the beetles which shine like jet in the sun. One of them has fallen on his back, and has not the power to regain his proper position; behold him, then, surrounded by a crowd of his greedy fellows, who fall upon him and literally eat out his inside, he struggling to the last, and retaining vitality when scarcely anything is left of him but his empty carcase and his limbs.



THE BEETLE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Here is the most remarkable creature of the beetle species; it is a female of the above size. Having deposited her eggs in the clay, she

\* The Fingoes are a tribe of people resembling the Kafirs, whose slaves they were till 1836, when Sir Benjamin D'Urban released them from their bondage; since which time they have been the faithful allies of our troops.

proceeds with her hind legs to work up the mass into a ball; it is now about as big as a boy's marble; it gathers as she drives it on behind her to a spot of grass, on which she leaves it, and, when hatched by the heat of the sun, the young insects force themselves from the ball. Sometimes I have tried the experiment of substituting a false ball while the mother's attention has been drawn from her burden; but on watching her I have seen her turn the fictitious mass over and over, then reject it, and search restlessly for her own burden, which of course I always took care to leave in her way.

Another very singular creature attracted our notice in our ride: but for the quick eye of Captain W——, an old Cape resident, we should not have observed it. "See," said he, pointing down to the road, "there is a spider opening her nest;" and on looking towards the spot indicated by his finger, we saw the creature raising the lid of her abode. On approaching it, however, the lid, about three inches in diameter, suddenly dropped, and it would have required a marvellously-keen eye to discover the locality of the nest when its inmates had drawn down the trap-door.

These spiders' nests are formed in the earth, and secured by a lid, which moves on a hinge of most curious workmanship; so that, when the denizens of this cosy abode desire to wander, they lift up the doorway, and, if an enemy appear, drop into their retreat and draw down the lid.

We were now on a little hill overlooking the valley, in which lay the hamlet of Kafir huts, with the kraal of the chief. Stock ("son of Eno," as these people designate the eldest born of their chief) himself, with his amapakati, or counsellors, was seated on the turf; they all rose to meet us on our descent, and Stock kissed the hand of Captain W——, who was well known in Kafirland. The rest advanced in a friendly way and shook hands. Then Stock asked if we brought news from the Inkosi Inkulu (the Lieutenant-Governor); and through the interpretation of our Hottentot guide we told him "No; we only came to pay a friendly visit to him and his father."

He replied that he felt the compliment very much, "particularly at such a time."

On inquiring what he meant, he informed us that one of his sons had been circumcised; and he, the chief, therefore, believed that we had come from Fort Peddie to congratulate him upon the occasion, as it was a time of feasting; when, in fact, Kafirs kill an ox, and eat incessantly until it is devoured.

We rode forwards, attended by the chief and his counsellors. The drum beat louder on our approach. This drum was a large dried bullock's skin, stretched out, and fastened to some poles planted in the ground. It was placed in front of the cattle-kraal (fold), and round it stood a number of women beating the huge tom-tom with sticks, and singing in the wildest way as they did so.

A little way off sat a group of men, who all rose at our approach, and saluted us with "good morrow;" and we were immediately presented with some milk in calabashes—an acceptable present after our long ride.

Stock then stood up in the midst of the group, and informed his people that we had come to pay him a friendly visit on the occasion of his son "becoming a man." We had not thought it necessary to undeceive him on this point; and this information elicited from the Kafirs that low

and peculiar hum of satisfaction which says much more than words can do. They accompanied it by clapping of hands. Two old women also demonstrated their glee at our compliment by running backwards and forwards in front of the cattle-kraal,\* shouting and singing, after their own monstrous fashion.

Ere long, eleven figures, more resembling ghosts than human beings, stalked from a hut set apart from the rest of the hamlet. These were Kafir youths whose bodies had been whitened with pipe-clay. Caps two feet high (they might be termed helmets), of dried pasmet-leaves, covered their heads and partially shaded their faces, and from these rose two long reeds, in place of feathers, as ornaments.



YOUNG WARRIORS OF KAFIRLAND.

Round their waists were girded kilts of leaves: these kilts stuck out much in the fashion of an opera-dancer's petticoats; and encircling waist and wrists were girdles and bracelets of twisted grass. Each youth bore in his hand a staff about five feet long.

So soon as these lads appeared, the women uttered a shout of joy, and beat the great drum with renewed spirit; the male spectators, however, remained still and silent. The youths then began some evolutions illustrative of war, proving to their friends that they were able to wield the assegai (or spear); but certainly their antics were more ludicrous than dignified. We, however, suppressed our inclination to laugh, and watched, first their mock-fights and next their dancing-attitudes, with a gravity becoming the occasion.

The ceremony of circumcision in Kafirland is performed on youths of fourteen or thereabouts; for the precise time of the event depends on the age of the chief's son, with whom all the lads of the tribe, nearly of an age with himself, are admitted at once by this rite to the privileges of men and warriors.

For two moons after the event these young men are permitted to wander about and amuse themselves at will. After this they are divested of their whitewash, and they then paint themselves with red clay, put on a new kaross, or cloak, receive presents from their friends, carry assegais,

\* Usually no woman of Kafirland is permitted to look into a cattle-kraal.

become men in law, and may marry, if they have wherewith to purchase wives.

After witnessing this exhibition, we rose to depart, when two little Kafir boys ran towards the kraal, crying out in a fashion that we could not understand: our interpreter was looking after the horses. What they said caused a great sensation, for the men jumped up and ran round to the back of the kraal; we followed, and soon learned the cause of the stir. A splendid creature, called a secretary-bird, had just mounted in the air with an immense snake in its claws. At the instant we raised our eyes to it it let the reptile drop from a vast height—this being the only means the bird has of killing a large serpent. From its being the destroyer of such creatures it is much valued in Kafirland, and there is a law in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, awarding a fine for the killing of the secretary-bird.

Some of the Kafirs sped down to the spot where the snake had fallen, and when one of them declared that it was dead, the rest shouted exultingly; some of the women commenced beating the tom-tom, and others clapped their hands. To our surprise we learned from our interpreter that a superstitious feeling was attached to such a circumstance occurring at such a time, it being looked on as an omen of good luck, foretelling the young warriors' success hereafter in the destruction of their foes. I confess I felt deeply impressed with this incident, bearing as it did so strange an analogy to the scriptural prophecy of men's power over the serpent; and this, in connexion with the one remnant of Israelitish law, being the solitary form left in Kafirland of any worship whatsoever.

Our visit to Eno will be described in a succeeding article.

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#### ANCIENT LONDON.—No. XVII.

THE 'New View of London' (1707), compiled it is believed by Hatton, describes the fountain-head of Lamb's conduit as being in the vacant ground a little to the east of Ormond Street. "When the Foundling Hospital was erected, the conduit was taken down and the water conveyed to the east side of Red Lion Street, at the end, and gives the name of Lamb's Conduit Street to the half thereof."

A hospital for the sustentation of one hundred blind men, founded by William Elsing, mercer, in 1329, was erected in 1332 into a priory or hospital of St. Mary the Virgin, for canons regular, of which William Elsing became the first prior, and the charity was further augmented by the gift of "12l. by the year for the finding of three priests" by Robert, the son of William Elsing. By association with the name of the founder, the place was popularly called Elsing Spital.

After the surrender of this house in the twenty-second of Henry VIII., the ground was appropriated for the erection of a college for the clergy of London, and almshouses for ten poor men and a like number of women, called Syon College, which, with its valuable library, founded by John Simpson, rector of St. Olave's, Hart Street, remain to the present time. The priory church of the hospital, minus the north or principal aisle, which was taken down, was converted into the parish church of St. Alphage, in the place of the church of St. Alphage in the Wall, which

stood nearly opposite, beside Cripplegate. The mother-church of St. Alphage was destroyed, but the narrow churchyard remains, being bounded on the north by London Wall.\*

Between Cripplegate and Bishopsgate three posterns were opened in the wall, at short distances, for the convenience of the citizens. Two of them, leading severally to Aldermanbury and Basinghall, were constructed in 1655, and one called Moorgate postern, situated near the end of Coleman Street, was opened in 1415 by Thomas Falconer, mayor, for the purpose of affording the citizens a more convenient access to Moorfields.

This suburb, for the most part a swampy moor, was intersected by raised causeways. Falconer began the drainage of some portions of the land, which was afterwards carried out by William Hampton, fishmonger, mayor in 1472, and Roger Acheley, mayor in 1511, who caused dikes and bridges to be made and the ground levelled.

Moorfields, Holywell, Shoreditch, Hoxton, and merry Islington, were the playground of old London—an area suited to the varied sports and exercises of which the citizens, from the magnate in his gold chain to the limber, flat-capped 'prentice, took their full share, each according to his degree, to the development of the sturdy manhood which was their boast and glory, and which, as their annals testify, never failed them when their privileges, whether in play or in matters of more substantial import, were attempted to be tampered with or circumscribed.

The few buildings outside of Moorgate were the shops of the fletchers, bowyers, and makers of everything relating to archery. It appears in Agar's map straggling outside the City wall towards the moor and fields. Beyond were the archery marks, of which, in 1594, there were one hundred and sixty-four, distinguished by various badges, such as a flying-bird, a serpent, or swan, and named from the best shots, as—Daye's Deed, Dunstan's Darling, Pakes his Pillar, Partridge his Primrose, Pillar of Powles, Jones his Joy, Tinker's Bud, Martin's Monkie, Cornish Chough, Boar's Head, Maior's Marygold, Thurloe's Rose, Longmeg, &c.

Besides the potentates aforementioned, there was a Prince Arthur, whose Round Table was at Mile-End, and whose society Henry VIII. enrolled by charter; and it is stated that when he saw "a good archer indeed," he had him forthwith incorporated with the order.

By such means was the hardy character of the ancient citizens maintained; and instances were not wanting in which it was found good at proof, and in which the loyalty and readiness of the train-bands were conspicuous, one of these being the resistance whereby they saved London by maintaining the bridge against the commons of Kent and their leader, Jack Cade; and another, when, in anticipation of the invasion of the Spanish armada, the City furnished no less than ten thousand men, and officers, chiefly composed of the civic authorities, for the public defence and the protection of the queen, and likewise provided at its own expense

\* Among the gifts presented by the leper Alfward, the last Saxon Bishop of London, when he took refuge among the fraternity at Ramsey, was "the cowl of the most holy martyr Ælphage (Alphage), which, from the martyr having been stricken through it," had, we are told, "imbibed the sweet and bright stains of his sacred blood, which it shows even to this day, both to be beholden with our eyes and to be touched with our lips."—Hist. Ram. in Gale's 'Scrip.'

sixteen of the largest ships in the Thames, with four pinnaces completely armed, manned, and victualled, and ready for action.

In the assertion of their rights, or what they considered as such, the brisk boys of the City sometimes took the law into their own hands, and in such cases the flat caps, with their war-cry of "Prentices! prentices! clubs! clubs!" would prove, for a time, more than a match for their masters, as in the formidable occurrence called the "Evil May-day," a riot occasioned by "a great heartburning and malicious grudge," which "grew amongst the Englishmen of the City of London against strangers, and verily the artificers found themselves much aggrieved because such number of strangers were permitted to resort hither with their wares, and to exercise handicrafts, to the great hindrance and impoverishing of the king's liege people."\* Even so early the trades and mysteries felt the superiority of foreign artificers and aliens, who had first planted themselves near the gates of the City, and gradually crept in by such sufferance as was permitted in the monastic precincts, by royal charter, and by evasion of the scrutiny of the authorities; and the resentment of the citizens at this intrusion was fostered on this occasion by one John Lincoln, a broker, and Dr. Bell, a canon, who publicly preached at Spitalfields against the strangers, who, having been insulted and otherwise misused in the streets, sought protection of the lord mayor, and several of the aggressors were thrown into prison.

"Then suddenly," says Stow, "rose a secret rumour, and no man could tell how it began, that on May-day next following the City should slay all the aliens, insomuch that divers strangers fled out of the City. This rumour came to the knowledge of the king's councill, whereupon the lord cardinall sent for the mayor and others of the councill of the City, giving them to understand what he had heard. The mayor, with sufficient independence, replied, 'That he doubted not soe to govern the Citie but as peace should be observed.' It was ordered, in consequence, 'that every man should be commanded to shut his doores, and to keepe his servants before eight of the clock.'"

In the evening, after this order was issued, Sir John Mundy, alderman, entering his ward, "found two young meh in Cheape, playing at the bucklers, and a great many of young men looking on them. He commanded them to desist; and being questioned by one of them he would have laid him by the heels in the Counter, but his fellow-prentices came to the rescue, and cried, 'Prentices! prentices! clubs! clubs!' then out at every door came clubs and other weapons, so that the alderman was forced to flight."

This was the outbreak of the riot; the watermen and others joined the fray, and the whole City was in an uproar.

At St. Martin's Gate, Sir Thomas More presented himself, and exhorted them to desist and return to their homes; but at this crisis the people of St. Martin's precinct threw out stones and bats, and, among others, one Nicholas Dennis, a sergeant-at-arms, was hurt, who in a rage cried, "Down with them." The neighbouring houses were instantly broken into and ransacked; after which the rioters proceeded to Cornhill, near which a Frenchman kept a house of entertainment for foreigners, which house they despoiled in like manner with the others, and thence till three in the morning the work of destruction went on; but when they began to

\* Stow.

retire, the mayor, being prepared for the first opportunity, seized and sent to the Tower and other strong places, three hundred of the insurgents, among whom were many women and boys. They were brought to trial in Guildhall three days after, and on the seventh of the month John Lincoln and twelve others were brought out for execution. Lincoln suffered, but a respite for the others arrived. Hall, who was contemporary with the event, describes the final scene as follows:—

“Thursday, the 22nd day of May, the king came into Westminster Hall, for whom at the upper end was set a cloth of estate, and the place hanged with arras. With him went the cardinal, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, &c. . . . The mayor and aldermen were there in their best livery by nine of the clock. Then the king commanded that all the prisoners should be brought in. Then came in the poor younglings and old false knaves, bound in ropes, all along, one after another, in their shirts, and every one a halter about his neck, to the number of four hundred men and eleven women; and when all were come before the king's presence, the cardinal rose, laid to the mayor and commonalty their negligence, and to the prisoners he declared they had deserved death for their offence. Then all the prisoners together cried, ‘Mercy, gracious lord, mercy!’ Then the lords all together besought his grace of mercy, at whose request the king pardoned them all. And then the cardinal gave unto them a good exhortation, to the great gladness of the hearers. And when the general pardon was pronounced, all the prisoners shouted at once, and altogether cast up their halters into the hall-roof, so that the king might perceive they were none of the discreetest sort.”\*

Several of the rioters who had not been apprehended, who waited without to see what turn matters were likely to take, took advantage of this farcical upshot, and “suddenly stripped themselves into their shirts with halters,” crept in among their fellow-offenders just in time to hear the announcement of the king's grace; and although probably leaders in the riot, many of whom were not apprehended, they were allowed the benefit of their cunning artifice, and went scathless with the rest.

## RAMBLES IN THE PYRENEES.—No. VIII.

### DESCENT OF THE VAL D'ARAN.

WE passed out of Arragon into Catalonia by the Port de Pommereau, ascending still from that of the Picade, and truly I never before believed that any horses' feet could pursue such a track: track, indeed, there was none, or traced only by the course of a mountain-torrent. We either descended stairs of rock, or made our way over broken slate or shingle. It was curious to see the way in which my little pony acted in the former case. When these rocky steps were to be passed, some of them at least three-quarters of a yard in height, the creature would stand still for a moment, with his head bowed, his intelligent eyes turning from side to side, and his long, sharp ears brought forward and quivering, I suppose from mental exertion, as he reconnoitred the spot and decided on his plan of action.

“Let him go,” the guide would call out; and then, drawing his fore-feet together, and placing them with an air of deliberate resolution on the spot he had selected for a resting-place, he would rest on the stretch

\* Hall, p. 591.



for a second or two, until, collecting his powers, with one jerk he brought the hind feet up to the fore, and all I had to do was to bear in mind that adhesiveness was the most useful quality I could now display.

The scenery was the most desolate I had yet beheld—bare, stony, and unrelieved by any sign of vegetable or animal life; there was not even the usual distant tinkle of a sheep-bell or of a goat, the bark of a dog, or a single sight or sound to tell us that, in all the descending space we could see around us, there was anything having life but ourselves. The chamois, or as it is called here the izzard, bounds over the glaciers nevertheless, and the herd comes down in winter into the valley.

In the midst of this dreary scene a thick vapour rose suddenly up. It came driving on from the valley towards the bright mountains we were leaving. The fog rose so quickly and so dense that in a few minutes we were invisible to one another. François came and held my pony's head, for at this instant voices were heard calling out beneath the spot we stood on. We stood still, and he called on the speakers, first in French and then in Spanish patois, to advance. I heard horses' feet, but I could see nothing, until another party came up beside us, and we had some difficulty in letting them pass without either having to run the risk of being jostled down a precipice. It was a really picturesque group, seen through the singular mist that saluted us in passing. A stately Spanish priest, in clerical garb, came first, on a fine mule; and following him, who in all senses acted as their guide, was a pair of young peasants, whose history might have been worth making into a story. A pretty Spanish girl had her rein held by a fine young man. Her dark eyes and hair were admirably set off by the white handkerchief fastened hood-like over the head, and falling in a peak behind—a fashion, indeed, once common in Ireland, save that the handkerchief was always either black or of gaudy colours. The noble figure of the young man who so carefully led her mule was set off by a jacket of a bluish grey, black velvetens, scarlet vest, blue stockings, shoes adorned with large clasps and rosettes, with the head covered with a great sombrero, the crown of which was ornamented with rosettes and gilt trinkets. They went on to the Port de Venasque, to be enveloped in the fog that was sweeping thither faster than they could go. We, thankful to have beheld that glorious scene in unobscured sunshine, went on our way downward until we came to the grassy slopes or table-lands, which are called in Spanish sierras. Here there were shepherds feeding their flocks, and here, too, we felt the gladdening influence of the sun in drying our fog-saturated garments, and warming the limbs that had been so chilled by our cloudy immersion. How glad I was that those clouds had kept below when we were above, and had gone above when we came below!

We entered the forest—a singularly wild one, through which lies the gorge that leads to the sweet Val d'Aran.

The promise of a road was soon lost. The mountain streamlets, whose way we had followed, forced us here to ford their combined waters. The noise and sight of falling cascades and tumbling streams were all around us. In one spot a bridge had been made by fir-trees fastened together, so as to afford a footing to the woodcutters; but we on horseback had to go right through the foamy stream. I had just got over when, hearing a call, I looked back and saw our poor guide, who in caring for others had not cared for himself, in a piteous plight—his horse was lying flat in the water, and of himself only his feet were visible, which were kicking

violently about as he lay on his back just where, fortunately for him and us, the water was shallowest.

We got him up, at least some one did so, and we came on then to the cascade called the Garonne's Eye, where the Garonne, lost, as I before related, under the earth, bursts from its subterranean bed, and leaps forth, like the young racer, chafing and foaming; soon, grown tamer in its course, it bears along the rafts of timber cut in the forests on its road, and at last, in the broad and peaceful Garonne, arrives at the great city of Bordeaux and delivers its mountain freight.

The Val d'Aran, in the Spanish province of Catalonia, was to me most interesting and lovely, with the most filthy and forlorn-looking posadas, or small inns. The difference in dress and manner that is observable on merely crossing the mountains is striking; yet this valley was French, and only united to Spain by the marriage of an heiress. The scenery, though at first rather uniform, becomes at once rich, grand, and beautiful, without that air of savage wildness which to some tastes is more imposing.

Lez, a pretty village with baths—and, it is said, “good accommodation for travellers,”—much tempted such a tired one as myself to rest; but this I was not allowed to do; we were to reach the town of St. Beat that night, though neither my poor, darling little pony nor myself knew in the least how our strength could hold out to get there.

The Garonne, our constant companion, swept beautifully and wildly beneath a bridge, named, the Bridge of the King. Here we paused awhile, looked back, and, in the last beams of the setting sun, beheld the snows of the gaunt Maladetta and its lesser and dark neighbours. Those beams seemed to linger only to let us see them, for they sunk down out of sight as soon as we had done so. There was then no cool, clear twilight; but the view we had had was lovely, bounded by the great mountains, while nearer was the vale with rocks, trees, and rushing river: above us, on the heights, the baths of Lez; while before us stretched the valley, opening out in greater beauty and majesty.

It was moonlight when we were stopped at the douane, or police office, for we were now to re-enter France, and a permit was necessary. An old revenue officer, in a long green mantle, came out of it, then went back, and reappeared with a long candle. Holding it up and lowering it down, he walked round and round us, as if to examine whether we were real human beings or bales of contraband goods, examining most closely the character and dimensions of my pony, in order, I suppose, to see if they precisely answered to the description recorded in our “pass” by his brother official on the other side of the mountain. Then, with a final elevation of the candle into our faces, which made us certainly wink in a rather suspicious manner, after having been so long in gloom, he retreated once more to his domicile, or bureau; and after we had shivered in the cold for more than a quarter of an hour, he came to the door without candle, and pronounced the word “Go!” and we then went.

At Foa, the first town of France we came to on our way to St. Beat, I began to feel indifferent to everything in the world but the prospect of rest. The most magnificent scenes—the towering, fir-clad rocks and rushing river—were seen beneath the purest, calmest moonshine; but alas! the prospect of falling asleep was far more delightful; and therefore delightful, not on my account alone, but on that of my dear little steed, was the curious aspect of the old town of St. Beat.

The prince of chroniclers, old Froissart, calls this "the last castle of France." The ancient town, to which that castle in his time belonged, is strange in its appearance, especially to travellers who enter it, as we did, by a moonlight midnight. That light could scarcely penetrate the narrow, rock-hemmed street we passed, and we might have fancied we were entering another Herculaneum, if a stray light here and there from some houses had not given us a more cheering hope. We went on, therefore, under the overhanging cliffs, and at last stopped at the Hotel de France.

We had been on the road, including our short stoppages, from five in the morning until that hour; and when taken down from my seat, I almost fell into the arms of the chambermaid, who came running to receive me.

I quickly sought repose, indifferent to all other refreshment; but just as sleep was coming almost unasked for, such a noise broke out in an adjoining room as has, I believe, not often been heard by other ears. There was the scraping of a violin distinguishable, but there was with it something that sounded more like the screamings of a peacock than anything else, together with two other sounds that I fail in finding comparisons for. I succeeded in summoning my attendant, and requested she would have the "enraged musician" and his society dismissed. To my surprise she replied that they were some French gentlemen who had been making "a promenade in the mountains," and were now enjoying a little "distraction" after their fatigues. I could not forbear laughing to myself at the notion of such a distraction in the French sense of the term, although it proved such to me in the English one.

"Well," I said, without meaning to be serious, "if they do not mean to give an account of their tour I do, and I am sure if I am not allowed to sleep I must give a very bad one."

She instantly said that as it was known well that the English were not fond of distractions, but wished to be always alone and tranquil, she would therefore explain my vicinity to the other guests.

She soon came back with the compliments of the party, and to say, that if I would allow them to finish that part of their little concert they would play no more. They kept their word, and, with one tremendous scrape, the violin ceased. But then another singular sort of distraction was commenced; it was not dancing, walking, or jumping, but a mixture of all, in which the chairs and tables seemed to take a part. At last, when French feet, or minds, that had spent the day in the wild magnificence of nature, had closed it with this singular refreshment, I heard with much pleasure the kindly good-nights, which told me the tourists had retired to repose, and that I might do the same.

To my great surprise, instead of being boys, as I had expected, we met them the next morning, and found them respectable, middle-aged men, who, with extreme politeness, hoped they had not annoyed us by the means they took of "distracting" themselves a little after their mountain rambles.

But now I am myself going to ramble to another extremity of the French Pyrenees; and the next account I shall give of what we see and do will include the description of scenes which cannot wear out of my memory—scenes in the lovely vale of Argelez, and the still lovelier vale of Azun. Thus I must pass from the province of Catalonia in Spain, round again to the way of our return to the Lower Pyrenees, or the old province of Bearn.

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## LORD COLLINGWOOD ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

A VICE-ADMIRAL in the British fleet is scarcely the person we should fix on as likely to have held very enlightened views on the subject of female education, yet we do not recollect ever having seen a letter from a father to his daughter so thoroughly characterised by sound sense, deep anxiety for the moral and religious welfare of a child, and sincere affection, and at the same time so well calculated to produce the desired effect, as that which we subjoin to this biographical sketch of Lord Collingwood.

The friend of Nelson, his equal as a sailor, not inferior to him in courage or address, and, alas for our great naval hero, immeasurably his superior as a man and husband,—we venture to claim for him a niche in the temple of England's naval worthies as high as the highest, though his name as commander-in-chief happens to be unassociated with either of the great naval victories of his day. Yet Lord Collingwood saw good service, and contributed, as far as means were at his disposal, to the securing of victory for his country, in every action in which he was engaged. "See," said his friend and brother in arms, "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action: how I envy him!" It is no slight praise to a sailor that that speech was Nelson's, and that "action" was fought off Trafalgar.

He was born at Newcastle, in the year 1750, and entered the Navy in his eleventh year. In 1775 he was made a lieutenant, and in the following year served in the same fleet with Nelson, whose acquaintance he then seems to have first made, in the West Indies. In 1779 the two friends were both post-captains, and four years afterwards again served together in the West Indies. There he remained three years, and, in 1790, was employed a third time on the same station, as captain of the "Mermaid." He remained, however, but a short time, and on his return home married Miss Sarah Blackett, by whom he had two daughters. The first action of importance in which he took part was that of the "glorious first of June," when he acquitted himself to the admiration of both men and officers, though, through some strange jealousy of Lord Howe, his name was not mentioned in the despatches. He was associated with Nelson again in the blockade of Leghorn; and in the battle off Cape St. Vincent, while Nelson performed prodigies of valour, "Collingwood contributed very much to the fortune of the day." In 1799 he was raised to the rank of rear-admiral; and, both previously and subsequently to this promotion, he was, to his deep regret, much employed in the blockade service, and consequently missed a share in the battle which tended so greatly to the pacification of Europe, the battle of the Nile. During the period from 1793 to 1810, he was only one year at home, and this he devoted to drawing, planting, gardening, and the education of his daughters. In October 1805 it became his duty to write the memorable and universally-known letter, which was received in England with harshly-contrasted feelings of loftiest exultation and deepest grief, containing tidings of the battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson. He was now raised to the peerage, and received a commission as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean. In this post he had the management of various political

transactions, and on all occasions conducted himself with dignity, generosity, moderation, and judgment. So valuable indeed were his services considered, that although he often applied for permission to resign, on account of ill health, brought on by fatigue and excessive confinement, no worthy successor could be found, and he was obliged to continue in command till 1810. He was then relieved from his arduous duties, and set out for the beloved home from which he had been separated so long. But the reprieve came too late. The day after the head of the "Ville de Paris" was turned towards England; he rapidly became worse; and in the evening of the same day, March 6, 1810, after having spoken several times of his absent family, and of the doubtful contest in which he was about to leave his country involved, but ever with calmness and perfect resignation to the will of God, he expired in the sixtieth year of his age.

Of the forty-nine years during which he continued in the navy, forty-five were passed in active employment, chiefly abroad. From 1793 till his death in 1810, as we have intimated above, he was only one year in England, the remainder of the time he was employed in tedious blockades, rarely visiting a port; and on one occasion he actually kept the sea for the almost incredible space of twenty-two months, without once dropping his anchor.

Morality and religion, landsmen may think, are not much attended to in the Navy; but Collingwood, being himself a moral and religious man, and moreover deeply sensible of his own responsibility for the wellbeing of his crew, was no less anxious that they should be good men than brave and skilful sailors. He never omitted assembling the crew on Sundays for Divine worship; he allowed no tyrannizing by the officers over the men, no coarse or violent language. It was his daily custom to visit the sick, and to supply them from his own table. The young midshipmen placed under his care were treated by him with parental regard; he attended to their morals and their studies, and examined them in the proficiency they had made regularly once a week. In discipline, cleanliness, and attention to the comfort of his men, his ship was always a model to the rest of the fleet; and all this was effected with an incredibly small amount of punishment, even in those days when the lash was resorted to on every trifling occasion. Sometimes a whole year would pass over without a single man being flogged in his ship; and when so rare an occurrence did happen, he was for many hours after melancholy and silent; sometimes not speaking a word again for the remainder of the day. So popular did this conduct make him with the sailors, that they called him their "father," and frequently when he changed his ship, many of the men were seen in tears at his departure.

Brief and imperfect as this sketch is, we have been led to say more than we intended, by the desire to bring out the character of a man who, being devoted to a profession usually, and perhaps justly, considered liable to make those who pursue it rough and overbearing, became the ornament and admiration of the Navy—on no occasion lost sight of his duty to his country and his dependents—was prominent in battle—never shrunk from any other service to which he was called by duty, however harassing and ignominious—and yet considered it no less a part of his duty to enter, as an affectionate father, into the details of female education. Some of his views on this subject may not be universally approved; but no one whose judgment is worth having can fail to respect them, as emanating from a good heart and a clear head.

The following is an extract from a letter to Lady Collingwood, 1809 :—

"How do the dear girls go on? I would have them taught geometry, which is, of all sciences in the world, the most entertaining; it expands the mind more to the knowledge of all things in nature, and better teaches to distinguish between truths and such things as have the appearance of being truths, yet are not—than any other. Their education, and the proper cultivation of the sense which God has given them, are the objects on which my happiness most depends. To inspire them with a love of everything that is honourable and virtuous, though in rags, and with a contempt for vanity in embroidery, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart. They should not only read, but it requires a careful selection of books; nor should they ever have access to two at the same time: but when a subject is begun, it should be finished before anything else is undertaken. How would it enlarge their minds, if they could acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and astronomy to give them an idea of the beauty and wonders of the creation! I am persuaded that the generality of people, and particularly fine ladies, only adore God because they are told that it is proper, and the fashion to go to church; but I would have my girls gain such a knowledge of the works of the creation, that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of that Being who could be the author of such a world. Whenever they have that, nothing on this side the moon will give them much uneasiness of mind. I do not mean that they should be Stoics, or want the common feelings for the sufferings that flesh is heir to; but they would then have a source of consolation for the worst that could happen."

In July 1809 he thus addressed his eldest daughter :—

"I received your letter, my dearest child, and it made me very happy to find that you and dear Mary are well, and taking pains with your education. The greatest pleasure I have, amidst my toils and troubles, is in the expectation which I entertain of finding you improved in knowledge, and that the understanding which it has pleased God to give you both has been cultivated with care and assiduity. Your future happiness and respectability in the world depend on the diligence with which you apply to the attainment of knowledge at this period of your life, and I hope that no negligence of your own will be a bar to your progress. When I write to you, my beloved child, so much interested am I that you should be amiable, and worthy of the friendship and esteem of good and wise people, that I cannot forbear to second and enforce the instruction which you receive, by admonition of my own, pointing out to you the sweet advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people, on all occasions. It does not follow that you are to coincide and agree in opinion with every ill-judging person; but, after showing them your reason for dissenting from them in opinion, your argument and opposition to it should not be tinged by anything offensive. Never forget for one moment that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and all your actions should mark you gentle. I never knew your mother—your dear, your good mother—say a harsh or a hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavour to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; my sensibility is touched sometimes with a trifle, and my expression of it sudden as gunpowder; but, my darling, it is a misfortune, which not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me much pain. It has, indeed, given me more trouble to subdue this natural impetuosity than anything I ever undertook. I believe that you are both mild; but if ever you feel in your little hearts that you inherit a particle of your father's infirmity, restrain it, and quit the subject that has caused it, until your serenity be recovered. So much for mind and manners; next for accomplishments. No sportsman ever hits a partridge without aiming at it: and skill is acquired by repeated attempts. It is the same thing in every act; unless you aim at perfection, you will never attain it; but frequent attempts will make it easy. Never, therefore, do anything with indifference.

Whether it be to mend a rent in your garment, or finish the most delicate piece of art, endeavour to do it as perfectly as it is possible. When you write a letter, give it your greatest care, that it may be as perfect in all its parts as you can make it. Let the subject be sense, expressed in the most plain, intelligible, and elegant manner that you are capable of. If in a familiar epistle you should be playful and jocular, guard carefully that your wit be not sharp, so as to give pain to any person; and before you write a sentence examine it, even the words of which it is composed, that there be nothing vulgar or inelegant in them. Remember, my dear, that your letter is the picture of your brains; and those whose brains are a compound of folly, nonsense, and impertinence, are to blame to exhibit them to the contempt of the world, or the pity of their friends. To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, with crooked lines, and great flourishing dashes, is inelegant; it argues either great ignorance of what is proper, or great indifference towards the person to whom it is addressed, and is consequently disrespectful. It makes no amends to add an apology for having scrawled a sheet of paper—of bad pens, for you should mend them—or want of time, for nothing is more important to you, or to which your time could more properly be devoted. I think I can know the character of a lady pretty nearly by her handwriting. The dashers are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others; and the scribblers flatter themselves with the vain hope that, as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for sense. I am very anxious to come to England, for I have lately been unwell. The greatest happiness which I expect there is to find that my dear girls have been assiduous in their learning."

We must content ourselves with extracts from another addressed to his daughters, a few months afterwards:—

"God Almighty has impressed on every heart a certain knowledge of right and wrong, which we call conscience. No person ever did a kind, a benevolent, a humane, or charitable action, without feeling a consciousness that it was good: it creates a pleasure in the mind that nothing else can produce; and this pleasure is the greater from the act which causes it being veiled from the eye of the world. It is the delight such as angels feel when they wipe away the tear from affliction, or warm the heart with joy. On the other hand, no person ever did or said an ill-natured, an unkind, or mischievous thing, who did not, in the very instant, feel that he had done wrong. This kind of feeling is a natural monitor, and never will deceive if true regard be paid to it; and one good rule which you should ever bear in mind, and act up to as much as possible, is, never to say anything which you may afterwards wish unsaid, or do what you may afterwards wish undone.

"There are many hours in every person's life which are not spent in anything important; but it is necessary that they should not be passed idly. Those little accomplishments, as music and dancing, are intended to fill up the hours of leisure, which would otherwise be heavy on you. Nothing wearies me more than to see a young lady at home, sitting with her arms across, or twisting her thumbs, for want of something to do. Poor thing! I always pity her, for I am sure her head is empty, and that she has not the sense even to devise the means of pleasing herself."

Lord Collingwood, we think, could scarcely have expressed juster views on a subject so little understood and so much neglected, had he divided his time between the university and the drawing-room, instead of devoting it to the training of sailors, and protecting his country from foreign invasion.

C. A. J.

## HOME TALES.—No. XIII.

## SUSAN LENNARD; OR, IT WILL COME OUT.

It is a sad sight to watch the downward steps of a human being in the career of vice; but when the virtuous suddenly cast themselves from their high estate, we are at once startled and shocked, while a lesson of humility and of the frailness of our nature is brought home to us in its most painful form. It is an awful and a necessary charge that bids "him that thinketh that he stands take care lest he fall," vain as it may seem to some: awful, because it warns us of our insecurity; necessary, because we are taught by daily experience that our heart within, and the enemy of souls without, are ever laying snares for us, which nothing but the special grace of God can at all times enable us to escape.

There was not a girl in the parish of Overton to compare with Susan Lennard. She had the sweetest temper, the gentlest disposition, the tenderest heart of any of her age. She had also good sense, good manners; she was very active, very industrious, and always cheerful; while in look few indeed could vie with her. The last of a large family, and born as one out of time, she was much younger than any of her brothers and sisters. She had been their plaything, a favourite with all connected with the school, and was held by her companions as their example and their guide.

By the time she was sixteen her parents had become advanced in years and incapable of earning much. Susan's activity and diligence, however, supplied their loss of strength; and, young as she was, they were mainly indebted to her for their support. She toiled, and toiled hard; but this did not trouble her; she was loved and respected, and her happy looks told how blessed a thing it is to walk even in the roughest paths of duty. Had she been inclined to marry, she might have been a wife at a very early age; but she showed no such desire, to the great joy of her father, though he owned that the man who could win her from her home was to be envied; and whenever the misconduct of another girl was conveyed to him, he would cry, in the pride of his heart, "Look at my Susan!"

Her home was indeed a pretty one; none in the village could rival the neatness and comfort that prevailed within it, or the beauty of the situation without. In the summer it was sheltered from the heat by lofty and verdant trees, which equally shielded it in the winter from the rough winds of the north; while the little garden in front was as gay with flowers as that behind was well stocked with vegetables.

Susan had hitherto been the picture of health, the life of her companions, the merriest of the merry things that sported on the green turf of her native village. All at once, however, her colour faded and her strength declined, and a severe fit of sickness followed. It was then that she reaped the advantage of her good conduct. Her superiors, as well as her equals, vied with each other in showing her all the kindness, and rendering her all the assistance, of which she stood in need. Hers was a disposition to struggle with disease, and, to a certain degree, to overcome it. Present danger passed away, but a delicacy of constitution was left that rendered an active life no longer possible. Needlework was now supplied her in abundance, and she was instructed in the art



of dressmaking. Such unusual interest for one of her station provoked indeed the envy, and drew forth the harsh speeches of a few. Susan knew it; for there are always listeners ready to report what is worthless and idle in itself, if it be likely to give pain to the hearer. This was but a faint drop of bitterness in her happy cup, and Susan was too grateful either to resent or to heed it.

Among her most valuable friends was the clergyman of the parish. Susan had always taken great delight in his instructions, nor had Mr. Harris felt less pleasure in teaching her. He had been particularly kind to her in her illness, and had earnestly endeavoured to make that illness in every way advantageous to her. She had barely recovered from its severity when he was presented to a living several miles distant from Overton. His parting words to Susan were those of exhortation to continue to walk in "the light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" and by perseverance in well-doing to make herself "meet for the inheritance of the saints in heaven." Susan wept as she watched his retreating steps, nor was he unmoved when he bade her good-bye.

Two years had barely passed away, when Mr. Harris was travelling so near Overton that he determined on paying it a visit. Making no inquiry at the inn where he left his horse, he walked hastily to Lennard's cottage, happy himself in the thought of the pleasure he was about to convey. He reached the little gate that opened into the front garden. To his surprise it was hanging off its hinges, and was fastened with a piece of cord. It was midsummer, but no flowers were in bloom; on every side rank weeds alone presented themselves. The white rose-bush, from which the finest rose had often been gathered for him, was in full blow, and the lavender was bristled with its fragrant spikes, but the bramble was growing between them, and the briony encircled them in its embrace. Desolation was stamped on all; and as he walked down the pathway, in which once not a blade of grass was suffered to grow, he could scarcely, in many places, perceive the pebbles with which it was paved. He felt prepared for some tale of woe; and it was with foreboding heart that he opened the door as usual, and entered. What a contrast presented itself to all that had formerly gladdened his heart! The old couple sat where he had been used to see them, meanly clad, and sorrowful in countenance; and the cottage, if not dirty, was not, as before, either tidy or cheerful. "Why, Lennard," cried Mr. Harris, advancing, "what is the meaning of this? where is Susan?" But Lennard was either deaf, or pretended to be so. He simply arose and placed a chair for his visitor, who, turning to the wife, repeated his question. Her tears were flowing fast. "What! don't you know, sir?" said she, wringing her hands; "I thought everybody had heard of it—it made talk enough, to be sure." "To the point, my good woman," said he. "That ever I should have to tell such a story of such a girl!" sobbed she; "she—she—" "She has brought shame on herself and on us," cried the old man sternly; "she has broken our hearts." "But her own poor heart was broken first," exclaimed the mother eagerly; "she could not bear it—she is dead—it is true," continued she, observing the varying colour on Mr. Harris's cheek; "she died in the union; I have not seen the baby—my husband won't let me."

Lennard groaned, and for the first time turned his face towards Mr. Harris, with an intent, probably, to defend himself against any

charge of unkindness. In doing this he caught sight of the moisture that glistened in the eyes of Mr. Harris. In a moment he was overcome, and covering his face with his coat-sleeve, he wept sorely. "He's never done that before," whispered his wife. "Then take no notice of him," replied Mr. Harris; "I will see you by-and-by:" and so saying he silently left the cottage. He felt oppressed, and lingered at the gate to breathe the fresh air. "You have heard the sad story, sir?" said a respectable person, once well known to him, advancing from the opposite cottage. "I know but little," returned he; "how was it?" "You know almost as much as any of us, I dare say," said the other. "There never was a tale against the poor girl, never anything in her conduct to make us suppose she was altered; she was never seen in company with any one; but all at once her spirits were gone, and she was the picture of misery. That did not open our eyes. The fact came upon us like a thunder-clap: nobody could wring a word from her. Her father was as harsh to her as he had been kind before; her best friends turned their back upon her, and mouths were opened wide upon her shame that would not have dared a few weeks before to breathe a word to her discredit. All deserted her; work she had none; want and woe, sickness and sorrow, came together and crushed her to the earth: there was nothing left her but the union—no home at last but a parish grave!"

Mr. Harris could make no reply: he walked hastily away to hide his emotion. The mellow song of the blackbird first aroused him, and he paused to listen to it as he had been wont. "Poor girl!" sighed he; "and thy song was once as joyous as that bird's; thy heart as guileless as his! Alas! who shall answer for the continuance of any one's well-doing, and how awful is a fall like this! Truly thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, and thy punishment has been, no doubt, the sorer thereby. It is just, it is meet, ay, merciful, fearful as is the thought, that they who know their Lord's will and disobey it should be chastised the more severely. Dreadful effects of sin! Oh! that others might take warning by thee, and learn from thy untimely fate to treasure innocence while yet it is theirs."

Ill health compelled Mr. Harris a few years afterwards to change his residence, and he now lived a short distance from Overton. As he was one day strolling down the village, he passed by the grounds of a market-gardener. Ansell bore a respectable character, and was in a large way of business. He was a married man, and had had three children, two of whom were dead. He was standing by his gate as Mr. Harris approached. "Good evening," said the latter. Ansell raised his hat. The expression of sadness on his countenance was too striking to escape notice, and Mr. Harris so kindly framed his inquiries as to draw from him the cause of his dejection. His little boy was dangerously ill, and his wife, he feared, would sink under the effects of her fatigue and anxiety. For some days Mr. Harris continued to call. Ansell spoke to him in the garden, and seemed to be sensible of the kindness of his inquiries; but he never asked him to go into the house, although Mr. Harris intimated that he should be happy to do so if it was agreeable to him. Not finding him one evening in the grounds, as usual, Mr. Harris ventured to knock gently at the door of the house. Ansell himself opened it. "Come in, sir," said he, hardly aware, probably, of what he was saying, for the next moment he turned his back towards him, while he groaned, "My child is dying." Mr. Harris approached the

cradle, which was in the room. "Let us pray to God in its behalf," said he; "it is our duty to commend its spirit into the hands of its Heavenly Father, and it is the last kind act that we can now do for it."

All followed the action that accompanied these words, and knelt. Ansell's eyes were bent intently upon his child; his attitude was that of prayer, but every thought was engrossed by the babe. Suddenly it opened its eyes, and appeared to fix them upon its father. To one unaccustomed to such spectacles, that look might well have seemed to convey a particular meaning. It then stretched its little hands towards him, a universal tremor shook its feeble frame, then not a muscle moved; the spirit had fled, and all was still. Ansell uttered a deep groan as the fact was declared, and dropped his head upon the side of the cradle.

The child was buried, but Mr. Harris did not discontinue his visits. He saw that Ansell was depressed to an unusual degree, and he was anxious at once to administer to his comfort, and to improve the opportunity still further; for he was aware that, though the man bore a good moral character, he did not lead a religious life. Mr. Harris took great interest in a garden. One day, as he and Ansell were walking together, the former stopped short and drew the attention of his companion to the extreme beauty of an apple-tree then in full blossom. He looked at it in silence. "Is it not lovely?" cried Mr. Harris. "What a promise of fruit is there!" A sigh from Ansell made him turn. There was an expression on his countenance that he was unable to define. He seemed to be labouring under a feeling to which he was unable to give utterance. He grasped the bough of a tree, and fixing his eye on Mr. Harris, repeated, "Promise of fruit! right, right; but mind me, sir, that will be all. Come in the autumn; take a view of my orchard then; there will be nothing to surprise you, if the experience of the last years is to be trusted. Pears, plums, all alike, white now as a sheet with blossoms, no blight to be seen; but if they yield an average crop it will be the utmost. Cast your eyes on the vegetables; you'll say, as you have often done, that you never saw any so healthy and luxuriant; but, I tell you, I shall not take a greater supply at last to market than my neighbours, nor will mine be finer than theirs." "And why not?" asked Mr. Harris, surprised. "Why not!" repeated he still more bitterly; "because *she* is a curse on all that belongs to me. Everywhere promise, but it is only to mock me. Fruit-trees and vegetables, wife and children, all, all are under the curse I have brought upon them. You saw my babe's dying look? I understood it. It told me he was punished for my sake; and these mute things have a tongue to speak to me, and say the same. "Explain yourself," said Mr. Harris. "Gladly," returned he. "I am weary of a misery I can breathe to no one. You knew Susan Lennard?" Mr. Harris started. "I had a rich uncle living at Overton; he promised to do much for me, and I often went to see him. Susan was employed by the females in his house. I saw her, and was—a villain. Poor thing! I told her it would be my ruin if she gave me up as the author of her shame; and for my sake, worthless as I was, she kept the secret. I was so alarmed, however, that I married directly a wife of my uncle's choosing. From that hour all has gone wrong with me. I blasted a blossom that, but for me, might have borne lasting fruit of peace and virtue, and the blight of my sin has followed me ever since. Talk of there being no God, or that he takes no heed of men's ways! there is a God—a searching, just, and awful God. I read

Him there, everywhere; read how He sees, and marks, and punishes. I feel Him here—here in my own heart; and neither the tongue of men nor of angels can gainsay this terrible truth—there is no peace for the wicked, let his sin be ever so secret, ever so little suspected.”

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## FACTS AND CURIOSITIES ABOUT RAILWAYS.

BUT a few years have elapsed since railways were denounced as dangerous speculations. The works of a proposed line of railway—now a main artery of commerce—were prophetically made over to the antiquary, and ruined arches and viaducts were to dot its course. Clouds of smoke were to soil the fleeces of our sheep, and either to kill our pheasants and partridges, or to float over fields from which they had been driven away in terror. Valuable horses were to become almost invaluable from their scarcity, whilst eight million acres of oat-growing land were to be turned into a state of nature. A celebrated engineer was declared to be a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum, because he asserted that it would not be difficult to make a locomotive traverse fifteen of twenty miles in an hour.

But before we smile at these things, let us reflect that we ourselves, perhaps, hold opinions or prejudices which will appear extremely absurd to those who come after us. This reflection may moderate our mirth, and teach us a valuable lesson upon the liability to err to which we are all subject.

The first railway—to use the word in its popular sense—was between Liverpool and Manchester. It was opened on the 15th of September 1830. The wonder and excitement which attended its early history are still remembered, without doubt, by multitudes. Whilst the works were going forward, it had to be decided whether horses, stationary engines, or locomotives, should be employed as the moving power. The advertisement for an engine which was to travel not less than ten miles an hour with its load, to draw three times its own weight, which was limited to six tons, to make no smoke, to be worked at a pressure never greater than fifty pounds to the inch, and to be not more than fifteen feet in height, was a target for the arrows of ridicule.

To obtain a level course is one of the main objects in constructing a railroad. On the London and Birmingham Railway, notwithstanding many descents, the traveller is three hundred and thirty feet higher than he was when he started, after he has gone thirty miles. On the Birmingham and Gloucester line there is an ascent of one yard in thirty-seven and a half, which is mounted by the aid of an additional engine. This gradient continues for more than two miles. For seventeen miles on the South-Western line the inclination is one in two hundred and fifty.

In the excavation of the Tring cutting, on the London and Birmingham Railway, no less than one million four hundred thousand cubic yards of chalk were removed; or, in other words, as much as would have formed a solid cubical block more than one hundred and eleven yards high.

Chat Moss is a noted spot in the geography of railways. This bog was too soft to be safely walked upon, and in some places an iron rod would sink by its own weight. An embankment twenty feet high was swallowed up after it had been laid some distance across this morass,

and thousands of tons of earth were buried in it before a solid foundation could be obtained. Hurdles interwoven with heath were deposited at the softest part, and upon them the earth and gravel for the railway were laid.

After an embankment had been formed at Wolverhampton it began to smoke, and then to emit a small flame, which could be seen rising from it at night. Some persons expected an explosion. But after baking itself and burning the sleepers, the embankment ceased to burn. Chemical causes were found to have produced this phenomenon.

Tunnels are a marked feature in railways. One on the Sheffield and Manchester Railway is more than three miles in length. Above one hundred and fifty-seven tons of gunpowder were consumed in blasting during its excavation. The Kilsby tunnel pierced a vast quicksand, which burst into it. The engines pumped away eighteen hundred gallons a minute for eight months. Thirty-five million of bricks line this tunnel: it would be curious to compute how many houses of moderate size these would build.

The railway between the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia is intersected by the Susquehanna, which often seriously hinders the steam ferry-boat in winter by accumulations of ice. In the winter of 1851-52, this difficulty was overcome by the formation of a temporary railway over the ice for goods, and a sledge-road for passengers. The cars were towed by ropes.

The prize engine, to the advertisement for which we have already alluded, weighed six tons. Locomotives now weigh from thirty to forty. An engine belonging to the Great Western Company—a favourable example of their engines—weighed thirty-five tons. Its tender weighed eighteen tons when carrying a ton and a half of coke and sixteen hundred gallons of water. It is said that this engine has drawn a hundred and twenty tons at the speed of sixty miles an hour; but its ordinary rate is twenty-nine miles an hour with ninety tons. Its usual consumption is twenty-one pounds of coke a mile. Its power is equal to that of seven hundred and forty-three horses. The "Liverpool"—a narrow-gauge engine—is said to be of eleven hundred and forty horse power.

A cannon-ball at its greatest speed flies only four times as fast as an express train going seventy-five miles an hour. At this speed the steam enters and quits the cylinder twenty times in a second, and the piston-rod darts backwards and forwards twenty times also. The driving-wheels, eight feet in diameter, turn round five times every second, and the engine rushes over a space of thirty-five yards in the same brief period. Let us take a train going at the rate of seventy miles an hour—a speed not uncommon in the Great Western expresses. If the driving-wheels of the engine be seven feet in diameter, they must spin round five times in a second, in which brief period they dash over thirty-five yards. Now there are two cylinders, from which there must be twenty discharges of steam in every second.

It is computed that not less than six hundred tons of iron are required for every mile of railroad, and the net cost of this on the North-Western line is about 2,035*l*. Twenty years is assigned as the probable time of wear of this permanent way, or, in other words, about three hundred and sixty-five thousand trains will pass over the rails before they are worn out.

It was stated a few years ago that a locomotive consists of five thousand

four hundred and sixteen pieces; and we should imagine that any improvements since made have not materially affected this number.

The broad gauge gives a width of seven feet between the rails, and of course requires longer-axled carriages than the narrow gauge, whose rails are but four feet eight inches and a half apart. In January 1846, the Astronomer Royal and Professor Barlow made experiments, which resulted in a recommendation that the narrow gauge should be universally enforced in all public railways then under construction or hereafter to be constructed in Great Britain; but the Board of Trade did not adopt this recommendation.

American railways have cost about 7,000*l.* a mile; which is but a small fraction of the English average. The cheapness of land, the simple mode of construction, and the adoption, in most cases, of a single line of rails, some of which are merely plates of iron nailed to wooden sleepers, account for this difference. The carriages are from fifty to sixty feet in length, with seats placed crosswise on each side of an open central space. The doors, which are at the end, afford a means of passing throughout the entire length of the train, by means of iron plates which cross the spaces between the carriages. A compartment, fitted up with washing apparatus, is reserved for females, at the end of every carriage. A stove is employed to warm the vehicle.

Continental railways are too extensive a topic for us to handle. All Europe will be interlaced with these highways of trade, we trust, in a few years; and ere some of our readers have passed away from this busy and ever-changing scene, India will not improbably be covered with a network of railways, and many a pioneer of commerce may be darting into the recesses of China, to return laden with the treasures of that long closed land.

A passenger-engine was standing in the engine stable at the Camden station of the London and North-Western Railway. The fire burnt more rapidly than was anticipated, and the engine went through the fourteen-inch brick wall of the building: a striking example of the vast power of the locomotive. "And if such be the irresistible power of the locomotive engine," says the writer to whom we are indebted for this fact, "when feebly walking in its new-born state, unattended or unassisted even by its tender, is it not appalling to reflect what must be its momentum when, in the full vigour of its life, it is flying down a steep gradient at the rate of fifty miles an hour, backed up by, say, thirty passenger-carriages, each weighing on an average five and a half tons?"

A luggage-truck or waggon will last, it is said, about twelve years.

The annual consumption at the Wolverton refreshment-rooms of the London and North-Western Railway averaged, a few years ago—

|                          |                             |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 182,560 Banbury cakes.   | 1,095 quarts of cream.      |
| 56,940 Queen cakes.      | 17,520 bottles of lemonade. |
| 29,200 pates.            | 35,040   "   soda water.    |
| 36,500 lbs. of flour.    | 70,080   "   stout.         |
| 13,140   "   butter.     | 35,040   "   ale.           |
| 2,920   "   coffee.      | 17,520   "   ginger beer.   |
| 43,800   "   meat.       | 730   "   port.             |
| 5,110   "   currants.    | 3,650   "   sherry.         |
| 1,277   "   tea.         | 730   "   gin.              |
| 5,840   "   loaf-sugar.  | 731   "   rum.              |
| 5,110   "   moist sugar. | 3,660   "   brandy.         |
| 16,425 quarts of milk.   |                             |

To which eighty-five pigs must be added, and, we presume, a certain quantity of butcher's meat for sandwiches. Some items in the above list we should have been glad to have seen absent.

To avoid difficulties caused by the multiplicity of railways, the clearing system was established. At a central house in London, the mutual liabilities of different lines are arranged, so that the payment of the balances due from one company to another prevents the complex transactions which would otherwise be necessary. This system is practised daily by bankers who employ it for the settlement of their claims upon one another.

Railway insurance is another curious and instructive feature in the history of steam locomotion. Threepence will insure the sum of 1000*l.* to the friends of a first-class traveller who may be killed on his journey, be it long or short; twopence ensures 500*l.* for a second-class traveller; and a penny secures 200*l.* to the third-class traveller. There are other particulars in the system which we cannot stop to detail.

We will conclude with an extract from a source to which we are indebted for some of our facts—

“The needs and purposes of trade were never so promptly subserved as now, notwithstanding the prophetic warnings to the contrary. The number of horses remains undiminished, and on most of our canals business has increased and not decayed. Are the London markets over-supplied? Straightway the excess is forwarded by rail to Birmingham, Manchester, or other great centres of provincial population; and tons of vegetables, fruit, eggs, poultry, or fish, which in one place would have perished, form an acceptable supply to hundreds of willing customers in another. The produce of remote agricultural districts has now a value altogether unanticipated a few years ago, and nature's redundant bounties are beneficially distributed. The mineral produce of Yorkshire and the midland counties is now poured into new and wider markets; and the inhabitant of London, as well as of other towns, hitherto supplied with fuel at a high cost, now saves one-third in the price of the coals he consumes. And to a still greater extent is social intercourse promoted. Hundreds of thousands who, twenty years since, had scarcely ventured beyond earshot of the bells of their native village, have now travelled to the county town—to London, that cynosure of the rural eye—or have visited all their friends within a hundred miles; while the dwellers in the noisy city, in the busy marts of trade, have traversed the land hither and thither, viewing the wonders of art with enchanted eye, and the wonders of nature with thankful spirit; and have experienced the gladness of feeling which fair landscapes and fresh breezes never fail to inspire. Without railways the Great Exhibition would have been a mere local show; now millions of spectators, gathered from all lands, have seen the marvellous spectacle, and returned to their homes scarcely less astonished at the rapid locomotion of their journey, than at the results of collected industry. Without railways, too, postal reform was a bird without wings. What printing did for the grand truths of the fifteenth century was done for brotherhood and commerce by railways in the nineteenth. Unlimited capabilities for the transmission of correspondence are now afforded to the mail service: 347,000,000 letters were conveyed and delivered in 1850—an almost fivefold increase since 1839. With a celerity and regularity not less remarkable than beneficent, the orders of government, calls of trade, messages of love and friendship, tidings of joy and sorrow, of all the hopes and aims, doubts and fears, which actuate a family or community, are despatched to every county and to every town and village in the land, verifying on the grandest scale the truth that all is ‘toil co-operant to an end.’”

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

**A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

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**PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,**

**BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,**

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**A SOLDIER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF INCIDENTS IN  
KAFIRLAND.—No. II.**



**ENO, THE KAFIR CHIEF.**

Eno's kraal, or great place, was situated in a lovely spot, waving with Indian corn in all its feathery grace. Ere we entered the hamlet, the chief's counsellors advanced to ask us if we brought news from the Inkosi Inkolu; but we replied we had merely come to visit the great chief. We then learned that Eno was extremely ill, but were soon told that he desired to see us, and we made our way to his hut—a habitation resembling a huge beehive, about fifteen feet in diameter and seven or eight feet high, the framework of which was thatched with a coarse, long grass, and supported by two or three stout poles; the door was formed of wicker-work; the floor made of broken anthills, wetted and pounded quite fine, then spread, dried, polished, and smeared with cow-



dung. All this is done by women. In cold weather a fire is lit in a hole formed in the centre of the hut, and when cooling is required, three stones are so placed as to support an iron pot, the smoke finding vent through the door. So dense was the smoke in Eno's hut that after creeping into it through the low doorway, we could at first see nothing; but after awhile we discerned the venerable and good old chief, for he had long been a faithful ally to the British government, lying on a mat, with a kaross over him.

The last time I had seen him, some months previously, had been at a large meeting of Kafir chiefs at Fort Peddie. Now the hand of death was evidently upon him; but though much emaciated he was the wreck of a superb man. He was upwards of ninety years of age: this had been gathered from circumstances connected with dates of former governorships, for Kafirs scarcely ever know their ages. Raising himself up in a sitting position, one of his wives leaning behind him to support him, he recognised the voice of Captain W—— at once, and beckoned to him to approach. Having known that officer for many years, the aged chief kissed his hand with much respect. With Eno's permission we then summoned the interpreter, and through him the chief asked many questions.

He desired to know if our great chief (the Queen) had sent to inquire after him: the only answer we could give him was, that we were sure Her Majesty wished all the chiefs well as long as they were friendly like him; for many years he had advised his people and the neighbouring tribes to keep faith with England.

While he was speaking, Stock crept into the hut, and, going up to the aged chief, shook hands with him. Eno looked up and smiled, evidently pleased to see his son, and turning to us said, this was his heir, and he hoped we would be kind to him. Stock then evidently informed his father of our visit to his (Stock's) kraal, as the old man evinced his satisfaction by attempting to imitate the ~~actions~~ of the young warriors on their initiation, and again desired the interpreter to tell us of the pleasure our visit gave him.

During the conversation we took a survey of his dwelling. Several assegais were stuck in the roof, and amongst them was an old-fashioned English sword, the gift of some "great soldier," whose name Eno had forgotten. Rude specimens of English crockery were visible among the gourds and calabashes, and in a gourd near him was his medicine—a decoction of herbs, with some kind of wood scraped into it. Primitive instruments for cupping lay near: these were a knife, flattened and very sharp at the end, and a small horn with a hole in the top. But how the air was exhausted in this machine I could not discover, nor could I understand how any medical attendant could recommend bleeding for so aged and emaciated a creature as Eno.

One of our party gave the chief a new crown-piece, with which he seemed delighted; and soon afterwards some of his wives came in and presented us with some milk, asking at the same time for basella (a present). Luckily we had brought some tobacco with us, and the exchange of gifts having taken place, we rose to go, but the old man would not hear of it, until our horses had had a feed of grass, and "rolled," after being "off-saddled." We told him they had had their "roll" and their feed without their saddles, to which he answered, "Good; now they will carry you home."

All travellers in South Africa halt at certain distances on the journey

for the purpose of resting their cattle. The first step is to "off-saddle:" this done, the animal rolls himself on the grass or in the dust, and rising much refreshed, is "knee-haltered:" this is managed by drawing up one of the fore-legs by means of a reim, or thong, fastened to the animal's head; he is thus prevented from running off, though he may roam to certain limits, and a regular Cape horse on three legs is not always easy to catch, even by a mounted man on a beast free from the ligature. However, knee-haltering is preferable to tethering, and when starting for a journey with the reim knotted to his head-stall, the sagacious creature knows that a good day's work lies before him, and sets out with becoming spirit and resolution.

We were just quitting Eno's kraal when one of his younger sons appeared. This youth was not an agreeable object; he was designated the "white Kafir," from his being, so to speak, piebald. Such phenomena occasionally present themselves in Kafirland: these poor creatures more resemble lepers than anything else, and are looked upon by the rest of the tribe as unsightly and odious in every way. He was indeed a remarkable contrast to his fellows. The Kafir is, generally speaking, a very fine creature—tall, graceful, and perfectly dignified; and though his hair is woolly, his nose sometimes, though not invariably, flat, and his lips thick, yet his head is well set on his shoulders, his teeth perfect in shape and colour, and his eyes large and lustrous; his skin is of a chocolate colour, shining with an unguent of red clay mixed with grease, as a preservative, especially in summer, against the flies and insects. A Kafir thinks it undignified to move these creatures from his face, and you will often see the bronzed cheek studded with flies, no attempt being made to drive them away.

The costume of the Kafir is highly graceful: it consists of a kaross, or mantle, made of the skins of jackals sewn together by the women, whose only working implements are a thorn and the entrails of animals stretched into a fine kind of twine. The kaross of the chiefs is of tiger-skin; and although the Kafirs do not generally bury their dead, their chiefs are usually interred in the kaross.

Before, however, entering into further particulars in these matters, I must add that on bidding Eno farewell he requested us to convey a friendly message to the governor, and wished us good-bye with every demonstration of regard and good will. This aged chief died soon after the breaking out of the war in 1846. On his deathbed he made his son Stock promise to "sit still," and not join in the war against the English; however, Stock disobeyed his father's commands, and in three months joined the war party with his tribe.

As soon as Eno was dead, the Lieutenant-Governor desired the commandant of Fort Peddie to proceed to the chief's kraal with an offer to bury him according to the custom of the English. On the offer being made, Stock seemed much flattered by the proposal, and called a council of his "great men." These decided on declining the compliment paid to their deceased chief, but promised that the body should be interred in a manner as nearly resembling the English custom as possible. They buried him, however, in the cattle-kraal, the ground frequently appropriated to the reception of such honoured remains. When a chief dies, his nearest relatives shave their heads in token of mourning.

A few words more about the Kafir costume. The kaross is worn with the hairy part towards the body in cold weather: in summer the natives living

near the English border sometimes adopt the coloured coverlet manufactured at Manchester; but the custom of the people is to go naked, with the exception of some rings, and occasionally a girdle round the waist, and brass bangles on the wrists. Round the throat is worn a necklace of beads, mingled with wolf's teeth, the latter as charms against evil. The girdle round the waist is usually the "girdle of famine," being worn on long journeys when food may not be readily met with; by tightening the ligature the pangs of hunger are lessened.

A Kafir seldom travels without his bundle of assegais and his knob krierrie—the latter a war-club with a heavy knob at the top. The assegai is about five feet long, being a shaft of wood with a sharp blade at the end (see 'Home Friend,' No. 62). Great skill and grace are exercised in throwing this weapon to the distance of fifty or sixty yards; it is alike the war-spear of the Kafir, and his knife, used in hunting or for the domestic purposes of shaving, cutting up his meat, &c. So unerring is the aim of the



KAFIR WOMAN

Kafir marksman, that I have seen one, at the distance of fifty yards, hurl the point of his weapon into a roll of tobacco fixed to a tree. When engaged at close quarters, they break the shaft of the assegai and use it as a sword.

The women of Kafirland are, when young, rather pretty; some, especially the Tambookies,\* are positively handsome, and all have

\* A race to the north of the frontier. This tribe is considered royal, and alone worthy of giving wives to chiefs. The son of the Tambookie wife is always the heir.

good eyes and teeth. Their dress is of leather, rendered pliable by braiding, as their mode of preparing it is called, and the vandyked bodice is adorned with beads; a heavy buckskin cap, overlaid with beads, covers the head on state occasions, but in general men and women are bareheaded; ample necklaces of beads, wolf's teeth, &c., and innumerable brass bangles, manufactured in Birmingham, adorn the slender wrists of these elegantly-formed women, and in cold weather a leather mantle envelops the figure. When girls reach a marriageable age, a long strap ornamented with brass buttons is appended to the back of the mantle, and this custom appears to bear some reference to the girdle adopted by the Israelitish maidens at the same period of life.

The women perform all the agricultural labour; the young men occupy their time in hunting and stealing from the English settlers; and the old men and boys tend the cattle, which are almost objects of worship with the Kafir, who hoards them as a miser does his gold, adding to his stock whenever he can do so, by foul means or fair.

Kafirs do not keep sheep in general, though they will carry off their neighbours' flocks for food. The goats, which are numerous, are tended by the women, who in war-time carry assegais for the defence of their charge.

It reminds one of what we read of the patriarchal times to see the herds coming homewards from the hills at sunset; some of the women with their calabashes on their heads after drawing water, others grinding corn between two stones, the elder ones preparing the fires for the cooking of the millet, or parched corn, which they boil with milk, and in the season of green corn roasting the fruitful pods before the ashes. The food of these people consists chiefly of corn, milk, water-melons, pumpkins, wild roots, honey, and sometimes locusts; these last they roast. Their beverage is occasionally a species of beer made from honey, and they delight in smoking tobacco, or dagha, a kind of hemp.

The Kafirs have no idea of a Creator, but believe in the agency of evil spirits: in order, therefore, to avert storms, rains, and droughts, they propitiate a class of men called "rain-makers," or "witch-doctors." Although the people have a superstitious dread of these men, who pretend, also, to the gift of prophecy, the chiefs can scarcely be so thoroughly imposed on, for the rain-makers are completely the creatures of the chiefs; and when a poor wretch falls under the displeasure of his chief, the doctor manages to fix the crime of witchcraft upon him, and so causes his property to be confiscated, and the victim tortured to death by a slow fire, his head being smeared with honey to attract the ants, and his limbs bound by thongs.

The Kafirs are very cruel to their sick and aged relatives; and when any one is pronounced to be in a dying state, he is removed to the bush, and left either to sink by degrees from illness or starvation, or to be torn in pieces by wolves or jackals. A mother will constantly bury her children alive; and if the poor things manage to creep out of the grave and return to their unnatural parent, they are reburied. I have heard of the sick and aged recovering while in the bush, to which they have been driven in their extremity. When they come back to the kraal they resume their occupations as though nothing had happened.

Such are some of the incidents in Kafirland: many others may be derived from the language and habits of the people, and from the scenery of their beautiful country.

J. W.

## ANCIENT LONDON.—No. XVIII.



OLD HOUSE IN LITTLE MOORFIELDS.

TEN pair of gallows, which were set up in divers places of the City, viz., Aldgate, Blanchapelon, Grass Street,\* Leadenhall, before each of the City counters, at Newgate, St. Martin's, Aldersgate, and Bishopsgate, promised; in the morning of the day that ended so auspiciously, a short shrift and a long halter. They were placed on wheels, so as to be moved from street to street and from door to door, where it was understood the delinquents were to be executed. But though the factious citizens escaped the peril, they suffered after in being deprived of their favourite May games, and from that evil May-day the great Maypole of St. Andrew's (called Undershaft, from the pole topping the church) hung ungarlanded under the pents of the houses until the third year of the reign of Edward VI., when, upon a disposition to re-exalt it, a fanatic clergyman preached at St. Paul's Cross a discourse, which led to its final doom.

\* Gracechurch Street.

"I heard his sermon," says Stow, "and I saw the effect that followed; for in the afternoone of that present Sunday, the neighbours and tenants to the said bridge (Rochester Bridge in the ward of Lime Street), over whose doore the said shaft had laine, after they had dined, to make themselves strong, gathered more helpe, and with great labour raising the shaft from the hookes (whereon it had rested two-and-thirty yeeres); they sawed it in pieces, every man taking for his share so much as had layne over his doore and stall, the length of his house, and they of the alley divided amongst them so much as had laine over their alley gate. Thus was this idoll (as he termed it) mangled and after burned."

Moorfields continued to maintain its character of the City playground till near the beginning of the present century, being likewise the resort of mountebanks, quack-doctors, and keepers of petty gambling-stalls: and here, it is stated, that Whitfield preached with such effect as "to steal from a neighbouring charlatan the greater part of his numerous admirers, in defiance of the eloquence of the doctor and the witty sallies of his pried attendant."<sup>\*</sup>

The old house represented in the preceding woodcut is a relic of Moorfields in the days of James I.; and to judge by the ornamentation of its stuccoed gables, has been a place of some pretension as a tavern and ordinary, such as were in vogue in the above reign. Originally it stood among a few houses, which at the beginning of the seventeenth century constituted a straggling suburb outside Cripplegate.

To resume the course of the wall after the discursive indulgence of a long holiday among the pastimes of old London. Some remains of the ancient masonry still show themselves in the churchyard-wall of St. Botolph without Bishopsgate. On the opposite side of Bishopsgate Street, an inscription, surmounted by a carving of a mitre, marks the spot where the gate formerly stood. The erection of Bishopsgate has been ascribed to Erkenwald, Bishop of London, in the year 675; but there is no positive record in reference to it dating earlier than the year 1210, when it is mentioned in a deed connected with the sale, by William Blund to the wardens of London Bridge, of certain lands identified as lying without Bishopsgate. Again, in 1285, it is mentioned in a charter of the neighbouring hospital of St. Mary. In the reign of Henry III. the merchants of the Steel Yard, in consideration of valuable privileges, undertook to keep this gate in repair, and to provide for its defence as often as it should be assaulted by enemies to the city. It was rebuilt under their charge in the year 1479, and the new edifice was adorned with several statues. Over the south entrance was a mitred figure, supposed to have represented Erkenwald. On the north side, a figure, distinguished by a shaven chin from the other, which wore the long beard of the Saxon prelates, was understood to be William, the Norman bishop, who obtained for the citizens in 1067 the charter from the Conqueror, in confirmation of the privileges enjoyed by them under Edward the Confessor. On either side of this figure was that of a Saxon king—the one supposed to represent Alfred, and the other that of his son-in-law Baldred, whom he appointed custodian of the city.

Bishopsgate, which had long been in a ruinous state, was rebuilt as late as 1781. A fact noticed by Dr. Mills on the removal of the wall contiguous to this gate—viz., that the foundations of the former were upwards of four feet deeper than those of the latter—indicates that the

\* Permanent.

gate had not been one of those contemporary with the original wall of the city. From this spot London Wall was continued in a south-easterly direction between Houndsditch and Camomile Street and Bevis Marks, its course being indicated by a slight elevation of the ground, and fragments of the masonry are still to be traced in the cellars of some of the houses that stand upon its course.

Aldgate, the next in succession, is understood to have been so designated as the eald, or old, gate from its antiquity, as one of the original gates of the city, in connection with the vicinal way, which is presumed to have met the Prætorian way at the point where the *trajectus*, or ferry, communicated with the opposite side of the Thames. This gate is referred to in a charter of Edgar, granting to the association called Knighton Guild, certain lands bounded on the west by Eald Gate—a token of the antique designation of this portal as early as the middle of the tenth century. Like Queenhythe, it was appropriated as a demesne of the Queen Consort, as appears by a grant of Matilda, wife to Henry I., to the priory of the Holy Trinity, which gives to this establishment all the *soke* or franchise, and all customs belonging to the port of Aldgate. Nightingale Lane, East Smithfield—a corruption of Knighton Guild Lane—is an existing memorial of the locality of the above-mentioned fraternity. This society was composed of thirteen distinguished knights, who, for good service to the king and realm, prayed the king to grant them a certain portion of land on the east verge of the city, then lying waste and deserted on account of the heavy service exacted of the former occupants. The plea of the knights was admitted on condition that they, each of them, should victoriously accomplish three combats—one above the ground, one under ground, and the third in the water—all of which they fulfilled; but we are not enlightened as to the manner of the gnome-like part of the performance under ground. After this they maintained a course with spears against all comers in East Smithfield, with great honour to themselves.

Their bounds included all the ground now occupied by East Smithfield and St. Katherine's Docks, and extended northwards to Bishopsgate, taking in both sides of Aldgate as far as the Bars. On the south they held a jurisdiction of as much of the Thames as could be compassed by a horseman riding into the river at low water as far as he might, and throwing a spear or lance, whose pitch determined the river boundary. The ward of Portsoken\* now represents the jurisdiction of the ancient guild, whose members in 1115 surrendered all their lands and *soke* to the priory of the Holy Trinity; in right of which assignment the prior of that house was admitted to be an alderman of the city, which right was continued until the dissolution of the priory, when the representation of the ward fell into secular hands.

In 1215 the barons, arrayed against King John, proceeded from their camp at Ware, and entered the city at Aldgate, taking possession of the gate. They then rifled the religious houses within the gate, and in their impartiality fell to demolishing the houses of the Jews of Aldgate—a neighbourhood still haunted by the tenacious Israelites. To fortify the gate, whose ruinous condition had probably afforded them a ready access to the city, they took the materials of the dilapidated tenements for its repair, and it appears to have been entirely reconstructed at this time,

\* The *soke* or franchise of the gate—i.e. Aldgate.

being strongly arched, with bulwarks of Caen stone and the small Flanders tile, then introduced as building materials.

The city was again assaulted at this point in the reign of Edward IV., by the bastard Falconbridge, after being repulsed on the Thames' side by the bravery of the citizens. He had likewise attempted in vain to force the gates of Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, and Aldersgate; and here he succeeded only so far as to fall into a snare, for the portcullis being dropped, those who had obtained entrance were cut off and slain, and the citizens having got reinforcements from the Tower, sallied forth in pursuit of the others, slaying and taking prisoners to their entire discomfiture, their leader being compelled to take ship and effect a precipitate escape. Edward, whose policy favoured the citizens, took occasion to distinguish their good service by conferring the honour of knighthood upon the mayor, John Stocton, the recorder, and twelve of the aldermen, the public-spirited John Crosbie being one of the number.

In 1607, Aldgate was rebuilt by the famous Martin Bond, who was commander of the camp at Tilbury when this country was threatened by the Spanish Armada. In digging for the foundations at this time, several Roman coins were found under the gate, and two of them were imitated in carved medallions for the decoration of the new edifice. The ancient building was one of the seven double gates, having two portcullises. The succeeding erection was a single gate, with a postern for foot passengers; but in 1734 a second postern was added. A statue of James I. appeared on the east side of the gate, in gilt armour, with a lion and chained unicorn, couchant, at his feet; on the west side was a gilt figure of Fortune seated on a globe, with a prosperous sail swelling over her head, under which device were the royal arms, with the motto, "Dieu et mon Droit—Vivat Rex;" on the south side was the emblem of Peace, bearing in one hand a dove, and a gilt wreath in the other; and on the north the emblem of Charity. Over the arch was inscribed—

"Senatus Populusque Londinensis  
fecit 1609

Humfrey Weld Mayor."

The upper battlements displayed two armed figures in threatening attitude.

The Lord Mayors' carvers had the use of the apartments over the gate; afterwards they were let to the charity-school founded by Sir John Tash. When this gate was finally demolished, some features of it were preserved by being built into a house at Bethnal Green.

From Aldgate the wall ran direct towards the Tower, Goodman's Fields lying eastward outside the wall. Of these fields, Stow informs us, in his homely way, "one Trolop, and afterwards Goodman, were the farmers there," the fields being a farm "belonging to the said nunrie (St. Clare); at the which time I myself," says he, "in my youth have fetched manye a halfe peny worth of milk, and never had less than three ale pints for a halfe peny in the summer, nor less than one ale quart for a halfe peny in the winter, alwaies hot from the kine."\*

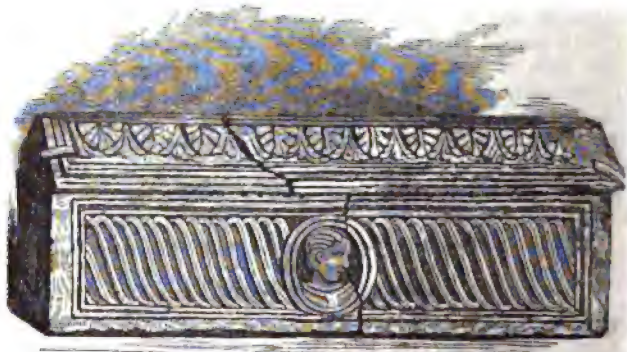
The abbey of the sisters Minoreesses of St. Mary, of the order of St. Clare, was founded by licence, bearing date the twenty-first of Edward I., for the reception of certain nuns brought here by Blanch, Queen of Navarre. A charter of the ninth of Edward II. quits them of tallage, on account of their lands and tenements in the city of London. In another charter of

\* Survaie.



the fourteenth of Edward II., they are confirmed in certain messuages belonging to them in the Vintry, in Wood Street, Lad Lane, Old Fish Street, Lombard Street, Christchurch Street, and Shurburgh Lane, being the gifts of "divers well-affected persons." In the first of Henry IV., the manor of Apeldercome was granted to the prioress, and in the twenty-second of Henry VI. a messuage called the Herteshorne, in the parish of St. Mary Matfelon, was added by Nicholas Walshe. After the dissolution, the house was given to John Clark, Bishop of Bath and Wells, for his residence, and he was buried in the church of the Minorites, but his remains were afterwards translated to the church at Aldgate, where there is an inscription in brass to his memory.

In 1552 the house came into possession, by patent from Edward VI., of Henry, Duke of Suffolk. It was then called the Minory House,\* and hence the name of the present street of the Minorites. The church of the Holy Trinity is understood to occupy the site of the Abbey church, and near it was the burial-ground of the nuns of St. Clare. Here some workmen employed in digging foundations for buildings in Haydon Square, in May 1853, came upon a sarcophagus of late Roman workmanship—a vestige of the vast cemetery before described, which stretched eastward of the city. The sarcophagus is five feet two inches in length, two feet



ROMAN SARCOPHAGUS.

in breadth, and three feet in depth. It appears to have been worked into a wall, as the back is quite plain. The face of the sarcophagus is ornamented by a series



of ogee or reeded bands, and in the centre is a medallion of the bust of a youth in relief, the head turned so as to present a profile of marked character and expression. The bust displays the upper folds of a tunic. The lid of the sarcophagus is coped and ornamented with a foliated pattern. The ends of the cist are each carved with a basket containing fruit. The lid was secured by four iron clamps, which appear to have been fixed at a period subsequent to the original use of the sarcophagus. The workmen, imagining the cist to contain treasure, broke the lid by violent means, and thus greatly

\* Cotton MS. Julius, b. 9.

damaged the monument. Within was found a leaden coffin, the lid of which is ornamented with an embossed wheel and reed, pattern in the upper part, and below are two whole and two half lozenges, containing scallop shells. On removing this lid, which had not been soldered, were found bones, pronounced by a medical gentleman who examined the skull, &c., to have been those of a child not exceeding the age of eight years.

Near the spot where the sarcophagus was found, a third brass coin of Valens was picked up. This fine relic of Roman London is now deposited in the British Museum. A considerable vestige of London Wall still exists at the back of the houses in America Crescent on the west side of the Minories. In this aspect it presents a mass of regular masonry, with indications of some openings, which have subsequently been filled up. The inner side of the wall forms the back of the hemp warehouse belonging to Mr. Atkinson. Here the wall is preserved in its entire elevation, being crowned by a parapet, leaving a space of three feet of the interior thickness as a covered stand for the defenders. The warehouse is divided by three floors, the first of which is raised about four feet from the ground, and conceals the base of the wall. Immediately above this floor are some irregular insertions of Roman tile.



REMAINS OF LONDON WALL NEAR TRESEY SQUARE.

The accompanying view is from the second floor. Here are two arched recesses, or rather openings, for the backs have been filled up with rubble masonry, which accounts for the appearance on the outside as seen from America Crescent. Those arches are about five feet wide, splaying inward. The most perfect of those openings is formed of a keyed arch, seemingly of the fifteenth century. It is not easy to determine for what purpose they may have been intended, whether they had been planned as

embrasures for cannon which were to be planted upon a stage at this level, or otherwise opened for the purpose of windows to some building formerly connected with the wall. The face in which these openings appear is composed of ragged stones, chalk, and flint, partially repaired with modern brickwork.

Close to this vestige is the site of the house of Crutched Friars, part of which is now occupied by Milbourne's Almshouses. The Crutched,



MILBOURNE'S ALMSHOUSES.

Crotched, or Crossed Friars—*Frates Sanctæ Crucis*—was an order assembled by Gerard, Prior of St. Mary de Morello, at Bologna. They appeared here in 1244, somewhat in the manner of the beggar in 'Gil Blas,' who solicited alms from behind a blunderbuss, declaring their privilege, from the Pope, of exemption from being reproached by anybody, and that they had power to excommunicate those who should presume to reprove them. They claimed of the opulent a house to live in; and two citizens, Ralph Hosier and Walter Sabernes, had the complaisance not only to provide for them, but likewise to take up their badge—at first an iron cross, which the friars carried in hand, but afterwards exchanged for one of silver. In like manner their frock, which originally was grey,

was changed for one of a blue colour, on which was worked a cross of red stuff.

After the Dissolution, their house was granted by Henry VIII. to Sir Thomas Wyat—Anthony Wood's delight of the Muses, the friend and brother in poetry of Henry, Earl of Surrey—who built a mansion on part of its site. This house was afterwards the residence of John, Lord Lumley, a distinguished warrior at the battle of Flodden Field.

The hall of the friars came into use as a manufactory of drinking-glasses, and was consumed by fire in 1575. The site of the almshouses was purchased of the friars by Sir John Milbourne, draper, and Mayor of London in 1521, previous to the Dissolution. This was a plot of ground just within the wall of London. The houses are constructed of brick and timber; and over the gate is sculptured in stone a representation of the Assumption of the Virgin, the figure of the Virgin being supported by six angels in a cloud of glory, under which was inscribed—"Ad laudem Dei set gloriose Virginis MARIE, hoc opus erexit Dominus JOHANNES MILBOURN Miles et Alderman hujus civitatis, A.D. 1535." This inscription is now replaced by a painted board, in which the dedication is omitted.

The houses were for thirteen aged poor men and the wives of such as had them. They were to enjoy those dwellings rent free, and two shillings and fourpence was allowed to each of them on the first day of every month for ever. In the will of the founder, bearing date the 8th day of December, thirty-sixth Henry VIII., is specified the conditions under which the charity is bestowed, viz., that the occupants of the said almshouses are to be brethren or sisters of the Drapers' Company, or, failing such; other householders of the parish of St. Edmund's in Lombard Street, or St. Bartholomew's the Little, were eligible to supply the deficiency, &c.

Sir John Milbourne, who was a benefactor of the Crutched Friars, was buried in their church, where his tomb was erected previous to his demise, and a solemn obit was appointed there during the lifetime of himself and of his wife, Dame Johan, and after his decease to be also kept in the said church by the said friars for their souls.

The remains of fifteen towers spoken of by FitzStephen were still in existence within the space of a century. One of those, situated on the west side of Houndsditch, nearly opposite Gravel Lane, is described by Dr. Woodward. It was twenty-six feet in height, and was still used as a habitation. Another, which stood about eighty paces further to the south-east towards Aldgate, was about the height of the former, and continued quite sound.

Those towers were constructed in the Roman manner, the masonry being intersected by layers or bands of tile; and the latter remained perfect, while the stone was corroded by the tooth of time. In Woodward's time the largest fragment of the wall was in a place called the Vineyard, behind the Minorics, but this has entirely disappeared.

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Al! little think the gay, licentious proud,
How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. . . . How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind.

THE JANIZARIES.



A JANIZARY.

SOME of our younger readers may have observed that, in the history of Europe, during the last few centuries, wherever mention occurs of the arms of Turkey, frequent allusion is made to the Janizaries. Even during the first quarter of the present century the name constantly recurs. It is so long, however, since the Janizaries have ceased to be mentioned as a body of living men, exercising a considerable influence—not merely within the limits of the Ottoman Empire, but throughout the whole of the east of Europe—that it may not be amiss to give a brief outline of their history.

At the present day, every state in Europe maintains a standing army of paid troops; but this system is comparatively a modern one. In the middle ages almost every man of property found it necessary to study the science of self-defence, in order that he might keep what he had got. If his country were invaded, or if his sovereign attempted foreign aggression, it became his duty, either to erect his standard, or to follow that of his master. Often enough, even while engaged in the field, his only pay was the pillage of a hostile country, or the spoils of the enemy slain in battle; and when the campaign was ended, he doffed the military attire, and returned to his ordinary occupation.

About the middle of the fourteenth century, Amurath I., surnamed the Conqueror, the grandson of Osman, the founder of the Ottoman Empire, surrounded the newly-acquired throne by a body of paid troops.

Osman, the emir of a barbarian horde from Eastern Asia, had, in 1299, invaded Asia Minor, and after a long course of victories, succeeded, before his death, in converting Prusa, the chief city of Bithynia, into a Mohammedan capital. His son, Orchan, having been invited to aid the Greeks against the Latins, extended his arms into the Thracian Chersonesus.

Having once obtained a footing in Europe, he left an easy task to his son Murad, or Amurath, who subdued, without resistance, the whole of Thrace, from the Hellespont to Mount Hæmus (the Balkan), and made Adrianople his seat of government. He contented himself, however, with the subordinate title of Viceroy, allowing Constantinople to remain the capital of a shadowy empire. From Adrianople he extended his inroads as far as the Sclavonian provinces, between the Danube and the Adriatic, subduing the warlike tribes who had so often insulted the majesty of the Eastern Empire.

Dominion which had thus been acquired by force, could by force only be retained; and as it was his object, for purposes of self-aggrandizement, to comply with the proselytizing precepts of the Koran, he found it necessary to enrol a standing army, the first, as we have said, which modern Europe had known. From the Christian prisoners whom he had taken from the Greeks, he selected a fifth, whom he compelled to embrace Mohammedanism and instructed in the discipline of war. The body of men thus raised were called "Janizaries," or Geniziers, a Turkish word signifying "new soldiers." They were trained to warlike exercises, and being united under a common leader, and having war for their only occupation, they were soon taught to regard their new profession with enthusiasm, and to esteem conquest and the favour of their prince as fit objects to which they should devote their lives. No wonder then that they became the strength and pride of the Ottoman armies.

Supported by these troops, the Ottoman leaders extended their arms; and on the 29th May, 1453, the execrable Mohammed II. passed in triumph through the gates of Constantinople, converted the church of St. Sophia into a mosque, and made that city the capital of an empire, which included the whole of Asia on this side of Mount Taurus, together with all the European provinces which had formerly belonged to the eastern division of the Roman Empire. The Christian emperor, Constantine Palæologus, was found buried beneath a heap of slain; and the Janizaries claimed the honour and reward of having killed him. But these unscrupulous guards, "each of whom," says a Byzantine historian, "was robust as Hercules, dexterous as Apollo, and equal in battle to any ten of the race of ordinary mortals," did not long remain unconscious of the power and influence which they possessed. Within thirty years, Bajazet II. was indebted to them for his elevation to the imperial dignity. Indeed, throughout the Ottoman history, the Janizaries, like the Roman soldiers at the period when that empire was in its decline, often made and unmade their rulers at their mere caprice. Valiant soldiers of the empire they certainly might have been, but not trusty servants of the sovereign. Did a sultan show any symptom of jealousy of their ever-increasing power, and attempt any alteration in their constitution, the tendency of which was to limit their influence, he was unscrupulously deposed, imprisoned, and strangled. In every crisis where unusual vigour was needed, the Janizaries thwarted the wisest councils by impudence, mutiny, or open rebellion. For example: in the year 1796, the Sultan Selim III. evinced a determination to attempt some changes in the organization

of the military force of the empire. It was resolved to raise a new body of troops, who were to be instructed in European tactics, and to hold in check the insolent soldiery, who had so often usurped all but the imperial name. In the contemplated change, the Janizaries foresaw the extinction of their influence, and having determined upon a revolt, they waited only for an occasion and a leader. The latter they found in the person of Mousa Pacha, a minister of the sultan, of whom it may be said with truth, that dissimulation, turbulence, and ferocity were among the most amiable points in his character. The result was that the Janizaries rose in revolt, and the treacherous Mousa Pacha persuaded the sultan, that if he ordered the execution of his ministry all would be well. The ministry, seven in number, were forthwith strangled, and their heads were on the following morning presented to the rebels. On the evening of that day, however (the anniversary of the capture of Constantinople, by Mohammed II.), Selim III. had ceased to reign, and, after having been imprisoned for about a year, shared the fate of his ministers. It is some consolation to find that Mousa Pacha met with the reward of his crimes, being beheaded not long after his weak and unfortunate master.

Mustafa, surnamed Bairactar, the avenger of Selim III. and prime vizier of Mahmoud II., arranged a second plan for reforming the Janizaries and stripping them of their power; but this attempt failed, like the last: the Janizaries rose in open insurrection, and for several days the city was devastated by fire and sword. Upwards of three thousand bodies were found in the streets, and an immense number perished in the flames. The body of Bairactar was discovered under the ruins of a magazine, to which he had fled for refuge, but which had been blown up, and was hung up with the head downwards, as a warning to all future meddlers with the privileged order. Thus, in the course of eighteen months, there had been three revolutions in the same capital, two sultans had been deposed, and the streets of the city had flowed with the best blood of the empire; the turbulence of the Janizaries remaining intact.

This event happened on the 14th November, 1808, and for some years afterwards the Janizaries appeared to have been, all but in name, the sovereigns of the capital. In 1822, however, the frequent murders and frightful disorders of which they were guilty, together with the discovery of a plot for a general massacre of the Christians, led to the issuing of a decree levelled at the Janizaries, in which the sultan threatened, unless immediate stop was put to such atrocious proceedings, to abandon the capital, taking with him his two sons; and to leave Constantinople to be ruled by ruffians, whose enormities made it a disgrace to him to continue on the throne. This energetic proclamation was not without effect, and the city regained some degree of tranquillity. The sultan, however, determined to do his utmost to rid himself of the intolerable yoke, if possible, by reforming the order, otherwise by totally extirpating it. A small number of Janizaries were accordingly selected and instructed, in small bodies at a time, in European tactics by Egyptian officers. For awhile all went on quietly, the Janizaries being under the impression that the new regulations had for their only object the revival of an ancient system of discipline; but in June, 1826, when the troops were first brought together, they discovered that they were practising the very same evolutions which they had expressed their determination

to resist. A furious insurrection immediately took place, the sultan's palace was pillaged and stripped, and the insurgents, to the number of twenty thousand men, marched to the Etmeidan, a well-known square near the aqueduct of Valens, which had been from time immemorial the rendezvous of their insurrectionary movements. This time the sultan was prepared with his measures. Without hesitation he directed the sacred standard of the prophet to be raised, and the zealous Mussulmans rushed from all quarters to range themselves under it. His first attempt was of a conciliatory character: he despatched four officers of rank to the Etmeidan with offers of pardon if the insurgents would immediately disperse. The message was treated with scorn, and the bearers of it were wantonly murdered. Meanwhile a body of sixty thousand men, with all the available artillery, had assembled on the side of order. These troops surrounded the Etmeidan where the Janizaries were assembled in a dense crowd, totally unsuspecting of what was impending, and opened upon them a general discharge of grape-shot, which mowed them down in hundreds. The survivors retired to the barracks, which were close by, and shut themselves up. But orders were immediately given to set fire to the building. The artillery thundered upon the walls; and, after a desperate resistance, in which many of the sultan's troops were slain, the Janizaries were utterly exterminated. For two days afterwards the gates of the city continued closed, and strict search was made for such of the Janizaries as might have escaped the slaughter in the Etmeidan; and these, when found, were immediately executed. About twenty thousand were put to death in the capital alone, besides the numbers which perished in the provinces. Thus, after nearly four centuries, this formidable corps, once the great bulwark of the empire, but eventually the pest and disturber of the community, and an insuperable barrier to all improvement, was totally destroyed, and the imperial throne freed from its intolerable yoke.

The abovenamed sultan, Mahmoud II., died in 1839, and was succeeded by his son, the present sultan, Abdul Medjid, being then in his twentieth year.

C. A. J.

TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

THERE are in California things strange and wonderful besides nuggets of gold, and more beautiful far; some that have long ago been made familiar to us, though perhaps we knew not their origin, and have given pleasure of a better sort, enjoyment of a higher order than gold-dust is likely to impart, even to the man who most sets his heart on it. I allude to its vegetable productions, with which we are better acquainted than we are with those of most other remote regions, because the climate of California approaches that of our own land; consequently it has been, or is being, well searched by qualified persons sent out to discover and introduce into England the choicest of its ornamental plants. These have been so little affected by the change of climate that, without being forced in stoves or sheltered by glass, they have taken a firm hold in our gardens, and are as familiar, some of them, in our home gardens as the pinks and gilliflowers of the last century. The blue nemophila, the herald of Californian spring, is now one of our loveliest border plants; Clarkia, Penstemon, Eschscholtzia, crimson and yellow ribes, and many others, are as hardy with us as in their native haunts in the new world.

These are among the beautiful products of California, but only a few of them; for one intelligent traveller alone, Mr. Douglas, discovered upwards of three hundred distinct species, which before his time had been unseen by the eye of civilized man, and the flora of the whole country numbers above six thousand.



CALIFORNIAN TREE. (*Wellingtonia gigantea*.)

With a soil thus richly carpeted with flowers of strange shapes and countless trees, California wears also, in certain districts, an aspect of sublime grandeur which has no parallel perhaps in the world. Many years, it may be centuries, must pass before the trees of California can

look down on the copse—the mere underwood—which our oak and beech forests will present; but that they will do so eventually there can be little doubt, if they thrive as well as the herbaceous plants over which they used to fling their giant limbs.

Listen to Mr. Douglas's own narrative:—"At mid-day I reached my long-wished-for pines, and lost no time in examining them, and endeavouring to collect specimens and seeds. New and strange things seldom fail to make strong impressions, and are, therefore, frequently overrated; so that lest I should never again see my friends in England to inform them verbally of this most beautiful and immensely grand tree, I shall here state the dimensions of the largest I could find among several that had been blown down by the wind. At three feet from the ground its circumference is fifty-seven feet nine inches; at one hundred and thirty-four feet, seventeen feet five inches; the extreme length two hundred and forty-five feet. The trunks are uncommonly straight, and the bark remarkably smooth for such large timber; of a whitish or light-brown colour, and yielding a great quantity of bright amber gum. The tallest stems are generally unbranched for two-thirds of the height of the tree; the branches rather pendulous, with cones hanging from their points like sugar-loaves in a grocer's shop. These cones are, however, only seen on the loftiest trees, and the putting myself in possession of three of these (all I could obtain) nearly brought my life to a close. As it was impossible either to climb the tree or hew it down, I endeavoured to knock off the cones by firing at them with ball, when the report of my gun brought eight Indians, all of them painted with red earth, armed with bows, arrows, bone-tipped spears, and flint knives. They appeared anything but friendly. I endeavoured to explain to them what I wanted, and they seemed satisfied, and sat down to smoke; but presently I perceived one of them string his bow, and another sharpen his flint knife with a pair of wooden pincers, and suspend it on the wrist of the right hand. Further testimony of their intentions was unnecessary. To save myself by flight was impossible, so, without hesitation, I stepped back about five paces, cocked my gun, drew one of my pistols out of my belt, and holding it in my left hand, and the gun in my right, showed myself determined to fight for my life. As much as possible I endeavoured to preserve my coolness; and thus we stood, looking at one another, without making any movement or uttering a word for perhaps ten minutes, when one, at last, who seemed the leader, gave a sign that they wished for some tobacco; this I signified that they should have if they fetched me a quantity of cones. They went off immediately in search of them, and no sooner were they all out of sight than I picked up my three cones and some twigs of the tree and made the quickest possible retreat, hurrying back to my camp, which I reached before dusk. The wood is remarkably fine-grained and heavy; the leaves short and bright green, inserted, five together, in a very short sheath. Of my three cones, one measures fourteen inches and a half, and the two others are respectively half an inch and an inch shorter, all full of fine seed. A little before this time of year, the Indians gather the cones and roast them on the embers, then quarter them and shake out the seeds, which are afterwards thoroughly dried and pounded into a sort of flour, or else eaten whole."

The same traveller thus writes of another curious tree growing in California:—"But the great beauty of Californian vegetation is a species of *Taxodium*, which gives the mountains a most peculiar, I was almost

going to say awful appearance—something which plainly tells us we are not in Europe. I have repeatedly measured specimens of this tree two hundred and seventy feet long and thirty-two feet round, at three feet above the ground. Some few I saw upwards of three hundred feet high, but none in which the thickness was greater than those I have instanced.”

Of this tree no specimens or seeds have ever reached England; none at least from that source. A collector, however—Mr. W. Lobb, a gentleman whose name is well known in the botanical and horticultural world, and who had been sent out by the eminent nurseryman, Mr. Veitch, of Exeter and Chelsea—has recently returned from California, bringing with him, among other vegetable curiosities, a living specimen and seeds of a tree of far greater dimensions, and possibly of the same, or certainly an allied species. A description of it, drawn up by Dr. Lindley, was published in the ‘Gardeners’ Chronicle’ of December 24th, 1853, and proved the most remarkable “Christmas Tree” of the season. Mr. Lobb’s own account is as follows:—

“This magnificent evergreen tree, from its extraordinary height and large dimensions, may be termed the monarch of the Californian forest. It inhabits a solitary district on the elevated slopes of the Sacra Nivada, near the head waters of the Stanislaus and San Antonio rivers, in lat. 38° N., long. $120^{\circ} 10'$, at an elevation of five thousand feet from the level of the sea. From eighty to ninety trees exist, all within the circuit of a mile, and these varying from two hundred and fifty feet to three hundred and twenty feet in height, and from ten to twenty feet in diameter. Their manner of growth is much like *Sequiera* (*Taxodium*) *sempervirens*; some are solitary, some are in pairs, while some, and not unfrequently, stand three and four together. A tree recently felled measured about three hundred feet in length, with a diameter, including bark, of twenty-nine feet two inches at five feet from the ground; at eighteen feet from the ground it was fourteen feet six inches through; at one hundred feet from the ground fourteen feet; and at two hundred feet from the ground five feet five inches. The bark is of a pale cinnamon-brown, and from twelve to fifteen inches in thickness. The branchlets are round, somewhat pendent, and resembling a cypress or juniper. The leaves are pale grass-green; those of the young trees are spreading, with a sharp acuminate point. The cones are about two inches and a half long, and two inches across at the thickest part. The trunk of the tree in question was perfectly solid, from the sapwood to the centre; and, judging from the number of concentric rings, its age has been estimated at three thousand years. The wood is light, soft, and of a reddish colour, like redwood or *Taxodium sempervirens*. Of this vegetable monster, twenty-one feet of the bark, from the lower part of the trunk, have been put in the natural form in San Francisco for exhibition; it there forms a spacious carpeted room, and contains a piano, with seats for forty persons. On one occasion one hundred and forty children were admitted without inconvenience. An exact representation of this tree, drawn on the spot, is now in the hands of the lithographers, and will be published in a few days.”

No notion of the prodigious size of the monster can be formed from the foliage and cones which Mr. Veitch kindly submitted to my inspection; but the known probity of the collector, and the immense thickness of specimens of bark brought home, leave no doubt on the mind that the description is perfectly truthful. In fact, one can scarcely help imagining that the grove of eighty or ninety trees, as it stands, is a relic of a forest

such as those which the earth groaned under at the time when there were giants on the earth, or that they afforded shelter to the uncouth antediluvian monsters which geology has revealed to us. It is believed to increase in diameter at the rate of two inches in twenty years.

"A living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay."

Being undoubtedly the most extraordinary vegetable production that the present age has brought to light, and being distinct from any genus hitherto known, Dr. Lindley has, with much propriety, connected it with the name of the greatest man of the age just dying out. "Wellington," he says, "stands as high above his contemporaries as the Californian tree above all the surrounding foresters. Let it then bear henceforth the name of 'Wellingtonia gigantea.'"

A tree which grew at an elevation of five thousand feet in lat. 38° will probably find a genial climate in England. English homesteads may, therefore, if the world lasts long enough, be sheltered by mature specimens of *Wellingtonia gigantea*.

C. A. J.

RAMBLES IN THE PYRENEES.—No. IX.

AT six o'clock on an autumn morning, when the sun promised to atone for the bitterness of the wind, which on some preceding days had threatened to sever our persons in two, we again mounted our ponies, while the freshly-fallen snow lay bright on the mountain sides, and took our pleasant way towards the fair Val d'Argelez. That road was at first bordered by green pasturages, of such a tint of green as I believe the Pyrenees alone produce, bounded, but not shaded, by mountains of lofty and most diversified forms, in whose clefts the freshly-fallen snow lay sparkling, while we felt that the heat would soon become oppressive. At that sweet young hour, however, we did not suffer from it; and among all our rambles few were pleasanter than that which brought us to the town of Lourdes—a town which, in the French meaning of the word, seems not ill-named; a heavy, dull-looking place it is. While the horses rested, we went up to the castle, chiefly to enjoy the view from the platform. And there, leaning over the parapet, we discussed our own story of the place, to the great discontent of the local guide.

The famous Sir John Froissart, who wrote of "things done in France" from the concluding part of the reign of Edward II. to the time of the coronation of Henry IV., tells us something of this town and castle:—

"I learned," he says, "that the Prince of Wales (the Black Prince), during his residence at Tarbes, had a great desire to see the castle of Lourde, three leagues distant among the mountains. When he had fully examined that castle and country, he was much pleased, as well with the strength of the place as with its situation on the frontiers of several countries; for they of Lourde can overrun the kingdom of Arragon, and as far as Barcelona in Catalonia.

"The Black Prince then called to him a knight of his household, and said, 'Sir Peter, I nominate and command you Governor and Captain of Lourde, and Regent of the country of Bigorre. Now guard well this castle, so as to give a good account of it to my lord and father, and to myself.'

"My lord," replied the knight, "that will I cheerfully do." And he forthwith did homage, and pledged his faith.

"But the Count de Foix, under guise of friendship, sends for the faithful

Sir Peter, and demands that the castle of Lourde be delivered over to him, for he was his kinsman.

"My lord," replied Sir Peter, "it is true I owe you faith and homage, for I am a poor knight of your country, and of your blood also; but as for the castle of Lourde, I hold it for the King of England, and to none but him will I ever surrender it."

"Ho! ho!" cried the Count, "dost thou say so? By this head thou hast not said it for nothing;" and he struck at him so foully with his dagger that he wounded him in five different places.

"Then cried the knight, 'Ha! ha! my lord, this is not gentle treatment; you sent for me hither, and you are murdering me.'

"Having given him the five strokes of the dagger, the Count ordered him to be cast into the dungeon, and he there died."

With this story of the old chronicler in our thoughts, we turned to our expecting guide, or *vale* *de place*, and asked him if the castle had not once been in possession of the English. We expressed ourselves, I dare say, in rather too literal English-French, for the man at once replied, "Yes, it was once in possession of an Englishman, Monseigneur le Duc d'Elgine."

"What does he mean?" one of us asked the other.

"Simply, that Napoleon the Great, in the war-time, put this castle of Lourdes in possession of Lord Elgin, of marble celebrity, who was made prisoner here," the other answered.

"But did not this castle," I asked the man in plainer French, "once form part of the King of England's possessions in this country?"

"No, no!" he cried indignantly, "the Duc de Vellingdon tried to take it, but he could not."

So we gave up our research after historic facts, and went on in search of more easily-found natural beauties. The bare, slaty barrier, not very unlike the pass of Clannabris, in Wales, that forms the passage to the town of Argelez, is a set-off to the charms of the lovely valley in which the town is placed.

One might almost imagine that the garden of Eden must have been something like to what the Val d'Argelez appeared to us beneath the brightness of that glowing sun, at least if two objects of a different character were removed—I mean the picturesque remains of the two feudal towers which guarded its entrance in former times, and still perpetuate the memory of the strife and rapine and evil that came into the world after sin had defaced that Eden.

Unlike most of the Pyrenean valleys, this one is wide and basin-shaped, divided in its verdant bosom by the blue and winding Gave; and the vivid green of its colouring, blending with the soft blueness of the atmosphere, presents altogether such a landscape as Claude Lorraine has painted, while the snow-gemmed mountains around it form a more exquisite background than mere fancy could invent.

We passed straight through the town, for a dirty—perhaps, to numerous English tourists, extortionate—inn had few attractions in such scenery, and commencing the ascent of a rugged mountain lane, we approached the still more charming Val d'Azun, and found a grove of splendid chestnuts, carpeted with mossy turf, soft and green as "fairy feet have ever trod," and studded with pieces of rock, which invited us to rest and dine in a manner more agreeable than the inn had done.

The horses were left beneath the leafy shade to feast on the tender grass, and their riders prepared for their feast also. The fine, large-leaved chestnuts were our canopy, the mossy sod our dais, a large stone our table,

and cold fowl, bread, grapes, and the country wine, that is here so good and cheap, afforded us altogether a repast as good, and, I believe, much more heartily enjoyed, than any table d'hôte has yielded to a gourmand tourist.

The heat became excessive as we proceeded, but from time to time we came beneath the shadow of lofty, wild fruit-trees: the cherry and walnut were most abundant, and these, mingled with ash and birch, were completely wreathed and linked together by the tall and graceful vines, which, twining round their stems, shot up even beyond their tops, hanging a light, fanciful drapery from tree to tree, and blending shades of green in the most exquisite manner I had ever seen; while at times their long arms, disdaining support, roamed away in rather dangerous liberty, their dark leaves trembling even in the still air, which had power to move the fragile branches, and thus adding another charm to the sylvan scene by throwing flickering shadows constantly over the smooth and brilliant turf beneath them. And all along the side of our narrow road, these beautiful slopes of verdant green stretched down to the very brink of the brilliantly-blue river, beyond which lay a scene of valley and mountain more extended still.

We went at the slowest pace at which a horse's feet could move, yet the sense of heat was almost insupportable.

The inn of Arras was announced by the guide, and I was glad to think of a short retreat from the sun. It was a most dirty house, where men, women, and boys were all busy tailoring. The anxious hostess, fearing we were going to run away, threw open the door of an inner room, which had actually a glass one opposite to it. And no wonder, with such a view as it presented! Even the dirt, that forbade our entrance at first sight, was forgotten. I walked straight through it, and got out into the pleasant verger, or orchard, under the shade of the trees and vines. Here I was soon surrounded by a troop of poor, dirty little girls, all looking much more blackened and woe-begone than if they had been workers in an English factory, instead of dwellers in such bright and lovely scenes.

They stood round me, intently gazing at me, with such looks of wonder and interest, admiration, and evident compassion, as made me forgive the encroachment on my wished-for solitude; there was no rudeness in their unrestrained curiosity, yet they closely examined both myself and my dress, venturing to touch the latter when they saw I did not reprove them, and, in fact, behaving much as a group of gentle, timid young savages might do at the sight of an European stranger.

Our horses were refreshed here, however, and that was a great point in our favour, and would have helped to make us believe that our road and our spirits were better after leaving Arras, even if the fact itself were not so.

The Val d'Azun terminates at the foot of the mountains, in a small amphitheatre, just before the village of Arrens: there is no forward passage save a bad, and, it is said, rather dangerous one by a path called the Col de Tortes, which is practicable on foot but difficult on horseback. This passage we wished to take, in order to reach Les Eaux Bonnes, or the Good Waters, which is one of the most fashionable of the Pyrenean baths. Just as we approached the low-lying village of Arrens, and saw its old curious church—literally “founded on a rock,” for the floor is nothing else—the sun sunk, and the chill made us anxious for our night-quarters.

Through the barred windows of a house, that had much the aspect of a prison, I saw a priest in his long cassock, engaged with his book. On seeing the travellers, he threw away the book, ran down to the door, looking

very anxious and very much puzzled, turning his head in all directions, as if in search of some one who ought to be there also. At last he rushed forward, half dragged me off my pony, and led the creature to the stable; then he flew back and led us into the kitchen, and ran about crying out, "Mamma! mamma!" and wringing his hands. The fire was out, and it was evident his mamma was out also; so he got some wood and lighted it, and then sat (without any seat) before it, blowing it up, or fanning it rather, with the skirt of his long black dress; but leaving it before it was lighted, he darted away to see if the horses were to be fed, and ran back to see if such was to be our case also; all the time bewailing to himself his mamma's unfortunate absence. Never was there so active and perplexed an abbé, for such was the poor son of the good woman who was to be our hostess. She came in at last, to our great relief, for the zeal of our clerical servitor was far greater than his skill in performance. We then got two rather clean rooms, some *soupe maigre*, and an omelette. The ever-busy abbé flew to get me my tea, while his mamma was making the omelette, and he ran in with it in a basin, leaves and all, and a large pewter spoon for me to eat it with.

When we had finished our "tea and supper," we went out to see the curious old church of Pouy le Hun, built on the rock which forms its only floor. It was made a barrack by the revolutionaries, who amused themselves by cutting and hacking all that was more impressive than its rocky foundation.

The cold that follows the departure of the sun does not last long; the evenings and nights are often dry and warm. It was now so brilliantly moonlight that we could see almost as distinctly around us as we had done in the sunlight. The green fields, indeed, did not look quite so bright, but the small white dwellings which dotted them were very visible.

Almost all the people here are small landed proprietors, and poverty is little felt, mendicity almost unknown. The fair valleys of Argelez and Azun are happy in the real condition of their people, as well as in their own extreme beauty; if none are extremely rich, none are miserably poor. The extremes of wealth and poverty, so well known to ourselves, are unknown, scarcely comprehensible to the simpler natives here. Yet here that frightful malady cretinism is not uncommon, and the hideous *gôitre* is singularly common.

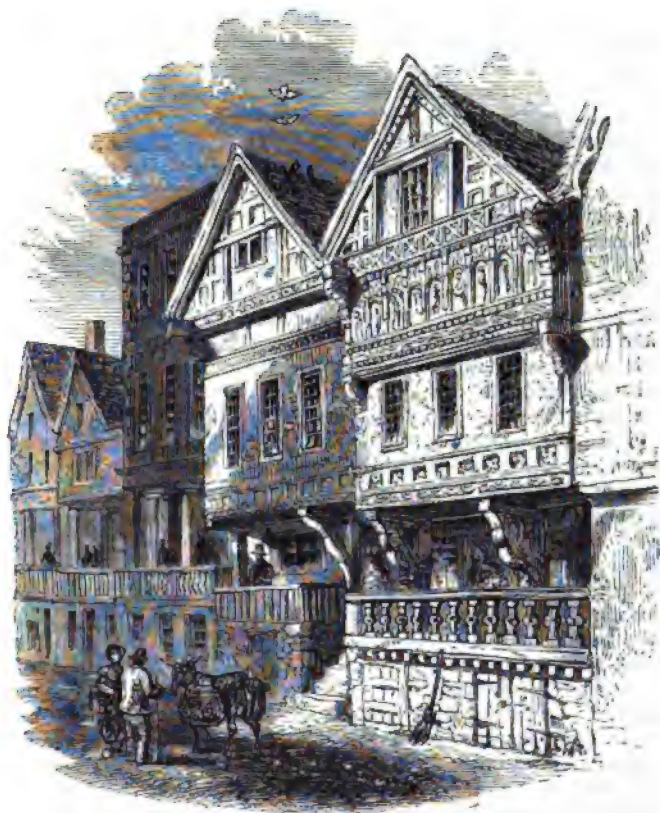
At Arrens the winter is severe, and its position, just under the mountains, must render it liable to be buried in snow. But in that season the farmers find employment in their houses for the working-people who have none of their own. Where machinery is not in use, this is more likely to be the case. The constant industry of these mountaineers is remarkable; and so the poor, who either have no houses of their own or wish to leave them in the hard winters, are sure to be taken into those of their more comfortable neighbours, where they are both paid and maintained, while assisting in knitting, spinning, weaving, basket and net making, feeding and caring for cattle, making up dairy produce, and all sorts of labour, that is ceaselessly going on both within doors and without. And thus, at the return of spring, the poor can return to their occupations with, in some cases, as much as sixty francs (12*l.* 10*s.*)—a Pyrenean fortune—wherewith to trade again.

THE
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CHESTER



THE ROWS, CHESTER.

FROM the number of conflicting accounts respecting the origin of the city of Chester and the date of its foundation, it is difficult to select
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any one possessing a superior claim on our credence. Writers have not been wanting to assign it a flourishing existence prior to the invasion of the Romans; but the impenetrable mystery that will probably for ever conceal its earliest history, tends, no doubt, to foster the growth of assertions of this nature; and to pursue such fables, undirected by a single ray of truth, is certainly idle and useless. It is manifest, however, that here the Romans, after the defeat of Boadicea, the "British Warrior-Queen," established their head-quarters. Characteristic evidence on this point exists in the peculiar form of the city, which represents the figure of the ancient Roman camp. It has four gates, four principal streets, diverging from a common centre towards the four cardinal points, and a variety of lesser ones branching from these at right angles, and constituting a labyrinth of squares and courts. Irrespective of this, unquestionable vestiges of the skill of this remarkable people have been discovered from time to time, during the progress of excavations for improving the sewerage; and the patient research and industry evinced by the local Archaeological Society will doubtless be productive of still stronger proof. Altars and Roman pavements of singular perfection have been found in various parts of the city; and tiles of red clay, bearing the inscription of the Imperial Legion (Leg. V. V.), are frequently met with in removing old buildings. Coins, also, of Vespasian, Trajan, Constantius, and other Roman emperors, have been collected in great numbers. These legacies from the great pioneers of civilization render this glorious old city a life-study for the antiquarian.

The walls, which completely encircle Chester, are the only perfect specimen of this kind of fortification in the kingdom. Ethelfleda, wife of Ethelfred, first Earl of Mercia, rebuilt them (A.D. 908), and considerably enlarged the city, which had been reduced almost to ruins during the invasion of Harold, King of the Danes, some years previous. The walls embrace a circuit of about two miles, and are constructed of red sandstone, which in this county is peculiarly abundant: it does not possess many virtues for building, being subject to rapid decay on exposure to the air. Originally designed for the purposes of war, they have long formed a most delightful promenade, from four to five feet in width; and command a prospect, in clear weather, of vast extent. Towards the west you obtain a view of the county of Flint, the "garden of Wales," through which the river Dee lazily winds until it enters the sea. Here (on the western side) stands a most picturesque old tower, invested with all the insignia of antiquity, and regarded with interest from its historical associations: during the celebrated siege of Chester it was bombarded by the Republican army from a house on the opposite side of the river, yet standing. It is now devoted to a more beneficent purpose, being transformed into a Museum of Curiosities, established for the object of scientific improvement, and of preserving the "dusty records" of preceding centuries. Here are many most valuable relics of bygone ages; and through the thoughtful liberality of one of the citizens, a camera obscura, on the upper portion of the tower, offers the visitor much gratification and amusement. From the summit, by means of a powerful telescope at the service of the stranger, a really magnificent prospect may be obtained, embracing the Great Ormshead, a stupendous mountain in Carnarvonshire, the Wrekin in Shropshire, Moel-Famma, and the whole sublime range of Welsh hills. For the reasonable charge of sixpence, an hour may be thus pleasantly and instructively whiled away.

The Water Tower (so it is called) was erected A.D. 1322, and derives its name from the fact that the river formerly flowed at its base: indeed, all the land now occupied by Crane Street and the intervening space was completely covered at high tide.

Proceeding along the walls in an easterly direction, on a slight ascent, you look down by the way on the canal worked by the Shropshire Union Company. Considering the rapid advance of science during late years, and the monopolizing influence of steam, the traffic still maintained by this company is certainly very remarkable. It seems such an old-fashioned channel (literally speaking) of internal commerce, that its prolonged and flourishing existence is curious to reflect on. The simple but perfect system of "locks" may here be inspected on its grandest scale: the ascent, in one single instance, being from twenty to thirty feet. Continuing our journey eastward, and passing over the "North Gate," a fine Doric structure, erected by the Marquis of Westminster, A.D. 1808, we shortly arrive at the Phoenix Tower, so called from having been used as a place of business by the Company of Painters and Stationers, whose crest, a Phoenix, is yet discernible, though rapidly yielding to the "silent tooth of time." During that important epoch of our national history, when England was torn with intestine commotion, the summit of this tower was honoured with the presence of Majesty: King Charles I., from this point, beheld the discomfiture of his army on Rowton Moor, under the generalship of Sir Marmaduke Langdale. Sufficiently thankful we can never be that, through the mercy of Almighty God, the general progression of knowledge and religion has preserved this people from a repetition of that terrible calamity—Civil War.

Having mentioned the principal features of interest as presented in a walk round the walls, and as I have not space to introduce the reader to a closer acquaintance, which, however, a personal visit is far more capable of accomplishing, I will briefly touch on the nature and character of the city within the walls.

Unquestionably demanding the first attention, as being quite unique, are the "Rows." So singular are their construction and appearance, that I do not presume to hope a distinct or correct comprehension will be formed in the mind of the reader from my description. They run parallel with the four main streets, and, in consequence, the stranger would scarcely be aware of their existence. They have been not inaptly styled "Old Arcades," and offer a convenient and pleasant retreat from the noonday sun of summer, or in case of a sudden shower of rain. They form a gallery over the front ground-floor of each house (all such space is converted into shops in every instance), and constitute, as it were, a common first-floor to the whole range of houses, the *actual* first-floor of these being the roof of the gallery. The Rows are also lined with shops. Always in careful repair, they may be styled the "Rotten Row" (for pedestrians) of Chester; and I fear the adjective is here lamentably appropriate, from their extreme age, and, in many parts, their tumble-down appearance. A high authority remarks—"These rows appear to me to have been the same as the ancient vestibules, and to have been a form of building preserved from the time that the city was possessed by the Romans. They were built before the doors, midway between the streets and houses, and were the places where dependants waited for the coming out of their patrons, and under which they might walk away the tedious minutes of expectation." They are

approached by flights of steps at convenient distances, or by the same means at either extremity.

At the convergence of the four main streets before mentioned formerly stood the "High Cross;" this was destroyed by Cromwell's party when they seized the city (A. D. 1646). It appears probable that this was the site of the ancient Roman *Prætorium*, with its court of judicature, where sacrifices and other religious rites were performed. In the beautiful Parable of the labourers in the vineyard, we read of a householder "which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard." He saw "some standing idle in the market-place, and said 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?' They say unto him, because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive."

Whether or not any continuous traces of this custom are on record, I am ignorant, but in the present age I am assured of its existence; for in the time of harvest, labourers, who have no permanent employment, congregate at early morning on this very spot; and, if in want of "hands" for his harvest, the farmer residing at some distance will ride into Chester and "hire" the men collected for this express purpose. At the season of the year I am told this is an every-day occurrence. ♦

Chester was remarkable in ancient days for its abundance of religious institutions; of those yet remaining the Cathedral is most deserving of consideration. Viewed from whatever point it appears a vast and massive pile, and, owing to the elevation on which it stands, becomes a characteristic landmark for several miles in any direction. On a close inspection, it is mournful to behold the evidence of decay almost everywhere palpable. It is much to be lamented that red sandstone (to the perishable nature of which I have before alluded) should have been employed in the building of so noble a structure. Its present condition, however, may be attributed, in some measure, to the low state of the chapter revenues; dilapidation having so far progressed that some parts became ruined to such an extent that preservation was impossible. About thirty-five years ago a considerable sum was collected by means of subscription, sufficient for repair wherever feasible; but these restorations will suffer no comparison with the exquisite architectural beauty of the original workmanship.

This particular branch of science, it is to be feared, can boast of no proportionate progression with its fellows. The splendid models of architecture bequeathed by our ancestors may be venerated (as they deserve) and imitated; but our productions are for the most part the attempts of apprentices, and not the perfection of mastership. The greater portion of the edifice, as it now stands, was erected during the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., about which period Gothic architecture attained its zenith, with a majestic richness of decoration never since approached.

That the Cathedral existed several centuries prior to this is beyond doubt, from such portions of the first abbots' tombs as are yet visible. Some few specimens of early Saxon are said to be still remaining, although the prevailing style is Norman-Gothic.

Notwithstanding the abundance of information already before us, collected by writers of much ability, I am yet convinced, from the elaborate ingenuity and skill here displayed, that volumes might be filled of a deeply-interesting as well as instructive nature.

I must conduct my readers outside the walls to the church of St. John the Baptist. It is situated on the eastern side of the city and on the western bank of the river Dee, and is considered to be one of the oldest ecclesiastical buildings in Britain. Chroniclers assign its foundation to Ethelfred, King of Mercia. I am tempted to quote the words of a quaint old writer on this subject:—"King Ethelfred, minding to build a church, was told, that where he should see a white hind, there he should build a church, which white hind he saw in the place where St. John's Church now standeth, and in remembrance whereof, his picture was placed in the wall of the said church, which yet standeth on the side of the steeple, towards the west, having a white hind in his hand." From the poverty of our early history, legends like this (if such they be) have established themselves in truthful records; and are, indeed, the old landmarks of chronology at so distant a date.

Adjoining the church are several most picturesque old ruins, forcibly assuring one of its ancient grandeur and extent. In 1468, the original steeple, between the nave and the choir, fell, and destroyed the greater portion of the latter. It was rebuilt, and the church thoroughly repaired; but, in little more than a century afterwards, the renovated steeple gave way, and two years subsequently the whole building was nearly ruined by the partial fall of the western steeple. For nearly twenty years it remained in this state, when, by a grant from Queen Elizabeth, it was reduced to its present form, embracing the nave and choir alone. The tower, or belfry, now standing, was erected in the seventeenth century, and is one hundred and fifty feet in height.

The style of St. John's was early Norman, and, it is asserted, that of a most correct and beautiful description. In the interior some relics of our Saxon ancestors are preserved, and four massy columns that formerly supported the central nave.

There are several other churches, an account of which might, perhaps, interest some chance reader; but, as I have before remarked, space will not allow of their being here described.

The Grosvenor Bridge, crossing the Dee on the western side of the city, is, of its kind, the most stupendous work of engineering skill ever accomplished. It consists of a single stone arch, the span of which, being two hundred feet, is unparalleled. The carriage-road over it is three hundred and forty feet in length, in breadth twenty-four feet, and conducts to the Grand Lodge of Eaton Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster. This edifice, by the way, is famous as a most magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture. Splendid it certainly is; but from the profuseness of the superficial decoration, studding almost every square inch of the exterior, it can establish, in my opinion, no claim to a grandeur that its vastness would otherwise command. The architect seems to have given loose to fancy, and introduced the features of the Gothic order peculiar to any period, for the purpose of presenting a concentration of lavish ornament.

Chester boasts of a most admirable institution called the Training College. Assisted by a grant from Government, the sum of 10,000*l.* was raised for its erection, which was completed in 1842. The object of its establishment is, by a thorough religious and scientific training, to qualify masters for the parochial schools of the Diocese. Every branch of practical science is here developed to stimulate these young men to interesting inquiry and healthful exertion; and to send them forth to

the world with minds not so hopelessly drugged with the dead languages as to be incapable of receiving impression from

"The fairy tales of science and the long result of Time."

I remember to have somewhere read the following passage—"The beauty of proportion survives, while the beauty of embellishment disappears." This fine idea derives confirmation from the appearance of Chester at the present day. The city is now connected with all parts of England by the "iron pathways," six distinct lines here centralizing.

Of the inhabitants, it must be observed that they do not move with the age. There is a stagnation in their society and trade that, however delicious it may be to the poet or the antiquary, as eminently in unison with the solemn grandeur of the city, is, nevertheless, not less injurious than unaccountable. The Cestrians, then (as they love to be called), must cast away this antique apathy, or the giant strides of Science and Civilization will leave them far behind in the march of intellect and progressive reform, as dusty warnings to the coming generation.

J.

ANCIENT LONDON.—No. XIX.

TOWARDS the close of the eleventh century, when the Anglo-Norman style of architecture had arrived at its individual perfection, and just after the completion of Westminster Abbey, begun by the Confessor, a new cathedral of St. Paul's was commenced by Bishop Maurice; but after twenty years' progress he died and left the charge of the work to his successor, Richard de Beaumeis, who bestowed, for carrying on the edifice, the entire revenues of his bishopric. A building situated near Bridewell, of unknown antiquity, but supposed to have been contemporary with another tower of the Roman period situated on the site of the Tower fortress, having been ruined by the conflagration which destroyed the cathedral, the stones were given towards the masonry of the new edifice. The plan appeared so extensive that, says Stow, "men at that time thought it would never have been finished, it was then so wonderful for length and breadth." The building was not completed till 1240, in the reign of Henry III., a period of revival of art in this country, and the dawn of the highest perfection in the completeness of the Pointed style of architecture. The changes introduced at this time did not fail to affect the new edifice, and a new choir was completed, which was dedicated in the presence of the king, attended by Otto, the papal legate, and a great assembly of eminent personages. Previously (in 1221), a new steeple had been added, and in 1256 the subterranean church of St. Faith's was commenced by Fulk Basset, Bishop of London.

The further task of perfecting the noble edifice was carried out by Bishop Roger, surnamed Niger; and in the interior decoration the most costly mosaic work, in gold and silver, precious stones, and windows dim with their rich burthen of painted glass, were profusely employed; the focus of splendour and extreme point to which the lavish expenditure of costly material could be extended being the shrine of Erkenwald beyond the high altar. A small vestige of the Norman building, or one of its

appurtenances, shown in the accompanying cut, is interesting, as being the only relic of that pile so magnificent ere it was swept by the besom of the Reformation, disfigured by the obelisks and turrets of Master Inigo, and finally its very ruins ruined in the great fire of London.



BOSS OF OLD ST. PAUL'S.

The morsel of antiquity represented above was found in the course of excavation on the south side of St. Paul's Cathedral in the year 1852. It is a small boss, about six inches by four in diameter, and has probably been part of a tomb; one of two heads which appear upon the face of it is nearly obliterated, the other shows the peculiar manner of disposing the hair used by the Normans, which induced the spies of Harold to report that the army of William was composed wholly of priests. This custom of polling closely or shaving the back of the head, and bringing forward what was left of the hair in fillets, like a shade over the eyes, was borrowed, according to Glaber Rodolphus, from the Poitevins. The Normans likewise shaved the face, and an exception to this practice obtained for William de Percy, who came over with the Conqueror, the cognomen of Algernon, or, with the whiskers.

During nearly a century and a half—viz., from 616 to 764—London is without history, and the chronicle is only resumed, by Simeon of Durham, to record a great conflagration by which it suffered; another, still more disastrous, whereby many of the inhabitants perished, shortly ensued, and a third nearly laid the whole city in ruins. These calamities occurred at intervals of thirty-four and of three years.

In the year 833 a wittenagemot was held at London, at which were present Eghert, King of the West Saxons, his son Ethelwolf, and Withlof, King of Mercia, together with all the bishops and great men of the land. The object of this great parliament was to deliberate upon the means

of repelling the piratical invasions of the Danes; but only six years after the increasing power of the marauders, and the inefficiency of the means of repelling them, were manifested in the descent of a fleet, whose crews landed in Kent, and having destroyed Canterbury and Rochester, hastened to London, which they sacked, and, with their habitual cruelty, slaughtered the greater part of its inhabitants.

This successful onslaught, and others which ensued, encouraged the rapacious Northmen to plan a general invasion of the country. With a fleet of three hundred and fifty ships they sailed up the Thames, and London again became the scene of havoc, which was the sure consummation of their lawless and bloodthirsty enterprises. Finding London suitable to their purpose as a fortress, they placed in it a garrison, while they continued to harass and plunder the kingdom of the West Saxons. To counteract those treacherous and vindictive intruders, Alfred laid siege to them in their fastness, and reduced the Danes to capitulate. When Alfred obtained possession of London, he directly proceeded to provide for its future defence by repairing the walls and towers, and he committed the government of the city to Ethered, his son-in-law, with the title of Earl of Mercia.

The indefatigable black strangers, as the Danes were called, in defiance of repeated oaths and treaties, renewed their encroachments by erecting a castle at Beamfleate, now Southfleet, near Gravesend, where Haesten, a powerful warrior, assembled a large body of followers, with a view to further aggression. Here, however, they were routed by Ethered, who, with an army strengthened by a picked body of the London citizens, laid siege to and took the Danish castle, together with a great booty, and the wife and sons of Haesten, whom they brought to London; but by the magnanimity of Alfred they were restored, without, however, awakening any generous response on the part of the ruthless Dane.

In the following year (896) the Danes had constructed a camp on a site near the river Lea, supposed to be that of Hertford, whence they pursued their devastations, and pressed so closely on London that Alfred was under the necessity of encamping outside the walls of the city in order to protect the crops of the citizens from the rapacity of the invaders. The Londoners suffered a defeat in attempting to dislodge the enemy from his stronghold; but this object was attained by Alfred's expedient of diverting the current of the river Lea so as to leave the Danish vessels stranded and useless, and the Danes were compelled, for want of supplies thus cut off, to break up their camp. A quantity of planks, nails, and other fragments of ancient vessels, found about a century ago, on the erection of Stanstead Bridge, were supposed to be remains of the ships thus disabled.

In the early part of the tenth century, London appears to have been in flourishing circumstances; and, in spite of the many calamities of fire, pestilence, and invasion through which it had struggled, to have maintained a status second only to Canterbury. This is instanced by a law of Athelstan, appointing a certain number of coiners to each of the principal cities of England, eight being allowed to London—a greater number than was allotted to any of the others except Canterbury, to which an equal number was appointed.* Bede, writing two centuries earlier, describes London as “an emporium of many nations, who arrived thither

* ‘Brompton Chron.’

by land and sea." Doubtless, however, it had undergone many reverses, which it had been enabled to survive, through the advantage of its situation, the shelter of its walls, and the spirit of the citizens, which appears conspicuously in the records of the 'Saxon Chronicle,' from which the preceding notices are chiefly derived.

Down to about the tenth century the aspect of Saxon London may have presented a confused agglomeration, composed of the remains of the Roman city, with such repairs and appurtenances as the limited scope of Saxon construction enabled the builder to effect, those additions being chiefly of timber rudely put together, the use of masonry not being practised by these people for several centuries after their establishment in England. The disposition of the main streets appears to have been the same as laid down by the Romans, and which remained, with little variation until the fire of 1666, being narrow, unpaved thoroughfares, huddled and pent within the walls of the City.

The ealdormen, or civic nobility, appear to have maintained a quarter, Aldermanbury, apart from the mass of the citizens, and containing their Guildhall. The public edifices erected by the Romans may be presumed to have been adopted for a like purpose, modified according to Saxon usages.

In the existing names of some of the streets of London the corrupt form of the original designation of Saxon localities may be observed. Addle Hill, or Adel Hill, in Castle Baynard ward, was the site of a palace of the Saxon kings, supposed to have been built by Athelstan, with whose name that of the locality is identified. It was deserted by Edward the Confessor on the completion of his palace at Westminster. Another house belonging to Athelstan is said by Stow to have stood at the east end of the church of St. Alban's in Wood Street. The neighbouring Addle Street, Stow says, was called King Adel Street in his time, and one great square tower of the house was then remaining. The old church of St. Alban was conceived by Stow to have been contemporary with the Saxon king, from the peculiar turning of the arches in the windows, the character of the heads or capitals of pillars, and from the circumstance that, inlaid among the masonry, there were Roman bricks. The tower, he informs us, contained similar features.

The name of Friday Street, Cheapside, had perhaps, like the fifth day of the week, its origin in that of Freya, the Venus of the heathen Saxons. Watling or Watheling Street, supposed, on the one hand, to have been derived from Vitellian, who had charge of it (a name and office, perhaps, suggested by the endeavour to account for the designation of the locality), is otherwise said to have been given by the Saxons to the old Prætorian way of the Romans, from its being the resort of beggars, as a public thoroughfare.

In the reign of Athelstan, who succeeded Edward the Elder in 925, London appears to have become the capital city of England—a pre-eminence which had previously been held by Canterbury and Winchester; and this period may be considered the zenith of the Saxon city as regards its wealth, trade, population, and other resources, by which it obtained a dignity and status superior to the other cities of the kingdom.

A malignant pestilence in the year 961, in which year St. Paul's Cathedral was burnt, and another great fire, by which the city was almost destroyed, appear among them to have nearly depopulated London. "There were but few houses within the city walls at this time, and those

irregularly dispersed. In the heart thereof next to none ;”* and we are informed by Fabyan, on the authority of the City Repertory, or Doomsday Book, called Liber Album, now lost, that the greater part of the buildings were then without Ludgate.

The plagues of fire and pestilence were followed by the plague of the insatiable Danes, who in 992 made another descent, like wasps, upon the Saxon hive, but were repelled by a fleet fitted out by Ethelbert at London ; and the East Anglian squadron of the enemy were encountered by a squadron of Londoners and defeated with great loss, and the capture of the ship of Ealfrick, a traitorous ealdorman, who had betrayed his trust and gone over to the Danish fleet, himself narrowly escaping. Only two years after (994), the city was beset by Anlaf and Swegen, Kings of Norway and Sweden, with the intention to sack and burn the place, but they were beaten off by the intrepidity of the citizens.

In 1009 similar attempts were made and met in like manner ; but the pertinacity of the Northmen prevailed to such a pitch that the country all round London was in their power, and Ethelbert was shut up within the walls of the city, and at length reduced to the expedient of purchasing the departure of the Danes, at the rate, says the Saxon Chronicle, of 8000*l.*, but, according to other authorities, of 48,000*l.*, which is estimated as the more probable amount, as the Danes had received 36,000*l.* at a time when the land was less dependent on their forbearance. The benefit of this dearly-bought armistice was, however, forfeited by the impolitic and vindictive act of Ethelbert in the massacre of the Anglo-Danish part of the English population, among whom were Gunhilda, sister of Swegen, and her husband Palingus, who had remained as hostages in guarantee of the recent treaty by which the invaders were bought off, and who in the interval had embraced the Christian faith. The treachery and cruelty of this measure roused the vengeance of the Swedish monarch, and in the following year (1013) his fleet entered the Humber, and having overrun the intervening country, Swegen advanced upon London ; but in attempting to ford the Thames a great number of his men perished ; and when he appeared before the city, the loyal citizens, animated by the presence of their king, sallied boldly out, and compelled the Northmen to fall back, and Swegen raised the siege, but only to ravage the country until he had reduced the whole except London. At this crisis he learned that Ethelred had withdrawn himself, upon which the citizens no longer resisted, and London fell under the yoke of a third foreign power, Swegen being proclaimed King of England in this city.

With the death of Hardacnut ended the brief Danish dynasty of twenty-seven years, during which four kings reigned in England. Of this period the City Court of Hastings is understood to be an existing memorial as an institution of Danish origin. Among localities, Guthrun's Lane, by corruption Gutter Lane, is a nominal Danish vestige, and the church of St. Clement's Danes, in the Strand, is understood to occupy the site of a church belonging to such of the Danes as had married English women and become naturalized, and who were exempted from the general expulsion of their countrymen. This church was originally given by Alfred to the converted Danes. It is said to have become a sanctuary to many who fled thither during the massacre in the reign of Ethelred, anno 1002.

* Simeon of Durham.

It appears the naturalized Danes were not permitted to reside within the walls of the City, but a place was apportioned to them between the City and Westminster, where they had their church, denominated in the time of Edward the Confessor (anno 1041), *Ecclesia Clementis Danorum*. The site of this colony was probably the spot occupied by Wych Street. The name of Drury Lane, *Via de Aldwych*, signifies a road leading to the old wich, the latter denoting a place with a gate, and hence we presume it was enclosed so as to protect or separate the foreigners from the other inhabitants. An anchor, the instrument of St. Clement's martyrdom, to which he was fastened and thrown into the sea by order of the Emperor Trajan, is the badge of the parish. In addition to those memorials is the stone aforementioned, bearing a Runic inscription, an existing monument of Danish London.

On the demise of Hardacnut, Edward, called the Confessor, was chosen king in London by the general voice of the people. In the sixth year of his reign (A.D. 1047), a great council was held in the City, when it was resolved to send out nine ships-of-war to protect the coast against the Danish pirates, and five other ships were equipped to be ready to put to sea in cases of emergency. In Edward's reign, Westminster became the place of royal abode, and the new building of the abbey, intended to contain the king's sepulchre, was carried on under his own eye. The site was then insulated by the Thames, and overgrown with thorns, hence the old name—Thorney.

The subsequent name of Westminster appears to have arisen on the rebuilding of the church, or minster, from its situation west of St. Paul's. A surviving vestige of Edward's building is a chapel, now used as the Pix Office—a massive vaulted edifice, which, although due to the Saxon period, in point of time, is of early Norman character. Remains appertaining to the same edifice exist in the passage leading from the cloisters to the schoolyard. The chief portion of the present building, including the chapel and shrine of the Confessor, are due to Henry III.—a monarch whose taste and enlightenment were in unison with a high period of art. The reign of Edward the Confessor was the hinge of the Norman conquest; and by the intrusion of Norman influence and customs those people may be said to have taken civil possession of the land before Duke William claimed it by the appeal of arms. In particular, the superior skill of the Norman builders brought their work into request; and Norman stone, that of Caen, was brought over as more suitable to their finished workmanship than the Kentish ragstone or the débris of the edifices of the Roman colonists, which had chiefly served the purpose of the Saxon mason, when an edifice of stone, distinguished mostly from the majority of churches constructed of wood, by the affix of the word stain to its designation—as Allhallows Staining, St. Mary Staining, &c.—was set up as something uncommon and remarkable.

RAMBLES IN THE PYRENEES.—No. X.

BY A LADY.

WE had desired our abbé, or his "mamma," to call us at five o'clock the next morning, as we wished to set off by the Col de Tortes; but when the latter entered my room, it was with the information that a quantity of snow had fallen in the night, and that passage was now impracticable. Thus, as the autumn was advancing, we had often cause to remember the words of the patriarch: "In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night." Beautiful it was, however, to retrace, as we were forced to do, that lovely Val d'Azun, when the sun shone fervidly, and the mountains glistened white and blue beneath it.

We passed the little manufacturing town of St. Pé—a disagreeable speck in nature's loveliness—resounding with the clang of hammers from its nail-works; full of furnaces, of blackened men and boys, all engaged in making more nails than one might fancy the whole Pyrenees would require. Yet here, in this dark place, I saw a female face, which was one of the fairest specimens of human beauty I had ever beheld; a rare sight in this region, where women, if ever so pretty or good-looking, grow soon rough, old, and weather-beaten.

We came back to Lestelle, and reached the pilgrimage church of Betharram once more; and here I feared, for a time, my pilgrimage was about to end, for here, of all places, I managed to fall ill. Even when a little recovered, my dear pony could be used no more. Our guide went in search of a cabriolet, and as I sat shivering beside the fire, a poor little child, of a sadly-engaging presence, came, as if to sympathise with me and to claim my sympathy for herself. Childish sorrow was stamped in its sad, dark eyes and pallid face; it had no one to care for it, and looked as if its newly-opened life was soon to close up and sink beneath an earth that had no joy for it. It drew close to me, put its thin arms on my lap, and, pressing its pale cheek against me, looked as if it said, "Take me with you!"

The cabriolet was procured, and the parting with my darling little pony must take place. I know not if it felt as I did. Poor little dear! I loved it very much, and felt very grateful to it. Great and deep were the enjoyments it had procured me; all I could give it in return it has had—a place in my memory.

And now, buried in a cabriolet, I had only cause to feel thankful that everything does happen for the best, and that so I fell ill just where an open road rendered a carriage really as good a mode of travelling as any other. I was, however (to tell the truth), unable to see anything, for I fell into a deep sleep, which lasted until we got to the town of Louvie; leaving my companion to enjoy all that was to be seen, as well as his own meditations, while he drove me along. When I insisted on his filling up the blank thus left in my account of our rambles, he wrote as follows:—

"Night began to fall when we left the village of Bruges, which was the only place where we could get a bit of bread to buy. The moon now arose in resplendent majesty; one while hiding itself behind a mountain, or the high banks covered with fir and arbutus trees, then reappearing, and so plunging me from light to darkness, and darkness to light.

"As far as Louvie the road was exquisitely diversified: at the left, mountains bare and precipitous, and at the right, wooded hills. On entering the village of Louvie, I met a peasant gravely conducting the oxen of his cart, and he had the goodness to conduct me to the Hôtel des Pyrénées, where, to the great satisfaction of the sleeping traveller, we arrived at eleven o'clock. We were welcomed by two enormous dogs, and eagerly sought for an introduction to hosts less noisy in their salutations."

Ill, weary, and headachy as I was, the sleep which caused me to borrow the above morsel from the note-book of a companion, did not fail to give way before the singular apparition which appeared to guide me to my chamber. A most erect woman, having her arms well loaded with all the sundries left in the carriage, carried on her *head* a long, upright pewter candlestick, with an immensely long, lighted candle. Such is the fashion of Louvie. Wherever the chambermaid went, whatever she did, the candlestick and candle were on her head. She arranged my room, carried trays, went in and out, and about and about, without ever once putting her hand to it or disturbing its balance. If she felt my admiration, her countenance did not show she did so: perhaps she thought all women's heads were equally enlightened; but as she moved about with a composed face and erect figure, I admired her unconsciousness, and felt that hers enlightened the sphere in which she moved a great deal more than mine was ever likely to do.

The next day we went forward in the cabriolet to Les Eaux Chaudes, or, as the watering-place is called in plain English, the Hot Waters. The road at one spot appears totally blocked up by an enormous rock: it once was so, but labour, supplying the place of Hannibal's vinegar, has pierced the mountain through for the benefit of tourists and bathers.

The mass of rock, called Hourat, forms the entrance to a grand defile, lined with steep mountains, from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet high, at times clothed to their summits with box, spiry pines, or light brushwood; again, bare precipitous walls of dark rock, streaked with lines of silvery torrents, which stream their tribute down to the Gave de Gabas, whose chafing waters are heard, not seen, in their lowly bed.

By such a road you suddenly come upon a little nest of houses, called Les Eaux Chaudes, of which hot waters "the good king" Henry IV. and his soldiers once drank. There is a charming ride here through the defile called Le Gabas, which leads through the Val d'Ossau into Spain, and by which an enormous number of Spanish mules annually pass. In making this excursion, we had a fine view of another Pic du Midi—that of Ossau—which lordly mountain, as well as its neighbour the Pic de Gers, were seen by us without a cloud. Here, also, we saw some splendid specimens of peasantry—more Spanish than French. The women wore their dark hair plaited and hanging at full length down their backs, so much more natural and graceful than the turned-up fashion. The men, however, were much handsomer, with dark, curling hair and powerful yet pliant figures.

It was evening when we entered the sister watering-place of Les Eaux Bonnes, the Good Waters, a much more fashionable one than its neglected sister. We found it, the season being literally over, very like a deserted barrack. Most of the houses and shops were closed: among the latter was one, over which stared, in great letters, the English announcement, "Port and sherry;" but if the port and sherry were still there, those

who would ever call for them were not. We were the last of the English wanderers, and the doors had been closed up.

So we, too, sped away from the good waters, and journeyed on to the larger town of Oleron. We were now again in the old province of Bearn, or, as it is rather provokingly modernised, the Lower Pyrenees. There is something very piquant in the style and aspect of the people. The Bearnais are certainly a much finer-looking people, and the women much prettier and more graceful than those of the higher Pyrenees. The old language, poetry, and music of Bearn give them also an interest which does not attach to their more simple and less civilized brethren of the mountains.

The next day was Saturday: we laid a plan to set off that evening to Asaspe, and so contrive to reach a place called Osse, wherein, we had read, there was settled a Protestant community, which was believed to have taken refuge in the persecuting time of Louis XIV. We set off accordingly, and traversed a road where an inscription cut in a rock records that it was first made by Roman soldiers under one Valerius. We paused at this spot, for the scene, though not grand, was very lovely; rocks and water always broke in under a brilliant moon, and that moon was so brilliant as to render visible the inscription graven by Roman hands upon the rock. The rock, like the history of the engravers, remains, while they themselves have mingled with the dust of the earth. This inscription was discovered when the present capital road was being made.

Every creature in Asaspe was seemingly so fast asleep as not to be awakened, so we had to travel on until we came to a great lonely wayside house, which had been erected at a place called Serance, on a speculation that there were mineral springs there; but the speculation being erroneous, the house bore the inscription, "Here is lodging for horse and foot," or as we express it in England, "Entertainment for man and beast." This was just what we wanted; so we knocked, and, to our own surprise, got admittance. A fine-looking old man was far from asleep: he gave us supper, and sat talking with us about our Sir Valtre Scott and Shakspeare. One might travel far in England without meeting the owner of a country inn who could talk to a Frenchman about the writers of his country.

The next morning being Sunday, we made our way on foot from the disagreeable town of Bedous to the Protestant temple of Osse. When we entered that poor mountain hamlet, we found that all doors were shut; and as we came on, a loud, harsh noise, meant for singing, told us that service in the temple was going on. This sound easily guided us to a large, lofty room, filled with chairs, where the men were on one side, the women on the other. The singing had ended before we got in; but I could not make out what part of the service was going on, simply because the buzz of conversation among the congregation prevented me from hearing a word the minister was saying. The women, neatly dressed, and mostly in black, sat on their chairs, with their feet on the rail of that before them, leaning forward in an easy posture, and were, with fingers and eyes, examining each other's toilets, and commenting quite aloud upon them, arranging their children's dress, or telling a neighbour that her robe touched the dusty floor.

The men, of course, were not so talkative on this or any other subject; but the listless vacuity of their wandering looks showed that their thoughts,

if they had any, did not centre in what was going on. Sometimes a commotion took place among them of a more audible sort than even what was going on among the women; and then the minister, scarcely pausing, would interpose a loud and impatient demand for order and silence.

When the time for preaching came, I expected attention: the minister, without making any change, took up a bound volume of sermons from the back of the desk, and, placing it before him, read an address taken from the tenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. His discourse was interrupted in a manner that almost electrified us. A strange, wild-looking man sprang upon his feet, and clapped two books together with such a noise that I involuntarily sprang trembling from mine. The minister stopped and asked what he had done that for.

"He sleeps!" was the man's reply, pointing, with an angry countenance, to one of the many who were in a much less unstable state than himself, for nearly half of the assembly were asleep.

"Be quiet," said the minister, "or you shall be put to the door."

"What!" said the zealous man, "do you, then, permit them to sleep in the temple?"

"Be quiet! do not stir!" repeated the minister, and went on with the comments on the chapter.

We saluted him on leaving "the temple," and he invited us to come to his house: it was little more than an Irish cabin of the better class. He was a Swiss, with a wife and numerous family of splendid children, and had, I think, about 18*l.* or 20*l.* a-year, and was schoolmaster to the village.

The Val d'Asaspe is worth exploring above Bedous: the village where the Burns of the Pyrenees, Despourins—whose songs in the old Bearnais tongue had grown familiar to our ears—was born, lay beside us, with its obelisk erected to his memory. The picturesque bridge called Pont d'Esquil leads, by grand and rocky defiles, once more to the Spanish frontiers, towards which the famous road-maker, Napoleon the Great, caused a way to be cut.

Beauty and interest accompanied us on our pleasant rambles; and, as last pleasures are usually considered the sweetest, perhaps these will be among the pleasantest of our mountain memories. For such moments saved from the harder works of life, what cause have we for thankfulness!

It was now almost November. The harvest moon had added to our enjoyments, and it, too, was gone. It was time we should go too. It is very pleasant—and, what is more, very economical—to travel just at a season when other tourists stay away. But we could do so no longer.

The very day we got to Pau, our lovely weather changed. The Pyrenean torrents, that lasted for a long time, would have spoiled our enjoyments had they come sooner. Our rambles are ended. It is like a dream of delight to look back upon them. The concomitant circumstances which rendered them so delightful were small, but essential to enjoyment—good health, good temper, and good weather. With these, even without a well-filled purse, travellers may find much real and long-remembered enjoyment, especially if they bring with them a thankful heart and very little "incumbrances."

S. B.

RAPIDS.



LARGE rivers are usually divided by geographers into three portions, which are called their upper, middle, and lower courses. The upper course of a river is often situated among mountains at a great height above the level of the sea. When the elevation of the mountain region rapidly decreases, the current of the river moves with great swiftness, forming either Rapids or Cataracts: the former occurring when the bed of the river is continuous though steep; and the latter when it is broken by sudden and precipitous rocks, over which the water descends by a leap. The middle course of a river generally lies among hills, and the lower course through a plain, where a very gentle slope conveys the waters to the ocean.

The Rapids and Cataracts of the upper course of a river generally prevent all navigation; and when rapids occur, as is sometimes the case, in the middle course, they occasion great inconvenience. In some of the rivers of America, rapids are seen from a great distance by the dashing of white foam, resembling the tossing of the ocean. People descend the rapids in long boats made for the purpose. On approaching them the boat gradually increases in speed, until it is hurried away by the waters at a fearful rate. When the bottom is very rocky, the speed is somewhat checked by eddies; but the waves frequently strike the boat with such violence as to threaten its immediate destruction. When the water is very transparent, the pointed rocks have an alarming appearance; for they seem to be close to the surface. In some rapids there are channels called "lost channels," from the accidents which have happened in them, and it often requires great skill to prevent the boat being carried into them. Some of these rapids are many miles

in length, and the sensation of sailing down hill is said to be most singular. The boat moves with such fearful rapidity that no one can look at it from the shore without shuddering; and yet the danger is more apparent than real, for accidents seldom occur, and even by ladies the descent of the rapids is regarded as one of the common modes of travelling.

In ascending the rapids on the river St. Lawrence, flat-bottomed boats made of pine boards are used: they are narrow at the bow and stern, and are about forty feet long, and six feet across the centre. Each boat carries about five tons, and is navigated by four men and a pilot. Four or five such boats generally form a party, and in them all the merchandize destined for Upper Canada is conveyed. When the current is very strong, the men propel the boat by means of poles about nine feet long, shod with iron, which they press against the bed of the river. This is extremely hard work, and often has to be continued for hours together. But in some parts the rapids are too strong to allow them to proceed in this way, and almost every hour, when melting with heat and fainting with fatigue, the boatmen are compelled to jump into the water, frequently up to their shoulders, and tow the boat along by main strength, leaving only the helmsman on board. In this way they are about ten days in performing a journey of one hundred and twenty miles. There are several rapids between Montreal and Prescott, some of which are about nine miles in length; and though they are seldom ascended in less than a day, boats have been known to descend through their whole length in fifteen minutes.

In Captain Back's land expedition to the eastern part of the Polar Sea, he made acquaintance with the numerous rapids of the Thlew-ee-choh, or Great Fish River, now properly described in our maps by the name of Back's River, he having been the first European who descended it. For about eighty or ninety miles of its course to the sea, there is a constant succession of strong and heavy rapids, falls, and whirlpools, which kept the crew in a constant state of exertion and anxiety, and made their captain hold his breath, "expecting to see the boat dashed to shivers against some protruding rocks, amidst the foam and fury at the foot of a rapid." In passing down one of these, where the river was full of large rocks and rounded masses of stone, called boulders, the travellers had to lighten the boat, and Captain Back says, "I stood on a high rock, with an anxious heart, to see her run it. Away they went with the speed of an arrow, and in a moment the foam and rocks hid them from my view. I heard what sounded in my ear like a wild shriek; I followed with an agitation which may be conceived, and to my inexpressible joy found that the shriek was the triumphant whoop of the crew, who had landed safely in a small bay below." He gives an instance on one occasion of the consummate skill of one of the canoe-men. "He ran our rickety and shattered canoe down four successive rapids, which, under less able management, would have whirled it, and everybody in it, to certain destruction. Nothing could exceed the self-possession and nicety of judgment with which he guided the frail thing along the narrow line between the high waves of the torrent and the returning eddy. A foot in either direction would have been fatal; but with the most perfect ease, and, I may add, elegant and graceful action, his keen eyes fixed upon the run, he kept her true course through all its rapid windings."

Thus it will generally be found that the inhabitants of the banks of rivers, where rapids occur, acquire a surprising degree of skill in navigating them. In the island of Sumatra the natives descend the rapids of the river Manna in rafts, formed by a few bamboos fastened together. Lady Raffles, who descended the river on one of them, says, they are too slight, and the rapids too dangerous for more than three people to venture at one time: accordingly, a pole was fastened to the centre, by which she was to hold, and was directed to stand firm. "A guide at each extremity then took their station, each provided with a long pole; and the raft glided down the river, which was overhung with high rocks projecting in various places. One man, on nearing the sharp turns that continually occurred, and against which the rushing of the river propelled the raft, prepared his pole, and just on coming in contact struck it on the rock with such force as to turn off the raft, which darted down the fall until it would have come in contact with the rock on the opposite side, when it was again struck off, and proceeded on to the next rapids. The dashing of the raft through the water, the roaring noise, the complete immersion in the spray, the momentary danger, the degree of exertion which is necessary to preserve hold, the perfect silence of each person, combined to create a degree of excitement not easy to be described."*

* 'Life of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles.'

THE VILLAGE TREE.

THE poor old Village Tree !
It hath bowed to the decree
Of all things here below,—
This world of sin and woe.

Some hundred Springs or more
Bright verdant leaves it bore ;
Some hundred Summers came
And found it still the same.

But now, the gladsome Spring
No life to it will bring ;
Sweet Summer's balmy dews
No vigour will infuse.

Nor lightning nor rude blast
Have rent it as they past ;
But by a calm decay
It hath witheréd away.

Ah ! had that old trunk speech,
What lessons could it teach !
What tales of woe and weal,
And change and chance reveal !

It hath seen the infants ta'en
To be blest and born again,
The bridal trains go by
Full of hope and festal joy :

It hath seen the mourners weep
As they bore their "dust" to sleep

In the churchyard by its side,
Where the sacred dead abide.

Oh, where the blithesome band
Dancing round it hand in hand,
With their garlands all so gay
In the merry month of May ?

Some now are grey and old ;
For some yon bell hath toll'd ;
Some, far across the sea,
Recall these days of glee.

The pilgrim on his road,
Who laid aside his load
Beneath its shade to rest,
The Village Tree hath blest.

But now its branches bare
It reareth in the air,
To warn the passer by
He too one day must die.

Ye thoughtless village swains,
Ye bent on earthly gains,
Ye slaves to carnal lust,
Remember ye are dust !

Ye merry girls and boys,
Wrapt up in present joys,
Forget not, 'midst your glee.
The poor OLD VILLAGE TREE.

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